

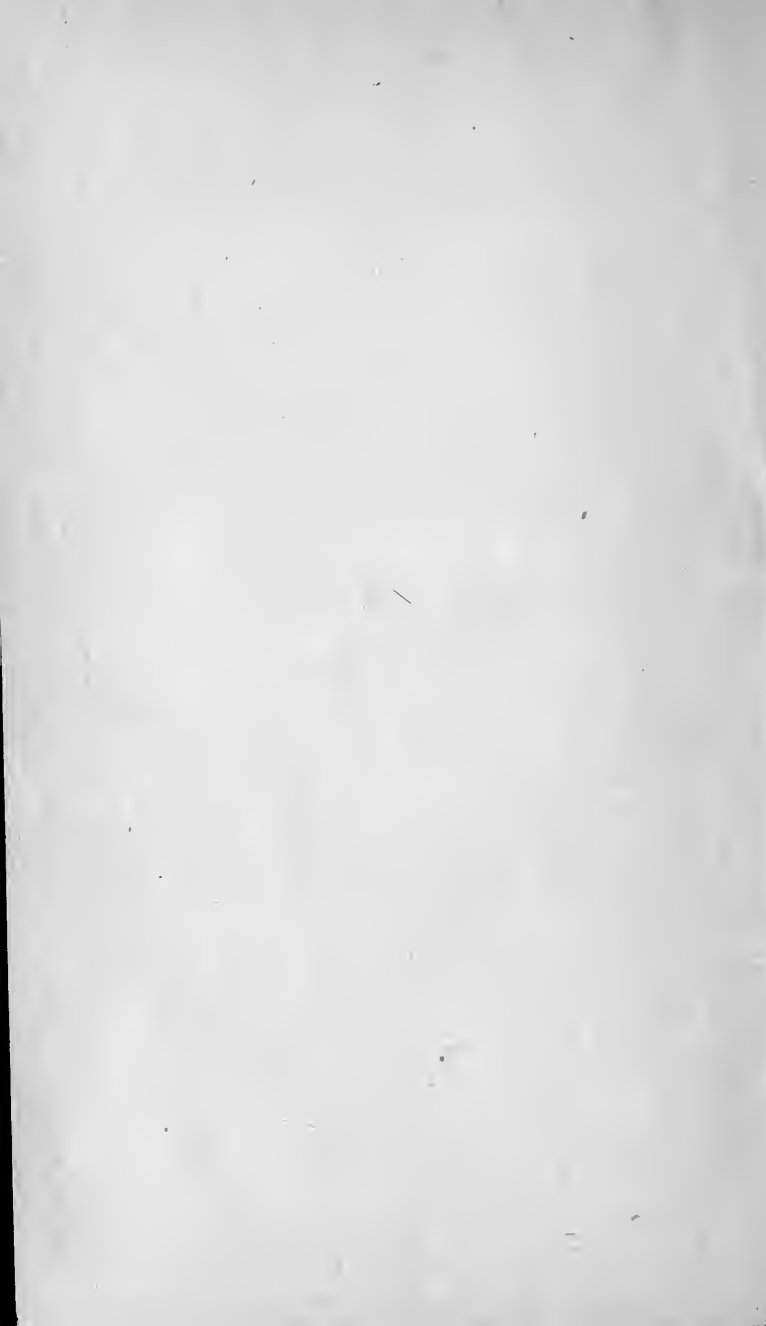
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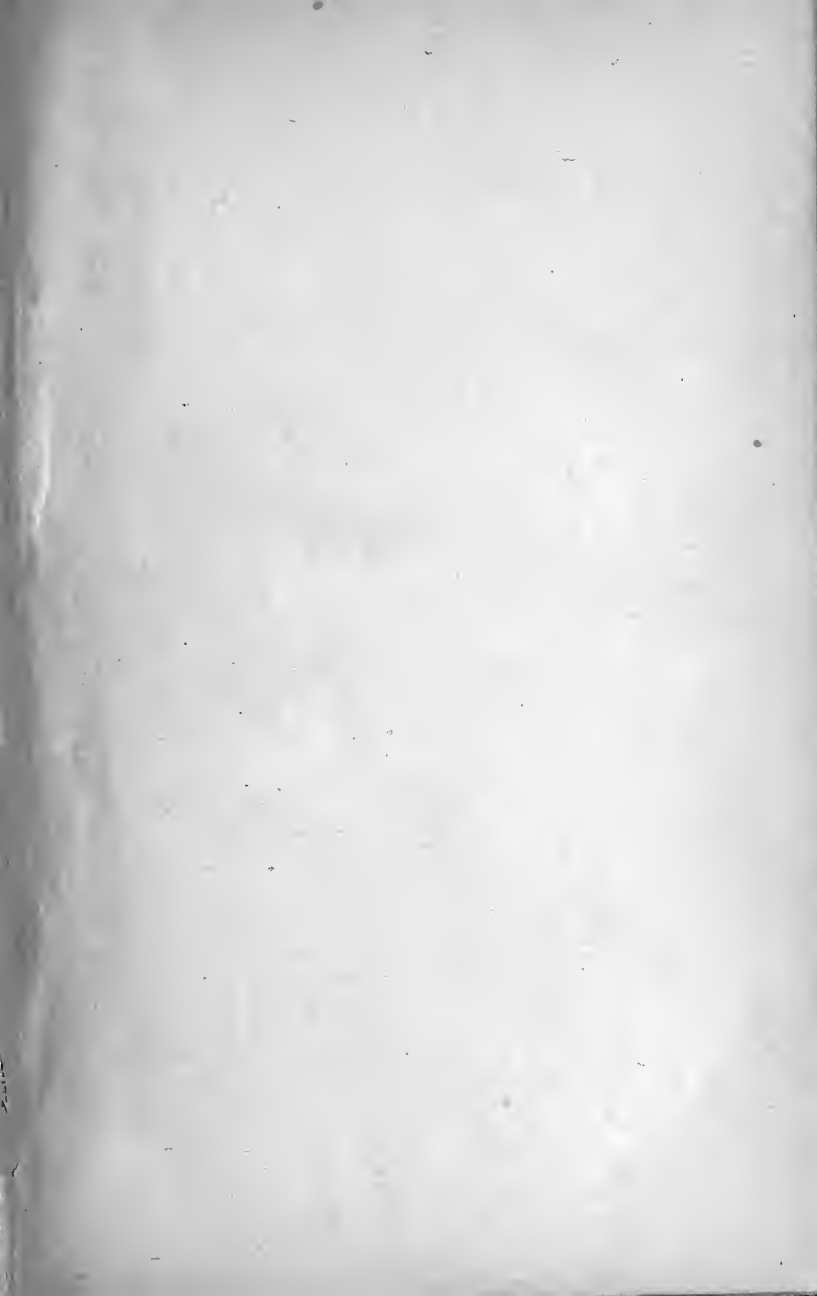
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# THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."  
HEB. 12: 1-2.

BY OPAL,  
AUTHOR OF "EMPTY SHELLS."

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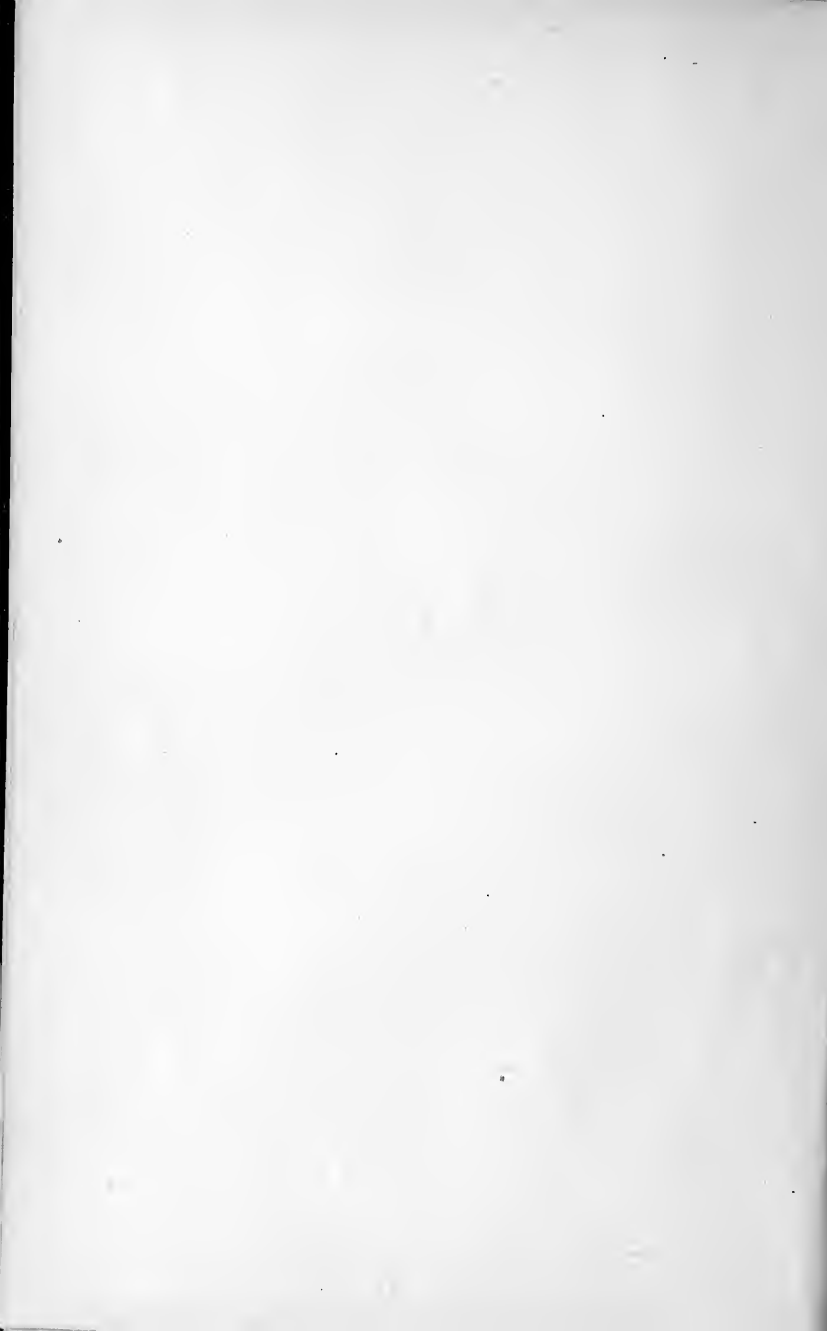
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In arranging these Dramas I do not pretend to be a Dramatist; but I divide the centuries dramatically.

What is given as a fact I believe true unless I note it as a fancy. All in quotation marks is quoted, and whatever is not is original, no matter in whose mouth it is.

Pronounce ev-er-y syllable.



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# THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

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## JACOB'S LADDER.

GEN. xxviii. 10-12.

ANGELS ascending,  
Their beauty blending  
With those descending!  
Some floating hither,  
Some wafted thither;

Fervently,  
With great glee,  
Buoyantly,  
Fair to see—

The beautiful theme  
Of sad Jacob's dream.  
I should dare to dwell  
In a lonely cell,  
Bereft of all hope  
Of gathering flowers,  
And daring to grope  
In murkiest hours,  
To windows that let  
The faint starlight in,

To illumine the dearth  
Of nights of regret—  
Which pursue days of sin  
As grim lord his serf—  
If there I could see  
The spirits with me.  
Then I know I should fret  
No more, with regret  
For long-buried joys,  
That would seem but toys  
Of childhood's fond years  
If with them I'd dwell.  
So morning doth quell  
Night's griefs and its fears,  
While dreams of sadness  
Will shrink from its frown.  
Thus my God will bless  
The heart that lies down  
In His arms for rest,  
With dreams of the blest,  
Who long since have died,  
But still seek our side—  
Their wont in past years—  
To kiss away tears  
And soothe us to rest.  
'Tis thus I am blest.

DECEMBER 6, 1858.

## CLOUDS OF TEARS A JACOB'S LADDER.

I'VE wept until my tears have formed the clouds  
That shut out from the widow's sight the glare  
Of a too garish day, that hurts the eyes.  
These clouds of tears a Jacob's Ladder are,  
Whereon the soft-winged angels come and go  
From heaven to me, from me to heaven; their  
forms

As sunlight bright, as freshest flowers are fair.  
No more death shrouds from my weak, tear-dimmed  
eyes

Fond smiles that play on sweet lips that I love;  
I dry my tears again that I may see  
More clearly visions God hath sent to cheer  
My banishment; I hush my weary sighs  
That I may list to angels chanting hymns.  
A dearer form I see the clouds above;—  
The Saviour comforts me, and tells me how  
He loves the mourner's humbled soul; that all  
Heart-darkness is but sent to let me see  
On earth spirits of light who e'er about  
My pathway throng.

Then cease, sad heart, thy fears;  
I know full well the Saviour loveth thee;  
Therefore He proveth thee. Oh, disappoint  
Him not! with faith and resignation bear  
Thy part in life's sad strife of sins and griefs.  
Always in happiness and misery  
God and the loving angels are with thee.

NOVEMBER 18, 1857.

DRAMA I.

THE CREATION.

METAMORPHIC PERIOD.

*Act I. : First Day.—Gen. i. 1-5.*

*Zelma.*—How silence doth oppress the ears attuned

To constant harmonies of Heaven! Where are  
We now?

*Calla.* That I know not. But look below.

*Z.* What can it be that seems so black and vast?

*C.* Recallest thou what Zarad said of Hell?

*Z.* This is not Hell, for his description it  
Suits not. Why! There is nothing here; no Hell,  
Nor other habitation, sound nor light.

*C.* Thou'st heard Thidelle of darkness speak.  
Think'st thou

This can be it? 'Tis strange enough for that.

*Z.* Aye, surely it is darkness grim: there's naught  
Else it can be.

*C.* Let's nearer go. How strange!

*Z.* What dost thou see?

*C.* Not anything but thee;  
Before I never thought how bright thou art;  
Near God thou didst not seem so very fair;  
But here by this queer blackness thou'rt so bright,  
So wondrous fair, I love thee more. Thinkest  
That we could closer go?—that darkness touch?

*Z.* God bade us wander where we would in  
Heaven.

But deemest thou that darkness Heaven? We  
might

Be lost.

*C.* Lost! lost! I know not what thou mean'st.

*Z.* As those who wished to see where Satan  
dwelt

And wandered forth; but they came back no more.

*C.* Zelma, I fear not being lost. Oh no!

Out of God's universe we cannot stray.

*Z.* And if we go within the limits of  
This blackness weird, judgest that we could see  
Each other there?

*C.* Ah! That I cannot say.

We'll go ask God if we may find out what  
This substance is.

*Z.* Hark! Hear'st thou not the sound  
Of many wings? Is it not coming of  
Seraphic guard?

*C.* Yea; our great God himself,  
Attended by His court, with music new.  
His Majesty has never seemed so grand  
As now He doth, looking from darkness to  
His face sublime. Bow thy head lower, sweet;  
For "His great glory give Him thanks." How fair  
And wonderful He is! Bow lower yet.

*Z.* The oldest angels say He ever looks  
Most beautiful when going forth to make  
A fair, fresh world.

*C.* He speaks.

GOD.—"Let there be light!"

*Z.* Calla!

*C.* Zelma!

*Z.* Where, Calla, are we now ?

*C.* We have not moved, only our wings were stirred

By His divinest breath.

*Z.* What hath become  
Of the black void of gloom we had not learned  
To comprehend ?

*C.* The wondrous curling of  
Gray waves, weaving themselves into a bright  
And graceful sphere, is what we darkness called :  
Of former blackness and reflection faint  
Of God's bright Face it seems a mingling strange.  
Zelma, we are near Hell. This is the smoke  
Which rises from the "pit that's fathomless."

*Z.* It must be smoke, but not the smoke of Hell ;  
For God is here, and all is beautiful.

*C.* So not of Hell ; it is as graceful as  
The curling hair that plays around the brows  
Of cherubim.

*Z.* Seest that now and then  
The gray waves float aside, and the red mass,  
More brilliant than the jasper gate of Heaven,  
Rolls itself fiercely on, proudly and fast ?

*C.* I fancy God hath hidden with a veil  
A new world, and a different from those  
Which we have seen. Zelma, hath not God let  
The youngest cherubs pluck the crystals from  
The floors of Heaven, who, playing, scatter them  
In the gray smoke ?

*Z.* Yes ; they are here. I caught  
A glimpse of some blue eyes playing bo-peep  
With vapor veils.

*C.* Cease, darling, pray! one comes  
From God.

*Z.* Mazzah, are not those cherubs in  
The quaint and beauteous waving of that dim  
And unknown substance?

*Mazzah.* No.

*C.* We thought there were.  
Then, what can be as softly, brightly blue,  
As changing in its mellow light as their  
Sweet eyes?

*M.* Sapphires those azure lights.

*Z.* And what  
Are those pellucid points that sportively  
From one to other toss faint gleams of light?

*M.* Crystals of quartz.

*Z.* And that red, rolling mass  
Which we can seldom see, that is somewhat  
Like the red gate that hangs behind God's Throne?

*M.* 'Tis fire.

*Z.* That rolls in liquid mass from caves  
In Hell?

*M.* Oh no! Our God will ere long make  
Some creatures not like cherubim, angel,  
Or seraphim; and this world is for them.

*Act II. : Second Day.—Gen. i. 6-8.*

*Zelma.*—Ah, Calla, here again!

*Calla.*—I could not go away,  
And long have lain upon my wings,  
Folded in blissful rest, gazing on yon  
Bright ball.

*Z.* Thou hast not touched it yet?

*C.* Not with

The shadow of my wings: I dare not go  
Till I ask God. But we will to Him now.

*Z.* I His permission have for thee and me.

*C.* I thank thee, angel. Let us quickly fly.

*Z.* Faster than my desires thou canst not go.

*C.* How like my friend to ask a favor both  
For him and me, while I lay thinking here.

*Z.* If thou wilt tell thy dreams—sweeter by far  
Than mine—all errands I will do for thee.

*C.* Give me thy hand, dear friend, and thus may  
we

More swiftly fly. How sweet to be urged on  
By one we love!

*Z.* I'm glad thou thinkest so;  
Because I much delight to urge thee on,  
And bear thy weight, almost too light to please.

*C.* How rapidly we've flown! How dost thou call  
This place?

*Z.* God named it Earth.

*C.* A soft, sweet name. See! other angels come.

*Z.* None I behold.

*C.* Dost not? Look on the broad,  
Blue canopy which overhangs the Earth,  
Made visible by light below.

*Z.* A pretty fancy, sweet.

*C.* Fancy, say'st thou?  
Thou can'st see something white; 'tis shadow of  
The feet of cherubim, and the bright red  
And golden lines of light are shadows of  
The wings of seraphim.



Z. Our God told me  
He would make clouds to-day.

C. Make clouds? And what  
Are they? Are they like us? And have they life?

Z. No; but I could not understand all that  
He said, and so He bade me come and look  
At the new worlds that He would cause to float  
Before our sight.

C. So clouds are what I thought  
Reflections of bright wings. How exquisite  
Is all God makes! And well He likes to have  
Us pleased.

Z. Ah, passing wonderful is He!

*Scene 2.*

*Karralee.*—Hail, Principality of Earth!

*P.* Hail! Hail!

*K.* How marvellous the change since I was here!  
Thy comet, as I saw, had lost its tail  
Of fiery vapor.

*P.* Consolidated  
Into a sphere of gloomy smoke; slowly  
Metallic scum has formed on rolling waves  
Of hissing fire. Then I expected I  
Should ere long see firm rocks, and then before  
Great while green sward and flowers; thus it had  
been

In other world that floats around this sun,  
But farther off than Earth.

*K.* How different  
Has been progression in the planet next  
This sun! It hath not yet advanced as far

As e'en thy sphere. Pray tell me what occurred  
After the rock-ribs of thy Earth began  
To form, and thou deemedst the time was near  
When thou couldst sow thy seeds.

*P.* Oh! suddenly

A crash, almost as terrible as God's  
Curse when He drove out Satan, burst upon  
My startled ears. Up rushed quick billows of  
An angry fire, split the new crust as if  
'Twere rind of fruit, and spread themselves where I  
Expected grass and trees. This struggle of  
The fire to regain old dominion was  
Of long duration; but at last a firm,  
Unyielding frame of rock was formed; and as  
The earth grew cooler vapors that were once  
So brilliant, fell in seething torrents on  
The hissing sphere. I would thou hadst been  
here,

As thou didst not exist when Hell's  
Revolt was overpowered; for, since, I never had  
Such vivid lightning seen, nor heard such roar  
Of thunder as when all-surrounding clouds  
Dashed themselves on the red-hot Earth, and tried  
To smother everlasting flames. This they  
Could not; for God will them reserve for use  
In future age. Oh, long and terrible  
The contest was of fire and water! But  
The last prevailed, and the flames smoldered to  
Dull heat, and then retreated inwards. Yet  
It was not long ere they burst out again.  
Now it will be great æons ere fire will  
Again o'er earth hold universal sway.

K. Although God doth prolong the stages of  
Development of forming worlds for such  
Long æons, yet there are some myriads  
Of angels who can't see how any of  
This group of worlds is, or will be, evolved.

## CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

*Act III. : Third Day.—Gen. i. 9–13.*

*Zelma.*—Calla, dost thou forsake the courts of  
God?

For I must hither hie whene'er I wish  
To talk with thee. Thou lovest Earth too well,  
I think.

*Calla.*—Not so : but Mazzah lately said  
That God hath never done a thing so great  
Or wonderful, but He will on this sphere  
Do greater and more marvellous ; therefore,  
I cannot stay away, nor do I aught  
But tease my restless fancy with surmise  
How God can do a greater act than He  
Hath done.

*Z.* I find there is a change upon  
The Earth, but, coming hither from the light  
Which emanates from "the White Throne," I can  
Not yet examine this dim orb ; I see  
Not well.

*C.* Yea, there hath been a change ; the clouds  
Flew upward, and arranged themselves in lines  
Or graceful curves : scarcely I realize  
They have not eyes, and have not watched at play  
The cherubs fair ; so much this dancing seems  
To mimic theirs.

*Z.* When here before I saw  
Some clouds.

*C.* But they were heavier, and not  
So fair, and I perceive that where we saw  
At first dark void, then light, 'tis water now.

*Z.* In other world I saw such change. There's  
land,  
And here are trees; such grow on spheres where I  
Have been.

*C.* Thou hast seen much; but I have been  
A shorter while than thou, and so to me these  
trees  
Are grand and beautiful.

*Z.* Not more  
So than to me, and I discover here  
Some I ne'er saw before.

*C.* Ah, well! I thought  
There never had been such. Why smilest  
thou?

Lo! here are trees whose height gigantic strives  
To pierce the clouds; but more I like the ferns,  
Equisetaciæ, and canes that make  
A forest none can penetrate. What kind  
Of life can flourish in so dense a wood,  
Or in so warm a world?

*Z.* How dost thou know  
'Tis warm?

*C.* Although I have not travelled as  
Some have, yet many things I've seen, and learned  
To know the climates of the forming worlds  
By what grows thereupon. This Mandel taught:  
These columns high and grand, fluted and carved

So richly with fair markings and strange holes  
He called *stigmariæ*.

*Z.* But canst thou tell  
The use of all these trees and other growth ?

*C.* The use ! The use ! Why, to be beautiful,  
To please their Maker by amusing us.

*Z.* But they have other office on the Earth.

*C.* And that ?

*Z.* I have been told, in years to come  
This sphere will be quite cold, and beings who  
Will live on it will have much need to warm  
The air.

*C.* How strange ! God's love doth keep  
Us warm.

*Z.* 'Twill not be thus with man, and therefore He,  
Who can't neglect to lavish all that one  
May need, will lay these splendid forests by  
Within the bowels of the world, to serve  
The needs of man.

*C.* Pray ! who is he ?

*Z.* I can  
Not tell thee well ; but ere long we shall see ;  
So said one of the Principalities.

*C.* O God august ! I cannot bow me low  
Enough at sound of His great name. Ah ! once  
I dared to dread that in æons which knew  
No end we might see all that God could make,  
Do all that He wished done, and weary then  
Of all ; but now I feel we never shall  
Know all ; and me this thought doth glorify.

*Z.* Lo ! There a purplish tint drops over sea  
And land.

*C.* Perhaps another night comes on.

*Z.* How didst thou learn that name?

*C.* Melah taught it

To me, and said he heard God speak it once;

'Twas when He banished Satan and his host.

It was explained that the word meant no light.

*Z.* Ah! Ere the darkness comes back let us fly.

*C.* Fly now? Oh no! Naught black can touch our wings.

When thou hadst gone away and left me here

I lay a long while close to it; to feel

Or smell so strange a thing I often tried,

But never would it lie beneath my wings;

Where'er I went there brightness was, so I

Could only see what I desired to touch.

Now the black veil is falling on the Earth.

*Act IV.: Fourth Day.—Gen. i. 14-19.*

*Zelma.* Again the day doth break.

*Calla.* But I have seen

No night; the while that the last night did stay

I visited a far-off world. How weird

Doth look the air which hangeth round the sphere.

*Z.* Hark! Hark! There comes a host.

*Meliz (One of the Host).*—Oh Calla, come!

Haste, Zelma, haste!

*Z.* Whither go we with ye?

*M.* God hath sent us to see a new thing He

Will do. We are to go upon the land.

*Nera.* Oh joy, to bathe my wings in those snow-banks!

*C.* Snow-banks, dear Nera? No; those are but clouds.

*N.* I never have seen such, and I have been  
Into a world so far from this, that naught  
I know of what God hath made here since I  
In passing heard Him say, "Let there be light."  
But while I journeyed far I saw a sphere,  
Quite white in beauteous mountain-chains, and I  
Was told that what I looked at was cold snow;  
I longed to touch it then, but God had sent  
Me otherwhere.

*Z.* Oh! where are all the clouds?

*C.* They vanished as we passed them through.

*M.* Let us

Alight upon this leaf-strewn bank and wait  
Until——

*C.* See! How intensely, darkly blue  
Is the soft air! It seems to shut us in,  
As glory shuts in God.

*N.* We could not see  
If it were not for the bright radiance  
Which shivers from the footstool of the LORD.  
Now droop your wings and raise your heads.

*C.* The suns  
And worlds which glimmered through the azure air  
Have faded. Lo! our God doth smile.

*N.* Oh, what  
Soft splendor fills the atmosphere!

*Z.* But one  
Quite different from that of Heaven.

*C.* This is  
But a reflection of God's smile.

*Many of the Host.*—It is  
For even that not glorious enough.

*N.* No. Ye have seen the satellite that moves  
Always around the earth as she doth race  
Around the sun, that's coming now to view.

*(As the moon appears the Host exclaim),*  
“All glory be to Thee, O God!”

*C.* How fair!  
While sailing through the air it seems to know  
It ministers to Deity, and bears  
Our thoughts to Him; by its light we shall Earth  
Explore.

*Host.*—And seek fresh cause of newer praise.

#### TRIASSIC PERIOD.

##### *Scene 3.—Gen. i. 14–19.*

*God.*—“Let there be lights in the firmament of  
The heaven, to divide the day from the night,  
And let them be for signs, and for seasons,  
And for days, and for years, and let them be  
For lights in the firmament of the heaven,  
To give light on the earth.”

*Host.*—“All glory be  
To Thee, O God!”

*Calla.*—Behold! Now all around  
The softer splendor waveth to the ground,  
While Earth grows grandly bright beneath the  
smile  
Of goodness and of love that God hath cast  
Upon the sun, and which it hath let down  
In gratitude and joy upon the Earth.



*Savalle*.—Now I shall like to come to this new world ;

But until now better by far I liked  
Some other orbs. I care for only what  
Is brightly beautiful.

*C*. I fancy that  
This Earth will be almost as lovely as  
The Heaven.

*Nera*.—No ! No ! For there is the White Throne.

*C*. Another spirit comes. Harken to him.

*S*. The sun ! The sun !

*C*.—Oh ! I have never seen  
This world as bright before, and I had thought  
That it would never very brilliant be.  
I loved its softened contrast to God's Heaven.  
I could see very well the dim forms and  
Gigantic of Earth's dull and sluggish life.  
I liked their contrast to light-bearing wings ;  
But I had never hoped to see a sun  
By day, or moon and stars by night from this  
Cloud-swathed world ; and now how splendid is  
The change ! Brilliant or slightly-tinted forms,  
As delicate as toys of cherubs fair,  
Swim over the transparent seas, and plunge  
Into the lucid depths.

*Gonora*.—Oh, see those sails !

*C*. That's a new word.

*G*. Once I went where were those  
Who could not fly as we across the seas,  
So they had barks to float upon the waves,  
And snowy sails to court the air, and then  
They went their way just as these tiny fish.

'Tis true those sails were large and these minute ;  
These may be proofs of cherubs' mimicry.

*N.* Know these are living things, are ammonites,  
And belemnites, and nautiluses ; I  
Can tell thee many other names. Wilt go  
To hover o'er the depths, and watch  
The life and light and joy therein ?

*G.* But first  
Let's watch these huge and winged forms ; can they  
Be like us ?

*N.* No ; those forms are birds ; but not  
At all like us.

*C.* Rather I thought them from  
The world whose name we never like to call.

#### JURASSIC PERIOD.

*Act V. : Fifth Day.—Gen. i. 20-23.*

*Fulga.* Calla, I felt that I a while should like  
To talk with thee, and so surmised that I  
Should find thee only here. Art here alway ?

*Calla.* This is the first world God hath made since  
He

Created me. Thou knowest very young  
Am I compared to thee : and having heard  
So many angels talk of orbs they had  
Seen made, perfected from the words, " Let there  
Be light," I said that now I should see all  
God doeth when He maketh a new world.

*F.* Oh, young indeed art thou if thou canst think  
That when thou hast seen Him make one thou wilt  
Know how He hath made other spheres ! Not yet

Have two been made alike. Thou ne'er canst learn  
What He can do.

*C.* Yes, that I have been taught ;  
But there is one thing which I cannot learn.

*F.* And that ?

*C.* Is what He cannot, will not do.

*F.* Why ! He can never be less than Himself,  
Can never be like one of us.

*C.* Great God !

*F.* Now, darling, wilt thou wander forth with  
me ?

*C.* Not from my world.

*F.* No ; but on it I fain  
Would learn all thou wilt teach of thy delight.

*C.* Gladly I'll tell the little I've acquired.  
See there are great pine-trees ; how slenderly  
They now aspire unto the light, anxious  
Their upper boughs may feel the warmth and joy  
Their roots may never share. ~

*F.* Didst ever hear  
The tale of Huxca and of Lardalie ?

*C.* Nay ; but shall now if so it pleaseth thee.

*F.* Huxca fell with the mighty prince whose  
pride  
Dragged him so low ; and as he was about  
To leave celestial home, sweet Lardalie,  
Who since the time that God created her  
Had been his own especial love, his charge,  
Entwined her little trembling wings about  
His neck, and said, " Now I shall be like God,  
Shall think more of the joy of other lives  
Than of mine own. Although I have not sinned,

Nor thought of it—for I do not know how,  
Nor would I learn it if I could be made  
By one sin—only one—as great as He  
I venerate and worship with my all  
Of life—therefore, although I have not Him  
Offended, or from His light been banished,  
I'll go to the dark world's confines with thee.  
I will not let the tip of my fair wing  
Be dipped in its hot breath, for then I could  
Not come again to God, the only One  
Whom I love more than thee—yet Him how much  
More than I can e'er think of loving thee!—  
But I will hover o'er that dread abyss,  
And thou wilt stay upon its utmost verge;  
Thus I shall ever sing and joy for thee.  
Wilt not thou sometimes slightly smile for me?  
Would not that be a little taste of Heaven?"  
Then Huxca groaned and cried, "Not so, my sweet,  
My cherub fair! Thee I love more than bliss.  
I will not let thee even know where I  
Shall dwell. Go and be blest as ever at  
The feet of One whose name I ne'er again  
Can take upon my lips. Yet even in  
The world of unknown anguish I shall have  
A joy no curse can shut without my life,  
A bliss no darkness e'er can shadow o'er,  
Nor even fire of Hell can burn it out—  
The memory of Lardalie; yes, that  
Shall be my Heaven and Deity. Farewell!"  
Once Huxca pressed his lips upon her wing,  
And then he seemed almost to rend in twain  
His life. He threw her from him with this cry

Of bitter agony, "God, I curse Thee!"

This said, he, howling fled.

"My Lardalie!"

Was heard to fall in love and pity from

The Inner Place, and in a minute she,

Her harp new-tuned, knelt down before God's seat,

And sang in clearest tones this gentle song:—

I loved him but as he loved Thee ;

Now I mourn not.

He dared to speak blasphemously ;

And now his lot

I would not share.

He once was fair

Because he was somewhat like Thee.

Now I can't mourn :

I cannot love impiety.

I would on bourn

Of his sad world,

With wings unfurled

Above the darkness that clothed him

Give him my bliss, . .

And light his home, so drear and dim,

With light of this,

While I could think

He would not sink .

Into the greatest of all sin.

I thought him lured

By angels who much worse had been,

And so endured  
 Their penalty  
 Of misery.

But when he cursed the God I love  
 I mourned no more ;  
 Him whom he hates I must above  
 All else adore.  
 Thou'rt all to me ;  
 Glory to thee !

*C.* A very gentle song. Henceforth when I  
 See pine-trees grim, whose roots are buried in  
 Deep gloom, that so the boughs may rise into  
 The light of life, I shall remember him,  
 Who, buried evermore in darkest woe,  
 Rejoiced to think that a fair bough of his  
 Lost state of love might ever see God's light.

*F.* Majestically grand this river is.  
 I knew not that this world had ever been  
 Inhabited by aught.

*C.* By much. The last  
 Æon by lesser forms of light and glee.  
 And for short space—since God gave the command,  
 “Waters have brought forth most abundantly.”  
 I deemed the swarms of life on land enough,  
 But our wise God did not bid land bring forth  
 Abundantly ; this said he to the seas  
 And rivers, so there is no spirit who  
 Can count their myriads.

*F.* And was there then  
 No life in all this grand expanse of sea  
 Until so recently ?

*C.* A very few

Fishes and living forms ; for God had not  
Then said, "Bring forth abundantly."

*F.* How strange  
That He should thus create fish twice.

*C.* I have  
Heard why he did, but cannot make myself  
Yet understand. There are to be upon  
The Earth queer beings who will able be  
To think, and yet will have capacity  
So small as not to comprehend there is  
A God ; but will say they have grown out of  
These forms that have lived here for æons long.

*F.* What say'st ? Grown how ? Like trees ?

*C.* I told thee that  
I could not understand how they would think ;  
But they will say that first there was atom  
Of life minute ; that, larger grew, became  
Fish, reptile next, then bird, next quadruped—  
With stout tail and long ears, and then them-  
selves.

*F.* Most marvellous ! I must absent myself  
From worlds greater than this, until I see  
These animals so strange. And they will think ?

*C.* So I have heard ; how I can't comprehend ;  
But God, who is so kind to all, made some  
Fish long ago, and buried them beneath  
Remains of lower species ; this will prove  
That fishes did not grow from meaner things.

*F.* Ah ! thou forgot'st to tell what they would  
say  
Preceded the first form of life minute.

*C.* Perhaps those who can reason as they will,  
May never get so far as that.\* Behold!

*F.* Oh, splendid are these birds! I wonder if  
The creatures that we were just speaking of  
Will be tall as these trees!

*C.* I never saw  
So large one who could think.

*F.* Nor I, in all  
My wanderings; but else how could they live  
Upon this globe, where plants and animals  
Are so immense?

*C.* That I know not; but God  
May make them very large. Now it grows dark.

#### CRETACEOUS PERIOD.

#### *Act VI.: Scene 1.—Gen. i.*

*Velurah.*—Hail, beauteous Calla, hail! What  
hath God done  
Since I was here?

*Calla.*—Destroyed all of the life  
That He had made, aye, and the very trees.

*V.* And once before He hath done thus.

*C.* Once in  
The time that we call night, speaking of this  
Quaint place, all that He had created in  
The æon past was buried in soft soil,  
And He told me that He had laid them by  
For the strange men for whom this world was made,  
Grand waifs of God's Eternity, that they  
Would pick up on the shores of time, and thus  
In great rock-books would learn what He had done

---

\* I had never heard of Mr. Darwin when I wrote this.



Before they were. When the next day appeared  
O'er all was beauty greater than before,  
But not as vivid ; therefore, I wait here  
Till bright dawn, to find what God will do.

V. I wait with thee. See'st, Calla? there come  
troops  
Of angels fair.

C. Ever they come and pass ;  
I only cannot go away, unless  
It be to render homage at God's Throne ;  
Then swiftly I fly back.

V. Calla, can'st tell  
Why here God hath such myriads of trees ?  
For since creation I have never seen  
Them dense as here.

C. In after ages Earth  
Will have an atmosphere colder than now ;  
Its habitants will need these trees to burn.

V. I thought, cycles ago, that trees had been  
Interred for this.

C. They were ; but more will be  
Thus buried soon, and many of them will  
Retain their tracery of gracefulness  
And beauty, for the admiration of  
The last-made creatures, who will yet dwell here.

V. It doth appear that many things which we  
See now would well befit the realm of Hell.

C. Naught like these figures crude have we near  
God.

What need for Him who is omnipotent  
E'er to repeat his works? Oh, much I like  
Fantastic beauty and the markings quaint

That move about the land and waters warm  
With most peculiar ways.

V. How lovely are  
Those specks of life that bloom and propagate  
Like none that I have seen !

C. These corals take  
Up a great portion of the sea, and I  
Have heard that in an after age they will  
All die and leave their bleached skeletons  
For trees and flowers to grow upon, and men  
Will walk thereon. For a long time I thought  
Them flowers that God would not let fade and die  
Because they were so pleasant to His eye.  
Now I shall show you smaller forms than theirs ;  
Yet these slight frames, after the life has gone,  
Will form embankments of soft stone, white cliffs  
For a blue sea to dash itself against.

V. This ocean is quite white.

C. Because it swarms  
With those shells so minute that I just told  
Thee of. Now fly with me and I shall show  
That land as well as water teems with life—  
As marvellous for magnitude as this  
For size diminutive ; and there the air  
Brings forth strange birds that for an element  
So light appear too heavy and too drear.

#### MIOCENE PERIOD.

##### *Scene II.*

*Zelma.*—Calla, hast been here all the while since I  
Bade thee good-bye ?

*Calla.*—No ; I have not. I knew

The night which fell so heavily would last.  
A long while, and the sea would overspread  
Much land till all things would be changed, and so  
I went to the White Throne to give to God  
Especial thanks that He created me  
Before He made the Earth, and ask Him if  
I might from Heaven stay the æon long  
Of the Sixth Day, wherein I hear that there  
Will be a constant change. He answered, Yes;  
But gave short mission first.

Z. When thou return'dst ?

C. There was no light, nor sound save of the sea,  
Which high did elevate itself to learn  
What it had wrought in the long night; indeed  
There was a change on land and sea and sky;  
And I had oft to look to reassure  
Myself it was my Earth; but when the day  
Appeared there was a better life, a joy  
Much greater than before. So I had felt  
That it would be, knowing God never doth  
Do less than He hath done.

Z. How fragrant is  
The atmosphere! The odor is most like  
Soft gales that float adown from the White Throne.

C. It is the life of these trees oozing out  
To permeate the air, and our fine sense  
Of perfume please.

Z. But see the insects there,  
Seeming entranced as though they could not leave  
The fragrant power.

C. Nor can they now; their wings  
Are heavy with the amber sweet, and they

Will be imbedded thus, that so the men—  
Of whom we speak so oft—in ages yet  
To be, may find them quite as beautiful  
As now. Behold how graceful and how fair  
Are all the myriads, alike in wings,  
But variant in color, size, and shape,  
Which float around our wings! But I had deemed  
The age of trees and ferns had passed; and these,  
Though not so large, frailer perhaps, are yet  
Far prettier. What thinkest thou, my friend?

*Z.* For me the fairest time hath floated past,  
Perchance while thou wert gone.

*C.* I fancy that  
I have missed nothing since observer of  
The Earth I've been.

*Z.* Wert here when Sixth Day dawned?

*C.* Soon afterwards; it cannot have been long.

*Z.* Darrelle was here with me. How long was it  
That we the Sixth Day watched ere I left thee  
Calla to find?

*Darrelle.*—An æon, as I judge  
By what I saw.

*C.* Can that be so? It seemed  
To me but as a happy breath.

*D.* I judge  
By what I have observed, and thou by what  
Thou feltest.

*C.* Ah! Then have I lost aught in  
The making of this world?

*D.* If thou didst go  
Away, of course thou didst; for never doth  
The great God cease to work.

C. Pray quickly tell

Me what I missed.

D. Water for a long time  
Was all that I perceived, and then uprose,  
Brightly and gradually, islands here  
And there. E'en though I cannot feel the heat  
Or cold, I knew from looking at the flowers  
That they were chilled: then snow and ice closed in  
My view. For dense and slimmer forms of pine  
Moss, yellow as Zeluca's brilliant hair,  
And lichens chill and gray, for change, were here.  
Rivers of ice there were, which stood straight up,  
And with slow majesty pursued their course  
Unto the ocean fathomless, and these  
Were what I thought most grand, for as the sun  
Threw on them radiant rays they glittered like  
The crown of God—I should say almost like  
The shadow of it that we see; and, had  
It not been treason, I should have surmised  
That He had hurled the crystal pavement down  
In flakes magnificent; and that the curves  
And pinnacles of ice were the twelve gates,  
Shattered but ever glorious.

C. To think

That I have lost such spectacle! I hope  
No other angels were away save those  
Who went with me afar from God's right hand,  
And those who fled with Fal towards the sphere  
His left hand pointed at.

D. Oh! Myriads

Were far, and I doubt not in other worlds  
Saw things as beautiful and new. Also

I viewed strange animals, with long, red hair  
 And heavy limbs, while herds of reindeer gray,  
 Moss-cropping leisurely, were revelling  
 In the great cold. Ere long the sea submerged  
 A portion of the globe; then were upheaved  
 Icebergs, and I beheld fantastic shapes.  
 An angel of the First Intelligence  
 Told me they were but fancy sketches of  
 The things I yet should see upon the Earth,  
 And then he spoke queer words that sounded like  
 Spires, towers, and towns. Knowest what these  
 may be?

Z. Not I.

C. There flies a new Dominion.\* Call!

Z. Hail! Ferrula!

*Ferrula.*—Friends, Hail!

D. Hast ever heard

In the new sphere appointed thee to rule,  
 Such words as spires and towns?

F. Nay. Where hast thou  
 Heard such?

D. Xenotloma spoke them when he  
 Talked of the grand icebergs, and what they were  
 Most like; perchance they were prophetic words.

F. Likely enough they shadowed forth new things  
 That there will be upon the Earth.

C. Tell us  
 Of more, Darrelle, most blest!

D. Once darted forth  
 Flashes of red-hot lightning playing round—  
 Such as were hurled after Satanic host—

---

\* Col. i. 16.

And a great sound that clashed like demons'  
tongues ;

The raging winds howled as they dare not do  
In Heaven, and oceanic waves, in height  
Gigantic, boldly leaped, as if to shout  
Defiance to the clouds that had belched forth  
Such arrows of inimitable light.  
But I feared not, as Satan had, for I  
Knew well the Great God's hand held back their  
power.

*F.* Hast heard that in the days to come He will  
Send for some souls He will much love these bright  
And winged chariots of Majesty,  
Rosy with beams Divine? And they will waft  
To Him the essences ethereal  
Of life that He will have breathed into forms  
Of a gross, mortal mould.

*C.* That I cannot  
Now comprehend.

*D.* Nor I.

*F.* 'Tis passing strange ;  
But I have caught a whispered mystery  
From the Thrones nearest God ; now patiently  
I wait until it pleaseth Him to make  
It comprehensible to me.

*D.* And thus  
We too must wait. One day, before the sun  
Went down, this scene I saw. The clouds around  
Had gathered in their beryl-colored and  
Their saffron robes to have a pretty dance,  
While here and there rosy and azure wreaths  
Were fastened on to help their beauty out.

The monarch of the day made sport for them,  
 And let them throw their scarfs about his face  
 While he glared ruddily, as though he were  
 With anger filled ; and the musicians of  
 'The dance, the clouds just o'er our wings, poured  
     out

In play their liquid notes of melody.  
 'Twas fine to see how the rain-clouds would leap  
 About in terror of hot rays. The sun  
 Shone out in brilliant majesty the while  
 The lightning flashed and thunder rolled its base  
 Reprovingly at so much levity.  
 Ah ! if Earth's children frequently will be  
 Favored with such a pretty sight, I shall  
 Be oft their evening company ; so I  
 Said to Dunnar ; but while I spoke a fog  
 Settled around ; then I flew off with troops  
 Of angels passing by. When I looked back  
 Was naught but water to be seen. Sometime  
 I stayed away, and when I hither came  
 Beheld what now ye may see here.

*F.* Who comes?

*C.* A great Dominion, I surmise.

*Dominion.*—Angels, all hail ! Our Monarch  
     bade me fly,  
 And say to all I met they now would see  
 Sight of deep interest. Will follow me ?

*(On the wing.)*

*F.* Behold those animals that calmly graze,  
 And happily, beside the clumsy ones  
 Who heave their massiveness along.



*Dom.*—Eden

Below!

*C.* How beautiful!

*Z.* Most fair!

*Scene III.: Gen. i. 26-31.*

*Calla.*—Zelma, what deemest thou God next will do?

*Zelma.*—Each movement is so overladen with  
A present bliss that I can never think  
Of joys to come.

*C.* Earth is another Heaven.

*Z.* That cannot be: there can be but one God;  
Therefore, an only Heaven, where He is throned.

*C.* At least, of it this world mementoes hath.  
See'st thou the flowers and lovelier birds?

*Z.* Handsome indeed. What callest thou that bloom?

*C.* Zelluca hath named it the rose. Hast not  
Thou seen the little cherub known as Rose?  
One day he lay down, his bright cheek upon  
A verdant bunch of leaves, which hung low from  
A fragile stem drooped to the grassy floor;  
It is his wont, when happiest in play,  
To rest a while upon his joy, as yon  
Glistening insect rests its breast upon  
That bud. Ere a long time had passed he soared,  
And looking back upon the trembling leaves,  
In wonderment he saw a pretty flower  
Where his soft cheek had pressed, then glided on.  
Zelluca passed, and said to Kalzama,  
Rose hides beneath this bush: whom plays he with?

Then answered Kalzama, I find him not,  
Nor notice cherubs playing hide and seek.  
His friend replied, I do not know who seeks,  
But there Rose lies, his glowing cheek not hid  
By the green leaves. She called, Sweet Rose, come  
forth :

Thou canst not hide from me ; I recognize  
Thy downy cheek. Next time thou playest thus  
Conceal thy cheek as well as eyes and wings.  
She paused, and gently thrust her arm within  
The thicket of soft leaves, and laid her hand  
Upon a flower. Then sought she Rose,  
And heard him tell his pretty tale, and named  
It after him.

Z. And that strange purple flower,  
The edges delicately fringed as eyes  
Of angels are, that bears upon its breast  
A badge shaped like the golden sceptre of  
Our Sovereign great ?\*

C. Edla told me there was  
In Heaven no name for it. I asked him why ;  
He shook his head, saying, It is a myth ;  
Sets forth faint type of wondrous mystery,  
That God will yet explain in new-coined words  
To wondering, assembled universe.

Z. There are dear Lily's little bells, fragrant  
With her sweet breath. Hearest the laughing peals  
Of scented melody, that bring the smile  
Responsive when she lays her hand upon

---

\* I hope this fancy about the sceptre and passion-flower  
is not profane.

The fragile stem, and rings the floral bells?  
They are well suited to the mossy dales.\*

*Z.* The fair *Camelia* asked a boon of God.

*C.* What could He add unto her heritage  
Of beauty, bliss, and love?

*Z.* She asked His leave  
To give a present to the Earth. When He  
Smiled His consent hither she quickly sped,  
And, kneeling lovingly, took from her brow  
A cherished flower, and laid it on the ground—  
Prophetic offering of angels' love  
For the inhabitants of this new sphere.  
Then looked she up to God to know if He  
Sanctioned the deed. He smiled down on the  
gift;

Then prayed she Him to bid it take firm root  
Where she had planted it to gladden Earth,  
Reminding future friends who would dwell in  
Fair Eden's bowers of angels' brows.

*C.* This is  
The heliotrope; the glowing Angel of  
The sun presented it to Earth! Mark how  
With wistful smile it turns to gaze upon  
Its own liege lord.

*Z.* I like it much. What dost  
Thou, love?

*C.* I shower kisses on the flower  
I prize the most.

*Z.* I needed not to ask;  
'Tis fragrant with thy breath.

---

\* The Lily-of-the-Valley.

*C.* Oh, happy I!  
This bloom in times to be will hearts of Earth  
Perfume with incense sweet of angels' breath,  
For as I kissed it did I breathe a prayer.

*Z.* What fragile plant is this?

*C.* Anemonè;  
Named after her who loved a spirit cast  
From Heaven: sweetly hath she transferred her love  
To God, thinking no more of banished Zar,  
Seeming forgetful that he was so long  
Her very star and friend.

*Z.* May earthly maids,  
Gazing on this, like Anemonè,  
And worship only God! May they, if swayed  
By winds that sometimes crush the blooms of  
Earth,  
Bow gently to the storm! Submission sweet  
Will conquer all its wrath until the Lord  
Cries, Peace, and smiles upon the patient heart  
That ever lifts an open eye to Him.

*C.* Will there be maidens here, and sorrow will  
They feel, think'st thou?

*Z.* Why not? Hath not sin been  
In Heaven? Is it not now in Hell?

*C.* Too true.  
Why do we see so many flowers of ours?

*Z.* Some angels brought them here and made a  
home  
For them in this rich soil. Why hast not thou  
Learned all their names and histories?

*C.* 'Tis strange; but I have scarcely thought of  
them;

I have not yet ideas had to spare  
 For such. Since the good GOD created me  
 Each moment I have had fresh glory to  
 Admire, or favor new for which to praise.  
 When next HE speaks to me I shall ask God  
 To let me give a name-sake to the Earth.

*Scene IV.—Gen. ii. 6, 7.*

*Herald.*—Silence! CREATOR comes! Angels,  
 prepare  
 To pay your homage to the Monarch—GOD!  
*All.*—Hail, Sovereign, hail! And many thanks  
 for what  
 Thou here hast done! Glory be unto Thee!  
 GOD.—“In Image of Ourselves let Us make Man!”  
*Calla.* I cannot see.

*Z.* Nor I.

*D.* And I am blind.

*Fulga.*—Even my eyes are blinded now. What can  
 This mean?

*H.* A heavy mist ariseth from  
 The ground, and so GOD shuts out from our eyes  
 The work that His Hands do.

*D.* What meanest thou?

*H.* Thing wonderful. He, who created us  
 But by a word, doth with His Own Hand make  
 A man!

*F.* How doth a Spirit—as GOD is—  
 Do this?

*H.* It is a mystery that is  
 -To be unfolded unto us; but not

For ages yet. Many of you were in  
Existence when HE lifted from His grand  
And incommunicable state the veil  
Of glory, and revealèd unto us  
Manifestation of Himself, and said,  
“Let all the angels of God worship Him.”  
And never was there in the depths above  
Worship so understandingly poured forth:  
Then was GOD visible. Straightway we fell  
Upon our knees, covered our eyes with wings,  
And worshipped, worshipped, worshipped  
Three—In—One.

*C.* Three!

*H.* Aye. Thou art a spirit new; but know  
A Light that played about us visibly  
Was the Third Power, and HE taught us new bliss.

*All.*—Glory be to the GODS who is but ONE!\*

*H.* And ere this mist arose, HE said, “Let Us  
Make man!” This grand manifestation of  
The Great Unseen will with His Own Hands make  
A man. But lest this favorite should be  
Too proud he will of mere dust be composed.  
This mist will make a clay, and out of that  
Will He mould man, and then the Essence of  
All Life “will breathe into him breath of life,”  
And the Great THIRD will him with mind endow.

*(The mist vanishes. Man appears.)*

*Michael.*—Great GOD, in awe I bow my knees  
to Thee!

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\* Gen. i. 1.—In the original the noun is plural, and the verb singular.

GOD.—Speak, Michael, speak!

*M.* The angels fain would pay  
To Thee a special homage now, Great GOD.

GOD.—My glory I will gather up to yon  
High mountain peak, their homage to receive.

*C.* (*Aside.*) Poor man! Zelma, didst see that he  
did try  
To raise himself up from the Earth to come  
With us? But he could not, and now he will  
Have to stay there alone.

*Z.* Why pity him?  
It is not well for him to fly, or he  
Would have the power. Behold, how radiant  
He is with his transcendent joy! Blest man!  
What if he has a body heavier  
Than ours,—God breathed into him a soul.

*Scene V.—Gen. ii. 18–20.*

*Hulmah.*—Hail, Calla, hail!

*Calla.*—My friend!

*H.* What wonder new  
Is to be seen? All insects, beasts, and birds,  
In one procession grand!

*C.* Adam hath named  
Them all; each beast steps off, contented, with  
His happy mate; the birds fly off in pairs,  
Renewing scarce-suspended joy; now side  
By side the insects glow with bliss, and e'en  
The reptiles, mated, are in pleasant mood.

*H.* Now all have gone to lairs or nests;  
alone

Poor Adam! He is not as full of joy  
As those dumb things.

*C.* He ought to be ; for he  
May talk with God.

*H.* Aye ; but he cannot touch  
His Hand.

*C.* I shall go sit by him ; he will  
Like that.

*H.* Thou wilt not stay ; for thou hast wings.  
Believest thou that eagle soaring to  
Yon height, would long remain in company  
With the tame deer that cannot fly ?

*C.* 'Tis strange  
That GOD should leave but one alone, and he  
The best that HE hath made on Earth.

*H.* Didst note  
His words? Male and female HE said when HE  
Stooped to lay lips sublime upon the cold  
And beautiful clay form. HE said, "Let them  
Dominion have." The Three Great GODS is ONE ;  
But how is Adam two ?

*C.* Hist! GOD will speak.  
GOD.—"It is not good for man to be alone ;  
A help like unto him I now will make." \*

*Scene . VI: Gen. ii. 19-25, and i. 26-31.*

*Calla.*—Zelma, my sweet, why didst thou stray  
so long ?

*Zelma.*—I went on mission far.

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\* The Vulgate's rendering of Gen. ii. 18.



*C.* And hast not seen

How Eve was made ?

*Z.* Didst thou ?

*C.* I shall tell all

I can repeat. Our worship finished, God  
First smiled—we knew it by the sudden gleam  
Of golden light that crossed the crystal air—  
Then said, Now on light wings hover low o'er  
The garden where doth sleep Our youngest-made.  
We lightly moved our wings, and Michael said  
That Adam slept, and must not be disturbed.

*Z.* Disturbed ? And slept ? I do not understand.

*C.* Why ! He looked like a flower and did not  
stir.

*Z.* Dost mean he lay still as the lambs that tire  
Of play ?

*C.* Aye ; slept as do the animals  
Of this queer world.

*Z.* We have not journeyed far.

*C.* Here I can learn enough, if GOD will let  
Me stay.

*Z.* Enough ! Canst learn enough ?

*C.* I mean

I need not go away to learn ; for here  
I see new wonders evermore.

*Z.* Well. When

Man slept ?

*C.* GOD said, Veil your eyes with your wings.  
A while we were as still as Adam lay ;  
Then a Voice said, “ Our GOD hath taken one  
Of Adam’s ribs, closed up the flesh thereof,  
And of the rib which the Lord God from man

Has taken, woman has HE made." Open  
Your eyes. Behold the two. Then we looked up  
And saw GOD bring her to the man. Adam  
Embraced her lovingly. Both smiled, and I  
Thought that the flowers around grew visibly ;  
I'm sure such joyous, thrilling notes the birds  
Sang ne'er before. All of us sang ; how could  
We joy restrain ? So sweet a sight my eyes  
Had never seen ; we seldom sing as well  
As we did when we broke forth in GOD'S praise ;  
But not one note, I think, did Adam hear ;  
Perchance, the fair one did ; I thought she turned  
Slightly away to catch a sound. He said,  
" 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of  
My flesh ; she shall be woman called, for she  
Is taken out of man. I name her Eve.'  
The while he spoke she smiled, as the clear stream,  
Sparkling, returns the pressure of the sun's  
Warm rays : and when he ceased, there rippled  
from  
Her dewy lips music thou wouldst call words,  
And they were these : Let me first kneel to GOD ;  
Then I shall thee embrace. Adam replied,  
Aye ; twine thine arm about me thus, and we  
Shall both kneel down, and give Him joyous  
thanks—  
I for thy life and thou for mine, and both  
For His great love. When they had risen from  
Their knees they looked like flowers at early dawn,  
Although the sun just then the brightest shone—  
Yet seemed less bright than they. An angel spake,  
Thus GOD hath in His Image grand made man ;

Male and female has HE created them.  
Now HE will bless them ; hear and say Amen.  
We heard GOD say to Adam and to Eve :—  
“I bless you ; fruitful be and multiply ;  
The Earth replenish and subdue, and have  
Dominion over all fish of the sea,  
Fowls of the air, the cattle and all things  
Which live and move upon the Earth. Behold,  
To you I have for food given each herb  
Seed-bearing, which is on the face of all  
The Earth, and all the trees in the which there  
Is the fruit of a tree yielding its seed ;  
To you it is for meat ; to all the beasts,  
Fowls of the air, everything that creeps  
Upon the Earth wherein is life, I have  
Ev’ry green herb given for meat, and it  
Is so. Then God saw ev’rything that HE  
Had made, and it was very good.” Thus did  
The Sixth Day end.

*H.* Wilt go with me to talk  
With Adam and with Eve ? I long to share  
Their bliss, thus multiplying it for them.  
Why was not Eve made of the clay of which  
GOD Adam made ?

*C.* She is formed out of him,  
Because, although the twain are one, yet she  
Is made of fairer stuff than he to teach  
That he must over her have tender care.  
Less strength she needs ; for all of his is hers ;  
She must be weak that Adam may have use  
For strength. Were she as strong and large as he  
He would not care so tenderly for wants

He will create that he may satisfy,  
Knitting her life with his into a web  
Of common thought. And his own rib made fair  
And lovable—will never seem to be  
So naturally placed as next his heart.

NOTE.—I wrote a large part of “The Creation” in 1857 while reading “The Testimony of the Rocks,” and so adopted Miller’s views to a certain extent.

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DRAMA II.

A B E L’S W I D O W.

*Act I. : Scene I*

(*Abel’s Widow, alone.*)

*Zilpah.*—’Twas Adam said, Let the poor widow  
weep;

And then all went away and left me here  
To weep and mourn alone. Abèl is dead!  
I never grieved before but he seemed to  
Divine that I was sad, and hastened home,  
And then, of course, my grief was quickly past.  
When the sun shines, how soon is the dew gone!  
Ah! shall I never see behind the clouds  
That shut me from my love? Are they of lead?  
His mother says he’s dead; ’tis strange if she  
Doth know. And can she then? No, verily;  
I think that Eve hath turned into a stone.  
She is as cold and—but her heart doth beat—  
As dead as he. As he? my love! my joy!  
Can he be dead? I’ve had bad dreams before;

But in his deepest sleep my lightest moan  
He heard, and woke me with his gentlest kiss.  
Oh God, but say this is a dream!—like dreams  
Of night! I'll go again and lay mine ear  
Upon his heart—it may beat now. He oft  
Hath feigned sleep to make me kiss him more.  
Dear Abel, I will gladly spend my breath  
In kissing thee if thou wilt waken then.  
How strange that God should let him be betrayed  
By his own gentleness!—like a lamb laid  
Bleeding and bound upon the altar of  
His love, and of his brother's hate. May I  
Be worthy now of one who hath been mine!  
I pitied once the lamb which he would slay;  
He quickly turned, with look more like reproach  
Than any I had ever had from him, and said,  
Most highly favored is the lamb which God  
Hath made spotless enough to be the type  
Of His Own Son. Ah! A thought thrills me now.  
He added, Gladly would he lay his life  
Upon the altar where the lamb must die,  
If God would deign to honor him as type  
Of One Who Yet Would Come. A shudder then  
Passed o'er his frame; I asked him why? He said,  
Thoughtlessly, I have uttered blasphemy!  
I knew him pure as any lamb could be;  
God favored him more than the rest of men.  
Shall I complain that I, who was his wife,  
Must be his mourning widow now? Better  
His widow than the wife of living man.  
I'm glad I would not marry Cain. Poor Cain!  
Poor Rachel! I must go and comfort her.

She stays away as though she were afraid  
To look at me. My God, I thank Thee that  
I am not she. I glory in my love;  
E'en in stern death he is so beautiful.  
I wonder if an angel-maiden in  
The fields above loves him and woos him now—  
Oh, useless effort! He is mine, and mine  
For aye; he cannot be another's now.  
Poor Rachel! I, in thinking of my loss,  
Forgot her tortured heart. The wife of Cain!  
Comfort her, O my God! What can I say  
To one whose head must henceforth pillowed be  
On murderer's breast? Down, heart!

*Scene II.*

*Zilpah.*—Rachel, weep not so violently, dear.

*Rachel.*—Go! Go! I cannot bear the sight of  
thee.

My heart is sick; my head is whirling round—  
I know not what I do.

*Z.* I'll pray with thee.

*R.* I will not hear thee mutter curses on  
Cain's head. He is mine own—ah! doubly mine  
Own now; for none but me will look at him.

*Z.* I shall.

*R.* To blast him with a fiery eye.

*Z.* Nay, Rachel, look at me. My eyes are full  
Of tears; and now these tears are for thy woe.

*R.* For mine! No! No! That is not so, I think;  
For I can scarcely weep for thee.

*Z.* Nor need'st;  
My husband is with God—the One whom best

He loved. I never had the heart to let  
Him know how wretched I was when he went  
Alone to worship God on the high top  
Of mountain which I could not climb. He said  
He knew it was not so, but still he felt  
Nearer to God when he could see naught but  
The things He made. I was quite wretched till  
He came back home, and could not sleep or eat.  
But thinkest that I could have let him know  
Of this? He never would have gone again  
Where my poor strength must fail to carry me;  
And so when he came back to me, his face  
Aglow with light that never fell upon the plain,  
I talked of how the flowers had bloomed, and birds  
Had carolled while he was away.

*R.* I can  
Not understand such chilly love as that.

*Z.* Thou never hadst such teacher as I had.

*R.* But Cain hath often said I must not be  
So selfish in my love.

*Z.* Has he? Then it  
Is not so strange thou art; but Abel taught  
Me lesson that I learned imperfectly,  
By always thinking of my happiness.  
I was shamed into being worthy of  
The man who knew no self.

*R.* I'm sleepy now.

*Z.* Pardon that I have talked so much of what  
Concerns thee not; but I thought thou wouldst  
like

To know that as I'd not let Abel see  
How much I missed him when he was away,

Because I would not rob him of the bliss  
Of a few days; so now I cannot prove  
So totally unworthy of his love  
As e'er to wish him back.

*R.* Thou art so queer  
And cold.

*Z.* Not unto thee, I hope. I came  
To comfort thee.

*R.* Why? This is strange. Eve is  
So lost in agony of her sole woe  
She cannot see me yet.

*Z.* So I should think.  
Poor Eve!

*R.* Poor Eve! Yes; but her husband lives.

*Z.* I do not like to whisper what I think.  
Is not greater than thine her grief? Blame for  
This deed of sin and woe thou canst not have.

*R.* Believest that? 'This comforts me. My mind  
I've tortured much by thinking that I might  
Have softened Cain's unkind—— I was too harsh;  
Talk to me more; I'll listen to thee now.  
Thy happiness no more can cast reproach  
Upon my married life. Speak of *him*, too:  
For he is dead—my husband is alive.

*Z.* I would thou couldst have heard how Abel  
used  
To teach us ev'ry day, when he the lamb  
Did offer up, how we, if we would be  
Forgiven, must forgive. But when I came  
As a bride to his tent, I used to feel  
Much anger when Cain wronged my husband kind.  
Then he taught me of One Who Is To Come,



Of whom our lambs of daily sacrifice  
Are but the types. Oh, how his face would glow,  
More brightly than the stars in midnight hour!  
And oft I could not comprehend all that  
He felt; but this I knew: he said that I  
Must gentle be, and unresisting as  
The lambs he slew; must soothe the angry hearts  
That injured me, as the lambs licked his hand  
The while he bound them to the altar of  
Their death. I loved his lessons once, for they  
Were always taught with kisses fond; and now,  
“Though he is dead, he speaketh unto me.”  
Come, let me pray with thee; then we will go  
And comfort Cain—if he is still alive.

*R.* If he is still alive? Who dares to harm  
My Cain?

*Z.* No man. But it was probable  
He'd die of grief: I thought that I must die,  
When first I saw mine only one struck to  
The Earth and weltering in—— God!

*R.* Let's kill  
Ourselves.

*Z.* Oh, horrible! Kneel quickly down  
For fear some fiend hath heard those words,  
And so will dare to come into our hearts.  
I long for Abel; but I shall not go  
To him until he calls; well I know that  
Will be as soon as God permits. He wants  
Me there as I him here.

## DRAMA III.

## THE BENEDICTE.

*Act I.: Scene I.*

*Godary.*—Wilt go with me to Dura's plain to see  
If those three noble Hebrew youths will bow  
Before the tyrant's breath as straw before  
The hot monsoon? Nebuchadnezzar hath  
Set up a golden image of his god;  
And at the call of music all must fall  
Upon their knees and bow their heads in awe,  
At the gigantic shadow of a thought  
That man's brain hath conceived and named a  
god.

Meshach, Shadrach, Abednego are three  
Young Jews of the Captivity, and in  
Great Babylon as standard-bearers of  
The truth of the I AM they walk. Shadrach  
Is mine own charge: I think he will not kneel  
To greatest idol that the world hath seen.  
Oft I in dreams have given hints of one  
Whose grandeur no man comprehends. His is  
A poet's soul, thirsty as famished babe  
For glory of our world. Full many hours  
He spends in the Observatory of  
The wise Chaldees, in study of sun, moon,  
And stars. I saw him pluck a little blade  
Of grass; sighing he said, E'en thee I can  
Not comprehend. How do the sun and rains  
Nourish thy verdancy? How growest thou?

Abednego will smile at questions of  
This sort, and glibly tell of influence  
Of heat and shower ; but Shadrach knows replies  
That he and wise men make do not explain  
The how when they mere facts affirm.

*Scene II.—Babylon.*

“*Certain Chaldeans.*” \* — O king, forever live !

Thou a decree

Hast made that all who hear the music of  
Flute, cornet, harp, sackbut, and psaltery,  
Shall worship image that thou hast set up ;  
And whoso will not worship shall be cast  
In fiery furnace. Three Jews whom thou  
Hast put over our Babylon regard  
Not thee, nor serve thy gods.”

*Nebuchadnezzar.*—( *Wrathfully.* ) Bid them come  
here.

*Scene III.*

*Nebuchadnezzar.*—Can it be true, Shadrach,  
Abednego,

Meshach, ye do not serve my gods, nor will  
Adore the image I have made ? Is this  
The gratitude ye show to me, who raised  
You high above the nobles of the land ?  
“ If now ye worship not ye shall be thrown  
Into the midst of furnace doubly hot.  
And who is he who can deliver you  
Out of my hands ? ”

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\* Dan. chap. iii.

*S.* O king! we don't presume  
To argue with thy majesty; "but our  
God whom we serve can save us from thy hand."

*M.* Or, if He will not, we can die; but will  
Not serve thy gods, nor will adore the gold,  
Howe'er magnificent, thou hast designed.

*Scene IV.—In the Furnace.*

*Abednego.*—Strange that we do not feel the fire  
that is

Like a great shrine to shut out wrath of man!

*Meshech.*—Around us is the cooling breath of  
God.

The men who cast us in were quite consumed,  
And we—we feel no harm. Glory to God!

*A.* Glory to God! Shadrach, what seest thou?  
Thy face is radiant.

*Shadrach.*—Spirit beloved  
And beautiful, so often visible  
In dreams, reveal thy loveliness to them!

*Angel.*—God hath sent me to keep you company  
Until HE comes.

*A.* Blessed be Thou for aye,  
Our fathers' God! Thy name is worthy to  
Be praised. Righteous art Thou in all that Thou  
To us hast done. Thy ways are right. In all  
That Thou hast brought upon Jerusalem  
Thou hast true judgment executed, for  
Our sins deserved it all. But, for the sake  
Of Thy beloved Abraham, and for  
The sake of Isaac and of Jacob, let  
Not Thy great mercy long depart from us.

Less than a nation are we now : no prince  
 Nor leader can we boast ; no place where we  
 May sacrifice ; nevertheless, we seek  
 Thy Face : " Let us not be confounded, Lord."  
 According to Thy works most marvellous  
 Deliver us, and let our foes perceive  
 Thou art the Lord, One God.

*An.* And, Shadrach, while  
 We walk in midst of flames I shall reply  
 To questions thou hast asked when I had not  
 Power to reply to thee. Only in hot,  
 Consuming trials can man see his guard,  
 Whom in his happiness he ne'er forgot.  
 In all the works of God is cause for praise.

*S.* " Oh, all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord ! \*

*M.* and *A.* Praise Him and magnify Him forever ! "

*M.* Ye angels, who behold what God hath done  
 For man, and who know marvels compassed not  
 By David's songs sublime, " Bless ye the Lord ! "

*S.* and *A.* " Praise Him and magnify Him forever ! "

*An.* Ye see the blue expanse above our heads.  
 It is an ocean fathomless to all  
 But ONE, and in it float sun, moon, and stars,  
 All in their ranks ; in mystic circles wheel  
 They round God's Throne.

*S.* " Ye heavens, bless  
 ye the Lord. "

*M.* and *A.* " Praise Him and magnify Him forever ! "

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\* Song of the Three Children in Apocrypha.

*An.* Water, that in man's hands is formless and  
Quite colorless, in God's, assumes all shapes  
And hues ; and there is nothing in this world  
As beautiful as clouds that float above.  
They are but water drawn up from the earth  
By the sun's rays, to fall in blessings on  
The land ; e'en so men's spirits rise, by power  
Of God, above the world, and thence descend  
To bless mankind and fertilize dry souls.

*S.* "Ye waters in the firmament, bless God !"

*M. and A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him forever !"

*An.* In Heaven's hierarchy there are grades.

*M.* Because both there and here doth order  
reign.

*An.* How different those grades from ranks that  
man

Creates ! Formed for no cause, they are of no  
Account but to amuse vain children of  
A day. The highest Throne, \* next God, is yet  
The lowliest ; and all who boasted of  
Their pride were sent to follow Satan, who  
Is Pride self-deified. The highest Powers  
Are swiftest servants of God's will.

*S.* "Oh, all  
Ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord !"

*M. and A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him forever !"

*An.* The sun is emblematic of God's Eye ;  
But as man's vision cannot pierce the space

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\* Col. i. 16.

That spreads millions of mites 'twixt it and Him,  
He thinks it near and small; his minister,  
The moon, shines but because it does, and is  
Unconscious that in hours of darkness it  
Is messenger from God. Such, children of  
The Lord, have ye been in this Babylon.

*S.* "Oh ye (great) Sun and Moon, bless ye the  
Lord!"

*M. and A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him for-  
ever!"

*An.* The Stars may now be landing-places for  
Imagination to rest on when it  
Attempts to measure majesty of God;  
But when ye are as I, ye'll visit them,  
And find them centres of revolving worlds.

*S.* "Oh (all) ye Stars of heaven, bless ye the  
Lord!"

*M. and A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him for-  
ever!"

*An.* "O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,  
Bless ye the Lord! Exalt Him above all."

*M., A., and S.* "He hath delivered us from hell,  
and saved  
Us from the hand of death, and rescued us  
Out of the midst of burning flames. Give thanks  
Unto the Lord, because gracious is HE."

*An.* "Let all who worship Him, bless Him, the  
God  
Of Gods! Praise Him and give Him thanks, for  
His mercy endureth forever!"

*S., M., and A.* Amen.

DRAMA IV.

ST. PAUL IN ATHENS.

*Acts xvii. 18-34.*

(*Euryades, an Epicurean, and Ormenus, a Stoic.*)

*Ormenus.*—What news to-day?

*Euryades.*—None, friend.

*O.* Now, that is news

Indeed. To say in Athens there is naught  
That's new in science, art, philosophy,  
Or game to-day!

*E.* Well, yes. Some gossip I  
Remember to have heard, but fear that thou  
Wilt scorn as insult to philosopher,  
Such trash. There is a little Jew whom men  
Call Saul, or Paul, or some such name, who sets  
Up a new god.

*O.* Tut! tut! That is no news.  
This olive put forth a fresh bloom this morn;  
But information such as that I'd not  
Term novelty. Athenian fools will have  
Gods quite as numerous as are their whims  
Or appetites. Let children have new toys.  
Ye Epicureans are wiser set of fools——

*E.* Than Stoics who boast so much of  
Their sense. But they are right. How could we  
find

It out did not they prate of it so oft?  
Thou say'st, I am an Epicurean,  
But not of the new-fashioned sort of whom



Our founder now would be ashamed, could he  
Return and learn whose name they bear.

*O.* Thy life

Is nobler far than thy philosophy,  
Better than that of the vain butterflies  
Who wear men's robes ; thy dialectics, though,  
As puerile. Gods are of atoms made,  
Thou say'st ; for my part I'll not worship what  
Is less than I.

*E.* More atoms fall to them  
Than to thy frail humanity.

*O.* How then

Can they go where I cannot pass ? Both thou  
Maintain'st. The dozen gods and goddesses  
Of highest rank, and those of lower caste,  
With their earth-progeny, have sat on Mount  
Olympus, where but half as many men  
Could not stand at one time.

*E.* But thou forget'st——

*O.* That reason's not to be expected in  
Mythologies.

*E.* Thou shouldst consider that  
The elder poets, who saw such fine sight,  
Perceived—as we see other objects—but  
The images of the immortal ones.

*O.* As we see, say'st ? I am no image, friend.

*E.* Yea. I perceive but image of thyself,  
Or rather of the atoms men call thee.  
Stoic, thou sneerest.

*O.* No : not I. Why should  
I care how big a fool thou art ? I'm used  
To children's lying legends. Fough ! Naught I

Regard but to preserve myself in an  
Unbroken calm. I am on mountain-peak  
Of grand philosophy, amused by sheep  
Called Epicureans, who gambol at  
My feet.

*E.* By Jove!

*O.* By a faint shadow of  
Some atoms blown together, called a god!

*E.* Well, I'll be true to my gay creed, and  
laugh;

Thou, being quite as surly as a bear,  
Must even growl at will: Stoics are like  
Their prototype, the bear, half of the year  
Asleep, snarling the other half, like——

*O.* Thee.

So I will laugh for both. Give me more news.

*E.* Which Stoics never care to learn. How oft  
I wonder much why they e'er eat or sleep,  
Not caring so to do.

*O.* Canst thou not tell

Me who is Paul?

*E.* A sheep as young as I  
Likes play. Oh! this vile Jew is "setter forth  
Of some strange god"—preposterous! I'm sure  
Of gods we have enough.

*O.* But atoms will  
Together blow, and sometimes they must chance  
To form a deity. Perhaps, this man  
Has seen a shadow of a new one in  
The clouds.

*E.* Perverter of a theory  
Too fine for thee to grasp, I'll——

O. Bottle up  
In cobwebs an old truth. Can Paul do that?

E. And more. He says that those who have  
lain in  
The Ceramicus for long years will rise  
Again.

O. Why not? Why should not atoms rise?  
They're light.

E. But how, O sage! can images  
Of men e'er rise? I'd like to hear thee or  
The Hebrew answer that.

O. What he'd affirm  
I cannot guess. But, for myself, I've seen  
The shadow of some smoke arise. As we  
Have naught to do to-day, suppose we hear  
Paul for himself? Knowest thou where he dwells?

E. I know where lives low-born barbarian!  
In Areopagus he will declaim  
This noon. Canst hear him if thou will'st: for me  
It is too warm; I'll to Ilissus go  
To bathe with nymphs and nereids.

O. With shades  
Of water-atoms, meanest thou? Farewell.

*Scene II.*

(*Ormenus, walking towards the Areopagus, meets  
Pausanias.*)

*Pausanias.*—Hail, Ormenus! Where goest thou?

*Ormenus.*—To Hill  
Of Mars to hear a Jew.

*P.* Make his defence?

*O.* No; he will there proclaim a god he has  
Discovered in the clouds or in his brain.

*P.* It's scandalous that any man unknown  
Should be allowed to desecrate the spot  
That was to Solon venerable as  
His laws to us. There god younger than he  
Is now to be announced to pack of fools.

*O.* There is a crowd.

*P.* In Athens that is naught.

*O.* No; but I'll call to an acquaintance if  
One I perceive; I'd like to know more of  
This Paul. Time oft hangs heavily. I like  
To be amused.

*P.* There's Dionysius wise.

*O.* Hail Dionysius! Wait! What is the cause  
Of this great throng?

*Dionysius.*—Going to hear a Jew,  
A Pharisee, a scholar of the famed  
Gamaliel; and "no mean fellow," this;  
A free-born Roman he.

*P.* Then I'll not sneer  
That Dionysius, Areopagite  
Of fame, runs after Hebrew mean.

*D.* I hold  
Myself too proud to let a Jew know more  
Than I, if he will share with me his lore.  
In many schools hath Paul disputed with  
Philosophers, and none have silenced him;  
And so we have invited him to speak  
To us where all can criticise, in hope  
To find a clue to spoil his argument.

*Scene III. In Areopagus.*

(*The remarks in parentheses made by the three philosophers in undertones.*)

*St. Paul.*—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive in all Things ye too superstitious are."

(*O. I would that I Had made Euryades come here.*)

"As I passed by

I saw an altar dedicated to

The Unknown God. Him whom in ignorance

Ye now adore declare I unto you.

He made the world and all things else of heaven  
And earth."

(*D. That's easier to believe than that They made themselves.*)

"He's Lord of all."

(*P. Why, Paul*

Means Jove.

*O. No ; for we know him well enough.*

*D. Too well to worship him. We know his crimes  
And follies all. Thou art not, nor am I,  
As weak as he—if he exists at all.*

*O. Hear Paul.)*

"God dwelleth not in temples made  
With hands."

(*P. Paul is an atheist.*)

"Nor is

He worshipped by your offerings."

(*O. Here is*

A man of sense, one worthy to be taught  
All our philosophy.)

“And He needs naught.”

(*O.* I'll make that Jew my friend; he's bold as wise.

We would not dare to tell the people this.)

“He gave to us life, breath, all things; and He Hath made of one blood all the nations of The earth.”

(*P.* He's like the rest of the most learned Philosophers—fooled by his theories.)

“The bounds of all men's habitations God Hath fixed. Seek ye the Lord, your Unknown God; Feel after Him and find.”

(*D.* Hath the Jew come Across the sea to tell us this? That is What we for ages have done fruitlessly. I hoped he'd found what we have vainly sought.

(*P.* I doubt if God is anywhere to find.)

“He is not far from ev'ry one of us.”

(*P.* Nor is the sky; and yet we cannot pierce Its mystery.)

“In Him we live and move; Our being hold in Him. His offspring we.”

(*O.* Aratus hath said that.)

“As one of your Own poets said.”

(*D.* He's honest, too.)

“If we Of God the offspring are, we should not think That He is like to silver, gold, or stone,”

(*P.* For we are not of so much worth as they.)

“Graven by man's device.”

(*O.* How can fools know

How they should carve the images of forms  
They never saw ?)

“ God winked in pity at

The times of ignorance, but now commands  
Each one of you, repent. A day He hath  
Appointed in which He will judge the world  
In righteousness by one Man He ordained.”

(*O.* One man to judge us all ! That's good.)

“ Of what

I say He hath assurance given men  
By raising Him up from the dead.”

(*O.* More tales

And fables of the gods. Oh Paul, how thou  
Hast disappointed me !

*P.* What else didst thou

Expect from Hebrew base ?

*D.* I'll follow him.

He's greater than philosopher I've heard  
Or read of yet. In earnest he ; he doth  
Not play the oraclè to make men stare.  
No ! what in public this Paul says he will  
Not sneer at in a private school.)

NOTE.—I have dared to introduce the Dionysius referred to  
in Acts xvii 34, whom Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, and  
Eusebius say was the first Bishop of Athens.

*January 24, 1865.*

## DRAMA V.

## R O M E.

*Act I.—The Catacombs.*

*Mazza.*—Come, Calla, I shall show thee a strange sight.

*Calla.*—Whither fly we?

*M.* To thy pet world, the Earth.

*C.* Aye; gladly I shall go.

*M.* How soft the air!

*C.* How blue the sky! Another Paradise?

*M.* No; this is Italy, land of bright skies,  
Blue lakes, and pretty views.

*C.* And, Mazza, will  
We find another Adam here?

*M.* Those who  
Have come in a long line from him. The men  
Etruscans are.\* Now, darling, enter here.

*C.* Ah! I perceive why we have hither come.  
When Lanthus talked with me in the pearl-bower,  
Thou sawest how I longed to see the homes  
That men, unconscious quite of what they did,  
Were hewing out of earth for those who will  
Adore and love, and follow joyfully  
Our God, when lovingly below He will  
Descend. But Oh! these caves, that must be dark  
To mortal eyes, can never be the homes  
Allotted to the followers of Christ.

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\* Müller.



*M.* Yes ; knowest thou not that they will be born  
In sin, and will bear suffering and death ?

*C.* And glory, Mazza ! Whenever that word  
Death falls on my ears, they tingle with  
The sound until my lips cry "glory," and  
I think that God, who but created us,  
Will die for men, and make them one with Him.  
Happy am I, and satisfied ; yet, not  
An angel, I should wish to be a man.  
But, dearest, why will those who Christians will  
Be called have to dwell here ?

*M.* To hide from their  
Pursuers.

*C.* Pursuers ! I thought that they  
Who love our God are safe.

*M.* And so they are ;  
For death is glory given them. But all  
Men will not love the Christ.

*C.* What sayest thou ?  
The air is earthy, and I heard not well.  
I deemed thou saidst a thing so very strange  
That I must tell thee so as thou may'st laugh  
As mortals do. I thought thou saidst that some  
Their Saviour would not love. Now laugh, as men,  
When they hear strangest things.

*M.* Thou heardest well.  
Satan and all his hordes are laughing at  
Thy words ; but if an angel's eyes had tears,  
I should shed bitterer than poor Eve did.

*C.* Ah, Mazza ! thou art trifling with me now.  
Thou will'st to see if tears are possible  
For angels when they dwell as much on Earth

As I delight to do. Thou hast seen those  
Who teased the ones they loved : but was that well ?  
How canst thou try to be like silly men ?

*M.* I would that it were but a jest ! But it  
Is truth !

*C.* Truth !

*M.* Aye. Thou ken'st that Jesus must  
To cruel Cross be nailed, and these who nail  
Him there must hate Him first.

*C.* Kill Him for hate !  
No, never ! Never, no !

*M.* Thou sawest what  
Isaiah and some other Prophets wrote,  
And one of the Dominions told thee this.

*C.* Oh, no ! Not what thou say'st. I knew that  
He  
For men would die ; but, I supposed that they  
Would, wailing, bind Him to the trembling Cross  
While He encouraged them to do His will,  
And forced them to obey, while promising  
The seats nearest to Him if they would nerve  
Their palsied hands to offer Him as their  
Great Sacrifice—then die of broken hearts,  
Hast'ning to follow Him. What was the woe  
Of Abraham, when called upon to kill  
His son, compared with theirs, who will be forced  
To hang their Maker on the Cross ?

*M.* Some men  
Will clamor for his death, accusing him  
Of crimes.

*C.* Of crimes ! Dare to accuse the God  
Of crimes ! Satan hath never thus presumed.

*M.* Bad men bolder than Satan are, for they  
 Know less of Heaven and Hell, of misery  
 And bliss. A judge unjust will fear to set  
 Christ free: the ones who truly love will flee  
 From Him, and those who hate will bind Him to  
 The Cross. When He has died, risen, and gone  
 To Heaven again, then they will hate those who  
 Revere His memory, and worship Him;  
 And them too they will persecute into  
 Eternal life. Some will escape from rack  
 And tortures worse than death, and hiding in  
 These dark and winding crypts, will have a church  
 Where more securely they may worship God.  
 Is it not sweet to think that some will love  
 Him thus?

*C.* Some love Him thus! Some love HIM thus?  
 Mazza, I never more can hither come;  
 I do not like to carry thoughts like mine  
 Before God's Throne. Let us go hence. Satan  
 I shunned; now Satan seems an angel bright  
 Compared to Adam's progeny. Satan  
 Or man for company, I'd choose the least  
 Ingrate. The Devil knows God will not die  
 For him. Nonsense we talk. God die in vain!

*M.* Let us fly now, and see the buildings grand  
 And beautiful, that these Etruscans raise  
 With what they quarry here. Unconsciously  
 They work for those unborn. But always men  
 Do thus. Unthinking ones!

*C.* Stay here! No; I  
 Shall go to see if God is all I think  
 He is, and if I find that he is still

Omnipotence and Love unfathomed, I  
 Shall know that foolish words, like men's mistakes,  
 Have blown from earth to us, and that I now  
 Have hearkened to the strangest of them all.

*Act II. : Scene I.*

*Mazza.*—Wilt go with me again to visit Earth?

*Calla.*—Oh no!

*M.* It cannot be that thou hast been  
 O'er there so oft that thou hast learned the weak  
 Impulses of its silly men.

*C.* It is  
 Divine to shrink from wickedness.

*M.* Rather  
 To pity it.

*C.* With all my heart I do ;  
 And if my wings could waft from ingrates' souls  
 Their vile ingratitude, there would I go. .  
 But, Mazza, Heaven is brighter now. Better  
 I love its azure bowers than those that wear  
 The earthly green : no serpents here to hiss  
 Their scorn at those who fell by wile ; to mock  
 The tendrils of our vines, whose fragile stems  
 Ne'er break beneath the cherubs' airy weight,  
 But bend obedient in answering  
 Each sweet caprice of mirth cherubic as  
 Though they loved graceful play ; but if these  
       vines  
 Could crawl about our star-paved floor to work  
 The darlings woe, how could they know which  
       stems  
 Were noxious, and which could safely be

Braided in their soft curls, or wreath their  
brows?

Is it not strange that things quite senseless here  
Should there become so very venomous?

*M.* Hast not thou heard the cause?

*C.* And is there one?

*M.* When Satan and his hosts were driven hence,  
They passed the Earth in their swift flight to Hell;  
Some had bound pretty vines of many hues  
About their heads, and as they flew did cast  
Them sullenly into metallic fires,  
Which to their hate seemed their doom to presage.  
Them did the fires belch forth, and straightway  
they  
Did crawl about, retaining traces few  
Of pristine beauty, but quite venomous,  
For they had drunk the sweat from brows of  
fiends.

Wilt go to Earth?

*C.* I cannot, sweet. Fly thou,  
If so thou will'st. If there thou findest all  
Is fair, but bring me word, and I shall much  
Rejoice. Now I shall go to God, and gaze  
Upon His Face. Ah! would that man could know  
How glorious He is! How beautiful!

*Act II. : Scene II.—Earth.*

*Mazza.*—Kennah, what means this gathering?

*Kennah.*—These men.

Forgetting the true God, believe in chance.

*M.* In chance! That's marvellous!

*K.* They here have come

To watch the flight of birds, and learn who is  
To be their king.

*M.* Oh, boys at play! I did  
Not understand.

*K.* But full-grown boys, who strive  
To read the sentence of their fate.

*M.* Suppose  
They birds know more than men?

*K.* Perhaps! Who comes?  
Great woe! It is Cocaxlit, who hies here  
To work some sin. So I shall haste to God  
And ask permission to o'ercome him yet.

*M.* (*Alone.*) Swiftly he flies. His wings appear  
to lure  
The varied tints from all Earth's brightest flowers.\*

*Act III.—Brutus.*

*Brutus.*—My soul is strongly stirred within me  
now.

Must I, before my spirit's vanquished, bow,  
Like captive-slave, my free head to the man  
Whom I have helped in his ascent to power?  
Am I so low that he may set his foot  
Upon my neck? He hath already on  
The heart, once his, trampled most cruelly.  
I cannot be the slave of him whose friend  
I was. I am not low enough for that.  
O Liberty, bid the gods make me strong  
To fell the tyrant to the earth! Shall I

---

\* I had intended to write a drama about Romulus; but being interrupted got out of the humor, and I never force my muse.

Fear death when Liberty is dead ? I was  
 Not made to crawl at despot's feet : upright  
 The gods made me, that I might hold my head  
 Ever above my heart. Down, friendship ! Cease  
 The torturing of nerves unstrung. I ne'er  
 Have cared for hate : shall I turn coward now  
 For love ? And love of whom ? A man who when  
 Content to be my equal, was beyond  
 Me far ; but when he raised himself above  
 The laws, he fell so far beneath me that  
 I cannot now stand by him face to face.  
 Is he too low ? Or I too high ? We'll see  
 When comes the time to strike. I may fall then ;  
 But verily, my monument will stand  
 On Despotism's grave, and I shall hear  
 Through all the ages hence the pæans of  
 Disenthralled Liberty. I dare to risk  
 A cruel death ; but am not strong enough  
 To wear a tyrant's yoke. I'll sleep the sleep  
 That Freedom does, or waken her to life ;  
 For while I live she shall not rot.

*Clitus.*—Brutus,

"Tis useless to contend with Cæsar's might.

*B.* Useless to show men Cato's spirit lives,  
 Though he dwells with the gods ! At least I can  
 Die to be free, and so be worthy of  
 Companionship of those who ne'er were slaves.  
 The servile Senate, pack of hounds, that fears  
 The whippers-in, decreed his statue should  
 Be carried in procession with the gods :  
 But Cæsar made not me, so him I will  
 Not worship ; some of the base populace

He has made men—as riches often do—  
They are his pompous slaves. Let them bow down  
At altars dedicated to a knave !  
My knees are rather stiff for worship such  
As that. Not I a priest to celebrate  
Crushed Freedom's obsequies, or marriage of  
God Cæsar to fierce Tyranny. Why should  
I care for his proud life when he cares not  
For that of Tribes ? Let broken hearts write his  
Late history, and let pale shades in sad  
And pining Hades write my Life.

1865.

NOTE.—Had I held the opinion of Brutus that I now hold, I could not have written this in his name. Did not he strike for the freedom of the aristocracy only ? In other words, if he and his peers were free, the people need not be.

*Act IV. : Scene I.—The Catacombs.*

*Calla.*—Dost thou remember, Mazza, the fair land  
On Earth thou calledst Etruria, where thou  
Didst tell to me how men would crucify  
Their Christ ?

*Mazza.*—Yea ; very well do I recall  
The spot. Far have we wandered since. Wilt wing  
With me thy way to see those caves hollowed  
By the Etrurians for men unborn !

*C.* Yes. Words that I supposed were of the  
Earth's  
Mistakes, I since have seen fulfilled. But I  
Remember gladly that thou saidst that some  
Would worship the Lord Christ within those crypts.  
Let us go now to fair Etruria.



*M.* Italia now is what Etruria was,  
And Romans rule the land.

*C.* What kind of men  
Are they ?

*M.* Pagans and rude, but very learned ;  
The rulers of the world that's known to them :  
But with fierce hate and scorn they persecute  
The followers of Christ who hide within  
The caves.

*C.* Let us now visit them. I long  
Again to see the world that erst I loved  
So well.

*M.* And why this change, since men have done  
Unto our God Made Manifest in Flesh  
All that of which the prophecy turned thee  
From Earth ?

*C.* Because I have seen many men,  
Women, and children, who have glorified  
His name more than we angels can : because  
He did not die for us, we cannot die  
For Him. We praise Him in our bliss ; they in  
The anguish of pain-lacerated lives.

*Act IV. : Scene II.—In the Catacombs of St. Calixtus.*

*Mazza.*—Wilt enter, Sweet ?

*Calla.*—It is not very dark—  
Not as it was before. Though lamps give light  
As sullenly as if the nether world  
Were breathing forth her spite in noxious air ;  
Yet other wings of angels, like ourselves,  
E'er dissipate the atmosphere that chill  
And heavy rises to our feet. Oh ! look

At those dark eyes that gleam with lambent light  
Of love ; brighter are they than stars as seen  
From Earth. List to the chant that woman pale  
And sad sings to her babe, who sleeps upon  
Her breast as gracefully as golden curl  
On cherub's brow—more tremblingly.

M. Hark ! Hark !

*(A mother chants slowly and heavily :)*

Snatch, baby mine,  
Ere sun doth shine,  
A little rest  
On mother's breast.  
By dawn of day  
I must away :  
Sleep while I pray.  
Enjoy thy rest  
On mangled breast,  
My precious one !  
When shines the sun  
We two must part :  
Thy mother's heart  
Will be like ice.  
The sacrifice  
Is now complete.  
Sleep on, my sweet !  
I must not mourn ;  
My body torn  
Upon the rack,  
I shall give back  
To native dust ;  
And strangers must  
Now guard my child.

*(More cheerfully.)*

But the Undeiled  
Will ever be near;  
Wherefore need I fear?  
He'll purge thee from sin,  
Dwell thy heart within,  
Restore thee to me  
In His purity.  
Sleep on, baby sweet!  
Come, angels, to meet  
My blood-ransomed soul!  
I'm nearing death's goal;  
I feel their sweet breath—  
Do men call it death  
To breathe angels' breath?  
When they embrace me  
I'll send them to thee—  
If such be God's will—  
To guard thee from ill.  
I know Christ will be  
A mother to thee;  
He'll hush thee to rest  
Thou wilt feel caressed  
When thou art alone,  
Though none heed thy moan.  
Wait one moment, Death!  
I ask but one breath;  
I'm ready for bliss.  
A kiss, child, a kiss!  
Gently, Death, gently!  
Lest groans come from me.  
No tears will I weep—  
Let my baby sleep.

*C.* Mazza, I shall fly now in haste to God,  
And beg that he will let me guard this child,  
Whose mother dies, martyr for Him. Sleep, babe!

*M.* I shall watch here until thou com'st again.

*Scene III.*

*Prudentius and Varus.*

*Varus.*—Enna is dead.

*Prudentius.*—Alive! Alive to God!

*V.* Go call her friends, if any she has here,  
That they may clothe her body in its sweet  
White sleeping-robcs, and I will make the bed  
To lay her tortured body in. Thank God  
Her sufferings are done! Alas, her babe!

*P.* The mother's God will not forsake the child.

*V.* What motto shall I cut to mark her bed?

*P.* Her precious Saviour's anagram, as on  
A wedding-ring we carve the lover's crest.

*V.* And under that I'll mark, "A sweet soul in  
A place of refreshment." \* Ah! well I know  
Her mangled limbs had need to be refreshed  
Ere Resurrection-morn, and her worn heart  
Was ready for death's calm.

*P.* And now it rests;  
No anguish and no torture where she is.

*V.* Her little babe shall be to me as mine.

*Scene IV.*

*Varus in the Catacombs, with Leda in his arms.*

*V.* O'er wiser thoughts, but crude, I lay a veil  
That trembles 'neath the dying-breath of hope

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\* Bishop Kip gives this inscription in "Visit to the Catacombs."

Of worldly fortune : Fancy's flow'rets pale  
That might have graced my bridal with a rich  
Patrician's daughter, breathe through this soft  
veil

Of resignation, and their odors bid  
Me wait a longer while until the King  
Returns to wed the Church and take her to  
His Home. But in my father's mansion there  
Was never picture charming as is this  
I hold within my arms—reminder of  
Christ's Babyhood. The free curls of brown hair  
Creep into golden light, but cannot reach  
The forehead, full of empty nests, where Love  
And Faith and Fancy yet will lay rare eggs,  
And rear their tuneful broods to gladden age  
Of an old bachelor. And, like two stars  
Resting in fleecy clouds, under their lids  
Of snow, are the sweet eyes that oft are full  
Of light Divine, such as I once supposed  
Only Saint John had had. Glorious eyes,  
That promise to be sad and harmonize  
With sighs, learn to look into mine with trust !  
Babe, prayers shall overshadow all thy days  
And, like the noiseless wings of angels, keep  
Thee pure. Thy lips, that smiled but now, sink to  
Repose like a rose-tinted butterfly  
On a white flower. Now thou dost gently reach  
Thy fingers small after the angels, thus  
Beseeching them to come into thy arms.  
This half-worn smile is not of earth, but full  
Of gladness caught in Heaven where thou wert  
When I said, Baby sleeps. Now, dimples come

And go in joyful freaks. Goddaughter, where  
 Thou art there joy abides—e'en in these crypts;  
 As there is life and music even in  
 A desert if a stream flows by. Thou liv'st  
 In childhood's land of peace, and bringest to  
 Me olive leaves, but to suggest that when  
 The persecutions of this life are o'er  
 I shall be happy as a little child.  
 Now thou must romp? Well, am not I a good  
 Automaton thy wilfulness may guide?  
 Alive with agile grace is ev'ry limb.  
 Thy dark eyes softly dance in tender glee,  
 And answer my prond gaze with revelry  
 As full of joy as song of nightingale  
 Is full of melody. Thy hand, proud of  
 Its tiny threat, on my rough cheek will fall,  
 And teach new lesson of a glad, new life.

*Act V. : Scene I.*

*(Twenty years have elapsed.)*

*Leda.*—Where wert thou all the long hours of  
 this sad

And dreary month?

*Varus.*—Linus sent me away  
 To fan the feeble flame of smould'ring flax.  
 And hast thou missed me much? Thank  
 God for that!

FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT I LIVE TO BEAR  
 The din and brunt of life;  
 For now I hear a chant like angels' air  
 Resounding through the strife.

I've made a barren life seem happier  
And, by a loving smile,  
Have dried a tear and calmed a rising fear,  
Unconscious all the while  
That Thou wert answering my oft-told prayer—  
Wert blessing me beyond  
What even fancy bold as mine would dare  
To draw within the bound  
Of reveries that likely were to be  
For me a verity.

God bless the darling child!—  
The one who blesses me day after day!  
My thoughts she has beguiled  
From dreams of old that wear all joy away.  
To think that I can cheer  
Heart which has known pangs that few girls  
have felt,  
Whose youth has been a bier  
To carry dead-hopes to the grave, where knelt  
In resignation dumb,  
The days that are to come.  
And who am I that Thou shouldst let me bless—  
While oft from Thee I roam—  
One fitting for Thy HOME?  
How sweet in Thee to let her fond caress  
Heat my long-chillèd heart!  
To send such love to make my sorrows less  
Oh God, how kind Thou art!

*L.* If love of mine can make thee happy, thou,  
Godfather, should'st be in an ecstasy.

V. But thou art thin, I think. Thou dost  
look ill.

L. I have a hidden trouble, and it gnaws.

V. Thou wilt tell it to me.

L. Would that I could!

V. Thou canst.

L. I am too proud to tell thee of  
A love I give to one thou wilt not like.  
Why dost thou look so startled?

V. Do not cry,

ON MY HEART LAY THY PROUD HEART  
And I will give no sign  
To let thee know that thou art  
By love's bond kin of mine.

I long to save thee, dearie,  
From much I have endured;  
For, it would greatly pain me  
To see thee as inured

To bear life's hapless burden  
With smile as calm as mine:  
God save thee from the guerdon  
Of pride, that will not pine,

But makes the spirit stronger  
To love and to endure!  
I know those suffer longer  
Whom pride seems first to cure.

On my heart lay thy sad heart;  
I'll scarcely hear it beat,



For alas, my own is fraught  
With love as sad and fleet.

*L.* And so, godfather, in thy youth thou didst  
Love as I do—I mean, quite hopelessly.  
I would I had goddaughter who, when I  
Am an old maid, will love me as I thee.

*V.* Dear Leda, thou art now to me what once  
The sparkling sea-foam was to wild boyhood ;  
And my love for thee is blue ocean's depth.

*L.* Thanks ! I am frothy ; thou art very deep.  
But I pray thee, remember that the foam  
Is drawn from out the blue sea's deepest depths :  
Were there no ocean, where the foam thou lik'st ?

*Scene II.*

*Calla.*—Ah, Mazza, must my darling pet grow  
like  
The maids of earth ? I loved her as man loves  
A flower that blooms in desert sands, because  
She was of things around no part ; but seemed  
Alone 'mid men in sweet simplicity.  
And now a spell is on her ev'ry act :  
False part she plays, is false unto herself.  
I know that she loves Marcus ; why should she,  
Avoiding him, by acts express a lie ?  
Thou know'st when angels or sweet children love  
They show the fairest part of their true selves ;  
And Leda I would keep a child until  
She may an angel be. Then, Marcus has  
Immortal soul for which the Saviour died ;  
And yet, although a noble man, he loves

Him not ; it was the beauty of my child  
That drew him to the Christians' haunts, and  
love

Still keeps him here. If she is cold to him  
He will go off before he learns the truth  
Of her grand faith, and thus will lose his soul.  
And is a man's great soul thus to be cast  
Back to the gods of wood and stone by one  
Whose mother gave her life for Christ ?

*Mazza.*—Perchance

The maiden knows more of his spirit than  
Thou dost, and sees her soul not safe if bound  
To his. Knowest thou aught of his past life ?

*C.* But little ; only that he has adored  
Ever, as now, the beautiful and pure ;  
Eschewed abominable, wicked rites  
Of Dionæa, and all mysteries  
Where Satan entertains his votaries.

*M.* From what thou hast told of thy Leda's truth  
And purity, I shall her impulse trust.  
Dost know the shell-fish small that covers with  
Rude pebbles and rough grains of sand his frail  
And delicately-tinted house, that foes  
May pass the home wherein he dwells, nor know  
That 'neath the common grains of sand there hides  
The treasure that they fain would seize upon ?

*C.* Yes ; I have seen this trochus on the shores  
That earthly oceans lave ; but what has it  
To do with Leda's mood ?

*M.* She buries 'neath  
The words of worn humanity the thoughts  
That Marcus cannot comprehend, or if

He could, would greet with words profane and  
coarse

To ears as delicate as hers; they shall  
Not be the prey of want of sympathy.

*C.* No feeling for him shows she now.

*M.* Hast seen

The spider<sup>1</sup> callèd diadem?

*C.* Not like

Thee, do I watch the wonders of small life.  
Tell me of it.

*M.* It weaves its cunning web  
Of threads so strong that though weight of child's  
foot

May make them crack, yet when the boy doth look  
To see what his foot fell upon, finds naught  
But bright sunlight that he hath trodden on;  
So rapidly the spider whirls around  
In silken net that he cannot be seen.

Thus sometime may the words of Marcus have  
Fallen too harshly on the fibres of

A life that love had deftly woven in  
A silver web that harbored her pure dreams.

But "glances oft in rapid whirl," the heart  
Too sensitive, hiding itself in web  
Of its own thoughts; man looks and sees no love,  
Sees only what he deems false brilliancy.

Behold her now. The tears she shed have dried  
Upon her cheeks; like rose-hued marble \* are  
They, freshly washed. Will she come in this  
crypt?

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\* A friend of mine spoke of a lady's cheeks as rose-colored marble.

(*Leda singing:*)

OH, MY MOTHER IS SO HAPPY,  
 Joying, joying evermore!  
 Do you think that I would call her  
 Back to woes she knew of yore?  
 Here the air is damp and chilly,  
 And I shiver this grim night;  
 But I know that she is singing,  
 Her dear face illumed with light.  
 Here she bore all griefs so gently;  
 There she joys triumphantly.  
 Can I bear her cross as meekly  
 Till God comes—next time for me?  
 No; I cannot; but, my Angel,  
 Give her good-night kiss for me  
 Tell her at heart I'm still a child,  
 And my mother long to see.

*Scene III.*

*Calla and Mazza.*

*Calla.*—There sits the poet of the Catacombs.  
 Wilt hear his verse?

*Varnus.* —OH, WEARY, WEARY CROSS!  
 Christ, was it not enough to bear the loss  
 Of the fair light of youth,  
 And give myself up, heart and soul, to truth  
 And its spread through the world?  
 Ah! this was easy while Thy Hand unfurled  
 Itself above me as a banner where  
 Was written "Love" in characters as fair  
 As is the smile of God.  
 But now I feel the rod,

The while, O Father, all is dark around  
And I by many counter-chains am bound  
    While skies above are black  
I lie in grief, like culprit on the rack,  
And know not which part of my inner life  
Will be wrenched from me by this torture-strife;  
“My God! my God, hast thou forsaken me?”  
I the first time have said in agony.  
    Like Job, I cannot see  
    Thy Hand stretched out to me.  
Could I but feel the rod was in *Thy* Hand  
    I think that I could stand,  
Like humbled child, the hardest of Thy strokes;  
    For, while the child invokes  
Thy pity, he is sure that it is right  
That he should suffer thus, that the sad sight  
    Of Thy fond eyes may melt  
His erring heart, and he feels Thou hast dealt  
    As loving Parent should;  
    So, even now I would  
See Thy kind Hand in ev’ry chastisement  
Until the agony that’s in me pent  
Breaks forth in soft’ning tears.  
Lord, as I look back on my youthful years,  
I see but one cross bitter as this is;  
For others’ faults I suffered then; but this  
Grief may come from some negligence of mine,  
Some overweening love of peace; not Thine  
The Hand that I can see in what is wrong.  
Father, I boasted that my faith was strong;  
Hast Thou let this grief fall that I may see  
That it was weak, and came from only Thee?

O Saviour, give this faith back unto me  
That I may lose what's past in what's to be!

*(Varus kneels in evening prayer and re-  
tires. In the morning soliloquizes.)*

OFTEN A HOPE ILLUMES MY HEART  
In the dark hours of night;  
I will not sleep for fear I'll lose  
Some rays of the strange light.  
But, in the morning, when I seek  
For fire that made night bright,  
I find none; then I understand  
Will-o'-the-wisp its flight  
Took, while soft-footed slumber stole  
O'er my enchanted brain;  
And I find I am in a marsh  
Where hope stagnates in pain.

*Scene IV.*

*Varus.*—IN SUCH A FAIR AND ROSY FACE  
The large, sad eyes seem out of place—  
Mute tokens of an inward grace.

And yet her very smile, I thought,  
A dream of some hushed sorrow brought,  
That Piety bade pass for naught.

Clouds flitted o'er the moon's bright brow  
A moment since, yet smiles she now  
As though she would not grief allow

To find a place so near God's Throne  
If He will keep her for His Own  
Better that she should be alone

Than to shine with the sun by day ;  
'Tis better not to be too gay,  
For sorrow teaches how to pray.

Farewell, imaginary Muse ! Give place  
To her who doth in truth inspire my song.

*Leda*.—I am sad, Varnus. Please now improvise  
Some comfort. Tell me of our daily friends.

V. ANGEL FORMS MAY HOVER O'ER ME  
When through life's mist I can't see  
E'en the Father's Eye above me.  
Could I trust them as they love me !  
Drooping head would fain repose  
On the breast whence my life rose.  
My thoughts, like a nest of birds,  
Hungry are for music words  
That would tell me Mother waits—  
Though closed on her are life's gates—  
To give me food that she has brought,  
With celestial fragrance fraught.

L. Thanks, truest friend, when I feel desolate,  
Thou knowest how to make me realize  
My Mother's presence. Oh, I long for her !

V. My Leda won't be angry if again  
I improvise ?

L. Angry with my best friend !

V. Well, child, I do deserve a recompense ;  
For, truly, it is hard to be thy friend.  
Don't look so shocked, my sweet. I can't explain.  
Don't cry : rather attend to what I say.

OH NO! I CANNOT LOVE HIM NOW,  
There is a stain upon his brow —  
The mark of sinful passion's breath :  
I cannot kiss it—'twould be death.  
The man whose brow my lips will press  
Must never by a blush confess  
That his life is less pure than mine.  
Love, like a spirit, leaves no sign  
On blushing cheek and burning brow ;  
But with deep calmness doth endow  
The being whom its lips have prest,  
In holy presage of the rest  
We shall find when flesh is riven,  
And to spirits pure 'tis given,  
To mingle as the breath of flowers,  
Which consecrates the evening hours  
To dreams of love and purity,  
Which There, if not here, we may see,  
Merged in the bright reality  
Of God's august Eternity.  
I cannot enter a dark cave  
Whose poison-breath prepares a grave  
For those who brave false passion's might ;  
I cannot live without God's light.

*Scene V.*

*Leda.*—I fear I wounded thee by leaving so  
Abruptly ; but I went—I went to ask  
My frightened heart what , thou couldst mean.  
Don't speak  
Again as thou didst then.

*Varus.*—The sponsor must



Be silent while a heathen whispers to  
Thee at all hours.

*L.* I thought I had one friend  
Whose heart was calm as is the bluest sky—  
My refuge when I, tossed on shallow lake  
Of woman's destiny, wished to escape  
From narrow regions where storms oft prevail.  
The lake reflects the sky, but not the sky  
The lake. Varus, be worthy of thyself—

*V.* And of thy love, sweet child. Pardon, if  
I forget that I grow old.

*L.* But thou art not  
So very old: thou art not gray.

*V.* Nor blind.

*Scene VI.*

*Varus.*—Leda, Apostle Linus\* bids me go  
On mission to Achaia, and before—

*Leda.*—How can I bear my secret cross without  
My only confidant?

*V.* Thy only one?

*L.* Of course, I don't forget the Christ. But  
then—

*V.* WEEP NOT, DEAREST, AT OUR PARTING ;

May we meet where Christ doth reign !  
Till then thou safe beneath God's wing  
Wilt not bear a needless pain.

I am weak and might neglect thee ;

God is God forevermore !

Best it is to take thee from me—

All He does we will adore.

---

\* Linus, Bishop of Rome.

Think not miles our hearts can sever;  
Love is like the air we breathe  
In set courses running ever  
And its bounds it may not leave.  
When thy lone life seems the darkest  
Know the sun approacheth thee;  
Then look above the mountain crest,  
Day will soon break radiantly.

O'er the raging waves it beameth,  
Tinted by bright rainbow-wings;  
Day must be heralded by Death;  
E'en now Life night's changes rings.  
Once landed on the steadfast shore  
Trite will seem the woes of Time;  
Then will our souls together soar  
Glorying in angels' chime.

*Scene VII.*

*Leda alone.*

I AM TIRED—LET ME SLEEP  
Let the silence be deep!  
Fresh earth over me heap!

I am tired of pain,  
And of smiles that but feign,  
And of clouds in my brain.

I shall dream when I sleep;  
So let none for me weep  
That damp worms o'er me creep;

Them I shall never feel,  
While the angels' chants peal  
Their great joy o'er my weal.

I always love to dream ;  
Then thoughts with beauty teem,  
And I'm better than I seem.

*Calla*.—Like simple child, she oft talks to herself ;  
No other confidant has she. I'll hark.

*Leda*.—I ALONE AWAKE TO WEEP !  
Winter winds are hushed to sleep,  
Earth's blest ones in slumber deep,  
I alone awake to weep !  
The heated pillow cannot cool my fevered cheek.  
I find no sympathy but from yon moon  
That goes so trustingly her Lord to seek.  
This life is a hard school ;  
But its probation will be over soon.  
Oh, for the day when passions will grow cool  
Beneath Christ's undisputed rule !  
For, then shall we the bliss of Eden share ;  
The brightest jewels in our crowns the ills  
That now, un murmuring, we bear,  
Because our Saviour wills.

My weary heart cannot anticipate ;  
Her strength serves only to look back  
Upon the ravages of Fate,  
Or to watch present joy that dies.  
Now I gaze on the moon with tear-dimmed eyes ;  
The clouds that look so black

Cannot impede her course to Heaven's high Gate.  
Her glory oft can penetrate  
The shrouding mist in which she lies.  
Up! up! She mounts the skies;  
The zenith almost gained,  
Her many sighs, that once her brightness stained,  
Now but assist  
To blow away the mist.  
Before the footstool of her mighty Lord  
Soon she will humbly bend;  
My soul, her path attend;  
Like her, thou may'st win a reward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh blessèd, blessèd sight!  
An image rises from the solemn night.  
Is it the song of seraphs that I hear?  
No: but sweet voice is sounding in my ear,  
So like the music of another world, I know  
That long it cannot last.  
Ah, Saviour, with the vision let me go  
To thee! Oh, leave me not to perish in my woe!  
Remembrance of the Past,  
And fancies for the days to come, in embryo,  
Are wrestling in my heart most painfully.  
Now, Faith and Resignation, clasp your hands  
More firmly round my breast! Oh! where are  
ye?  
Stop its pulsations with strong iron bands,  
Or it will burst! My God, give Thy commands.  
Pray, still its painful throbbings! I am weak.  
Is there no place to hide from misery?  
Could I but hear the voice of Jesus speak,

Saying to my vexed soul, "Let there be peace!"  
 Hark! Hark! Who speaks? Oh, surely it is He—  
 Because the agony doth cease.  
 Saviour, my earliest and dearest Friend art Thou,  
 I cannot live without Thee now,  
 And he I love does Thee deny;  
 Him I can live without; without Thee I should  
 die.

The Cross impressed upon my brow  
 Is brighter than the fancied ring  
 Upon my eager hand.  
 I would not have him now  
 Lest he a curse should bring.  
 In the blest Spirit-Land  
 I shall be his, he mine;  
 Both Thine, entirely Thine—  
 Because I think if I resign  
 Him unto Thee Thou'lt make him Thine.

*Scene VIII.*

*Leda (sings).—*FATHER, I AM WEARY,  
 Why must I linger here?  
 In these caves so dreary  
 Is nothing bright to cheer.  
 Oh, how I long to lay  
 My head on mother's breast?  
 Dear Father, grant, I pray,  
 To me my mother's rest.

*Calla.—*Poor child! She mourns her mother  
 much. I'll give  
 A thought to gentle Marcus; he shall hear  
 The next verse that shall fall most tremblingly,

As if her voice and tears were struggling hard  
For mastery. Now, Leda, sadly sing.

(*While Leda sings, Marcus enters unperceived.*)

L. FATHER, I AM LONELY ;  
A sister ne'er had I.  
Had I brother only  
I think I'd seldom sigh.  
Father, send thy angels  
Quickly from the sky !  
I would leave dreary cells  
And with my mother fly.  
Joy ! my heart is breaking,  
So I shall soon be free,  
And a brother seeking  
My home will come to Thee.

Marcus.—Brother ? Leda, I will be  
More than brother unto thee—  
Brother, sister, mother, all !  
May I not thee sister call ?

L. Dost thou love the God I love ?  
Never from these crypts wilt rove  
To seek Roman's paltry gold ?  
Canst abide with Jesu's fold ?  
These Catacombs thy life will cramp,  
Their sunlight a smoky lamp.  
Wilt thou follow to the death  
Him who gavest thee thy breath ?

M. Aye ; I will abide with thee  
In life and Eternity ;  
And no place to me is dark,  
While to thy sweet tones I hark.

- L.* Not for love of me thou wilt;  
Jesu's blood for thee was spilt;  
Canst thou turn thee from His grace,  
But to win a pretty face?  
Thou hast heard my mother's tale;  
Little did the rack avail;  
She lay beauteous body down  
On a Cross and won a Crown.\*
- M.* As shadows through the sunlight flit,  
Gazing on thee, I've thought of it.  
Wondered if thou could'st ever be  
Martyred. Tut! who could martyr thee?
- L.* Such as crucified my Lord,  
Such as mother bound with cord  
To the rack, 'mid vile abuse.  
Not forever is this truce  
Though one tyrant lies in dust;  
In no emperor we trust.  
And if Satan seems to sleep,  
'Tis that dreams o'er us may creep.
- M.* If there is a God above  
He'll reward thee for thy love:  
Never will He let man slay  
Beauty brighter than the day.
- L.* Thee I'll brother call no more;  
Such words heard I ne'er before.  
Go away, and let me pray,  
Sinful thoughts have I to-day.
- M.* Art thou kind to bid me hence?  
Nay, I won't bear this suspense!  
Leave this quarry; come with me.

---

\* I believe William Penn first wrote, "No Cross no Crown."

Now from presbyters be free ;  
 Bishop shall outwitted be,  
 Never more his prey shall see.  
 Hold ! Thou shalt not run away ;  
 Yes, sweet Christian ! Thou may'st pray ;  
 Eyes like thine, turned upward, seem  
 Like sweet visions in a dream.  
 Scream not, or I'll kiss thee more.  
 Venus, help ! Ha ! The air-door !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, my fair one, breathe the air ;  
 How it revels in thy hair !  
 But, look up, my pretty flower !  
 Not for shame shall thy head cower.  
 Look up, Sweet, I am thy slave,  
 As thou wishest I'll behave ;  
 Will not kiss thee, till I sue  
 And obtain indulgence due ;  
 Thou'lt be mistress of my home,  
 Greatest tyrant in all Rome.  
 Oh ! thy cheek is very cold ;  
 Has my fierce love seemed too bold !  
 Jupiter, all blessings shed  
 On this lovely, drooping head !  
 Look up, Sweet ; we're nearly home.  
 Fainted ? No soft breath doth come  
 From those lips, like faded rose.  
 Venus, thanks ! Her eyes unclose.

*Scene IX.—In a Roman palace.*

*Leda (alone).*—It may be strange that I, a woman  
 weak,



Should thus be in his power, yet feel no fear ;  
But a sweet Voice, as indistinct as dreams,  
But powerful as light that drives away  
The hordes of fears that congregate at night,  
Speaks to my heart, and these the words it breathes,  
“ Fear not ; for God ‘ doth give an angel charge  
Concerning thee,’ and thou shalt be preserved  
From strength of man by superhuman arm.”  
Thus I know God is near, and feel no fear.  
How shall I be released ? I cannot tell ;  
But what must be my fate full well I know.  
And I shall die, as did the one who gave  
Me birth. I know that persecution hath  
Begun again ; from portico I saw  
Some tortured victims going to be crowned  
With martyrdom ; theirs was to be a death  
That I should like ; no ravenous wild beasts  
To terrify the nerves, no raging fires  
To scorch the ling’ring life, but cooling waves  
To soothe the mangled limbs and fevered brow.  
Would I might go thus to an easy death !  
No ! no ! oh, God, hear not that thoughtless prayer !  
Thou only know’st what martyrdom is apt  
To waken Marcus from his foolish dream,  
And break the spell my untouched beauty holds  
Upon his life ; let lions trample it  
In the vile dust, and panthers scorn its grace,  
And maddened men who’ll come to see me die,  
Insensible to its crushed power, hoot at  
My agonies if this will break the spell  
That makes his fallen heart like unto grim  
And frightful demon’s haunt ! Oh, Father ! could

My beauty, rising from the blazing fire,  
 Ascending to thy Heaven, lure his heart there,  
 Then should I bless the face that now I loathe.  
 Too willingly, did I believe that he  
 Had been "new-born." Alas! how could a child  
 Unstung know that the bee, which kindly made  
 Delicious honey for her daily food,  
 Would sting the hand that pressed the flower be-  
     cause  
 That bloomed for both? Oh, I loved him too well!  
 No; not too well, for I loved God still more,  
 And having given all my heart to Christ  
 It mattered not how much I gave to him.  
 I can not love him as his Saviour loves;  
 But I will die upon the rack as my  
 Blest mother had so nearly done, ere I  
 Shall be the cause of farther sin in him.  
 Christ died for him, and so will I. Blest boon!  
 Sweet privilege! Jesus gave up a home  
 Of glory for a tent of clay; but how  
 Am I to make a sacrifice? for I  
 Shall give a barred-up cage for liberty  
 Secure, and joy as boundless as my fresh  
 And buoyant life will be. Father, how soon?

*Scene X.—A Roman soldier enters.*

*Dives.*—Art thou a Christian maid? I prithee  
 tell  
 Me nay; for my lord now is raging as  
 A lion when at bay.

*Leda.*—He? Where is he?

*D.* Safe, lady, and thy word can set him free.

*L.* Free! Free! They would not put a Roman lord

In durance for the sake of Christian maid?

*D.* They would not care had he imprisoned thee  
If thou hadst been a worshipper of Jove;  
But it is said he harbors thee not as  
A mistress fair—

*L.* How dar'st?

*D.* Pardon, I pray!

I'd rather see a sword flash o'er my head  
Than such a glance. Art thou a sorceress,  
As 'tis said Christians are?

*L.* No, no; may I

Just tell thee what I am?

*D.* I would that I

Could linger through the day; but orders must,  
My lady fair, now be obeyed. If thou  
Wilt speak, speak quickly, and forgive my haste.

*L.* I am a Christian maid and worship Christ.  
I'll tell thee who He is. Some years ago,  
The "very God of God" pitied our race,  
And wishing to redeem us from the death  
Of souls in Hell, became a little child.  
He thirty years and three dwelt on the earth;  
Then wicked men Him crucified, and thus  
He died a sacrifice for sin. Soldier,  
What need of holocaust such as thou mak'st  
When God has offered thus one sacrifice  
To save us from all sin, and win for us  
Swift entrance to the skies, where He hath gone?

*D.* None, lady, none. But how could a god die?

*L.* The Nature that He "took upon" Himself

Could not destroy the Godhead shrined within  
More than a bear's skin would make thee a beast.  
Nor could the sacrificing of the form  
Of man profane the God; if they should tear  
Thy garments off and burn them, would it harm  
Thy life?

*D.* Oh, no! But how could God love man  
So very much?

*L.* Our God infinite is.

*D.* Greater than Jupiter or Ares is?

*L.* Can your gods talk to you? Your idols walk?  
Our God did both before the eyes of man;  
Nor was that all; after He died He came  
To life again, and in a cloud went up  
To his great Throne; there shall I follow Him,  
As I desire, after the Judgment-Day.

*D.* And so would I if I believed all this,  
And knew that he had loved and died for me.  
None ever loved me more than I could serve  
To please some whim.

*L.* He loved thee well enough  
To leave His Home in Heaven and die for thee.

*D.* Perhaps this is a pretty fable of  
Thy priests. How shall I know its truth?

*L.* Think'st thou  
I'd die for such a God unless I knew  
All that I thee have told?

*D.* Then thou wilt die?

*L.* Of course. Could I deny the Lord who died  
For me? Here kneel and I shall pray that He  
May manifest His truth unto thy heart.

(*Both kneel.*)

*L.* Father, a weary sinner asks for light.  
 Reveal to him Thy love. Oh! make him see  
 That martyrs would not die so willingly,  
 Unless they knew for what they die, and knew  
 The life beyond, a fit reward for all  
 The woes of this. Saviour, Thou promised'st  
 To grant the prayer made in Thy Name—I ask  
 In that great Name this soldier's soul. I know  
 In Thine own time Thou'lt draw him unto Thee.

*D.* Christ! God! God crucified! Man gone to  
 Heaven,  
 Hear me! (Can'st Thou?) Hear what she asks.

*L.* He will.  
 He always answers prayer; He said he would.

*(Three soldiers rush in and seize both  
 while on their knees.)*

*Scene XI.—A Roman prison.*

*(Marcus kneeling to Leda.)*

*Marcus.*—There is but one hour more of grace.

*Leda.* A whole

Eternity. Dear Marcus, rise. Be not  
 So mad. I will not save my life. Would'st thou  
 Respect and love me more, were I to prove  
 A traitor to my vows?

*M.* 'Tis thus thou lov'st.

*L.* If emperor would seize my person, say  
 Unless I would renounce thy love and curse  
 Thy name he would put me to death, should I  
 Be nobler then if I should yield me to  
 His love and give up thee?

*M.* Hush! Hush! I can't——

*L.* And shall I treat a God as it would be  
Disgrace to treat a man? No, not to save  
Thy life—much less mine own.

*M.* Darling! Dost love  
My life more than thine own! Speak. Speak again.

*L.* I love thee more than aught except my God.  
One kiss, my love! The torturer now comes.  
One is enough. No more. Henceforth my prayers  
Shall all be for thyself; God will take care  
Of me. I do not fear. Ah, yes! I fear—  
But I love more. When I have gone up to  
My Home thou'lt learn to love my Lord.

*(One of the executioners seize her.)*

*M.* Hold! Hold, bold slave! Darest to touch a  
lord?

*L.* Darling, be still. Thou know'st he has the  
right  
To wrench me from thy arms. Stranger, I'll go  
With thee. Let him but kiss me once, and he  
More calm will be. God bless thee, love! I know  
He will, and knowing this I'll die with joy.  
My new friend, I am glad to see that tear—  
Not for my sake, but thine. Now promise me  
If when I suffer I make no loud groan,  
Thou'lt seek to learn about the Lord for whom  
I die. Marcus, thou'lt teach this man for me.

*Executioner.*—Strange how these Christians die,  
and little seem  
To think of their own agonies if they  
Can thereby save a soul from death and Hell,  
As they oft say! Lady, I'll think of this.

*(He gently leads Leda away.)*

## Scene XII.

(*Marcus, alone; faints and sees a vision of souls in Tartarus\* and of Leda in Paradise,\* beckoning to him to follow her. A crystal gate opens and he beholds for a minute ravishing glories, but suddenly is shut out from her. He is aroused by a man, who brings the dying Leda in his arms.*)

*Executioner.*—She will not suffer long; the last wrench of

The instrument has done our work too soon.

*Leda.*—Poor man! May God forgive thee as I do.

*Ex.* Of me thou would'st make convert now.  
Thou shalt do no such thing. The man who led  
Thee hence asked mercy for thy pangs, and got  
For his reward a scourging. I'll no more  
Of thy sweet words.

(*Marcus strikes him.*)

*L.* Dearest, be calm. I shall  
Soon be at rest. Oh, pity him, my God!  
He suffers more than I. Darling, say thou  
Believ'st in God!

*Marcus.*—I'd curse Him if I did.

*Ex.* It is all over now, and thou wert right  
To kill her soon. She is too beautiful  
And delicate to be torn limb from limb,  
By savage beasts that have not fed to-day.  
Like frozen orange-flower she droops upon

---

\* See note A.

Thy breast. Best lay her down, or she will freeze  
Thy heart out ere her body can be burned.  
To see her in the great arena would  
Have been a spectacle for gods and lords.  
She's more like goddess now than Venus is.  
But when I bore her here I knew that she  
Would never grace the Coliseum's sands.

*Scene XIII. In Paradise.*

*Calla.*—Glory! Glory! Glory be to the Lord!

*A chorus of angels.*—Glory to God!

*Leda.*—Glory! Where is my God?

*C.* There! There! I lay thee in Christ's arms.

*L.* Saviour!

*Scene XIV.*

*Marcus (Alone).*—Go, Memory! I weary of thy  
power;

Thou hast cast pall o'er many a hapless hour.

Avaunt! Thou tyrant of my heart, avaunt!

'Tis cruel thus my midnight hours to haunt.

Off, Memory! I will not be thy slave.

Alas! a heart that can forget I crave.

I never hear a voice as sweet and low

As distant waters' gently-sighing flow,

But my pulse bounds her long-lost tones to hear;

Then, shivering, draws back in dreamy fear,

Of thy dread hiss, thou hateful Memory!

Thy throne my brain, thy sceptre agony.

Thou hast sworn to avenge the wrongs of Love,

And often, plaintively as the wood-dove,

Thou flap'st thy horrid wings my eyes athwart



And torturest with all thy well-learned art.  
Woe unto him whose breast is thy pet cage!  
There is no Lethe can his grief assuage.  
Sometimes I think that surely thou hast flown,  
And rashly laugh—the echo is a moan;  
Sometimes I try to sing, and drown thy tone;  
Alas! I hear then only sadder moan;  
Or gay, or sad, in crowds, or quite alone,  
Each word, each thought is echoed by a moan.

*Scene XV.*

(*Varus singing in the Catacombs: Marcus unperceived.*)

*Varus.*—SLEEPING WITH THE LILIES,  
Thou art free from pain,  
I care not for my loss,  
Thinking of thy gain.

Thy hands were too dainty  
To win daily bread.  
Jesus knew that, sweet one!  
Therefore, thou art dead.

Thy feet were too timid  
For rough walks of men;  
Therefore, thou art resting  
In a quiet glen.

Thy heart was too tender  
For cross frowns and words,  
So o'er thee is floating  
Music of the birds.

Now I scarcely miss thee,  
 For my heart is dead :  
 In so deep a sorrow  
 Minor griefs have fled.

But I should like to hear,  
 Through my prison-bars,  
 Loving words, like thine,  
 Floating from the stars.

*(Varus ceases his song as he hears a  
 stealthy footstep. In a few moments  
 he sees Marcus.)*

V. As thou hast taken the best half of life,  
 I willingly shall give the other half.

*Marcus.*—Oh, man, by all the love that thou hast  
 felt

For her, I pray thee pity my despair!  
 Look at my haggard face, and then fear if  
 Thou canst. Remorse consumes my nights, and love  
 My days. She told me how thou comfortest.  
 Now improvise for me, that I may sleep  
 Ere the day dawns, or else I shall go mad.

V. SAD WEEPER, WHAT'S HID  
 Beneath this close lid ?

One of the fairest,  
 Death, that thou wearest.

But pray tell me who,  
 And what did she do ?

Who? One who hath cried,  
Laughed, languished, and died.

But wilt not tell me  
Who your friend may be?

A woman — no more! —  
Who two crosses bore.

Two crosses — that's sad.  
Why two hath she had?

Her God gave her one  
When life was begun.

Then He gave her strength  
To bear it life's length.

The other Love gave:  
What from it could save?

Ah! tell me no more;  
I seal the last door.

But she is too fair  
To shut from the air.

I'll keep her in peace  
Where Love's torments cease.

Thou'lt keep her? Ah! where?  
Remember, she's fair.

That doth her God know,  
And He saw her woe.

But what will she do  
Where all things are new?

Is Love ever new  
To earth's faithful few?

Thou mean'st all is Love  
In God's world above.

Hearts loving find strange  
Naught where she will range.

She, timid, will cower  
Like chilled hot-house flower—

That's carried back where  
It breathes native air.

Then seal up the lid;  
Awhile she is hid,

But to come again—  
Our God will say when.

*M. (groans.)* I cannot bear this long. I shall  
die soon.

V. NONE ARE SO UNBLEST AS I.  
Oft a worn-out heart doth sigh,  
Thinking not of angels by.

Ah ! if it could only see  
 What a brilliant company  
 Hangs over path so dreary !

It might then feel less regret  
 At the little ills that fret,  
 And the greater ones forget.

Was it only for awhile  
 'Twould be sweet to let the smile  
 Of an angel grief beguile.

*Scene XVI.*

*Two years have elapsed since the last scene.*

*Marcus (alone).—AH ! IT IS IN VAIN !*

So I strive no more.

I feel I cannot rend the clanking chain  
 That binds to a "body of death" my heart ;  
 I strove to think that Love's vision was o'er,  
 And my darling and I at last could part,  
 And I could awake to some other themes—  
 How foolish the feverish effort seems !

Not pleasure nor health  
 Not learning nor wealth,  
 Not love nor beauty  
 Bring Lethe to me.

Each pulse of my heart the same dirge doth sing,  
 While earth, with its all, is a buried thing,  
 And she I love the only one alive.  
 Yes, my true Friend liveth for evermore ;  
 Forgive me, God, that on earth I can strive  
 For love of life never—ah, nevermore !

\* \* \* \* \*

## LAST LINES TO MY LOVE.

I feel thy spiritual presence like  
A weight, that lies too heavy on my mind,  
And desperate Resolve rises in Work's  
Defence, thy phantom-presence far to fright.  
In looking back upon these years, I find  
Too many happy days were given up  
To dreams of thee ; so Conscience says the hours  
I have thus wasted are forever lost  
To the dear Crucified. Is incense of  
My heart, that should perfume worshippingly  
The golden air of Heaven, to be by  
Memory tossed before a dear Saint's \* shrine ?  
By follower of Christ an earthly love  
Thus Deified ? She was too dearly loved  
And, therefore, early lost. It is not well  
For Memory, like an idolater,  
Before a mortal's spirit thus to bow  
The idle knee as though a woman were  
Being Divine. Alas ! my heart, too long  
Thou roved'st 'mid the trackless, brilliant stars  
That silver thy youth's firmament, hoping  
To find the wanderer. Knowest thou not  
Bars immaterial cannot be rent  
By an idolater ? Bid Memory  
Her censer break at Jesus's feet ; then, like  
Leper defiled, show thyself to thy great  
High Priest ; He'll cleanse thee, and thou wilt be  
clean.

---

\* Worship of canonized saints had not begun. All early Christians were called saints.

So, like a little child, thou wilt forget  
The days that thou hast seen, and calmly wait  
For those that are to be—to be for aye.

\* \* \* \* \*

MY FAIR SAINT, THIS NIGHT FOLD THY WING.

Oh, Darling, I am weary; sing!

Am I to hear thee nevermore?

As loving as it was of yore

Let me hear thy voice's music.

Ah! my poor heart beats loud and quick

But at the very hope I name.

Darling, come now, and be the same

In my soft slumbers of to-night

As thou appeared'st when first my sight

Gladdened with the glow responsive,

Showing that our two hearts would live

Henceforth each one for other's sake,

Bound by such ties as griefs would make.

Come thou in a chastened glory;

Tell me thy celestial story:

I shall listen and believe thee,—

No more shall my teasing grieve thee.

Let me see thee! see thee! see thee!

Come to me in this night's vision;

Far and long thou hast strayed from me,

Fold now o'er me thy soft pinion;

Nearly six years have I hid thee

Deep down within my secret heart—

Darling, it has almost killed me;

And yet I cannot from thee part.

I should like to-night to see thee

Wheresoever thou dost wander.

I must leave my earth-home, weary  
 Of the youth I may not ponder  
 With hopefulness and joy of old;  
 Weary, dear one, yes, of all things,  
 And seeming stern, far-off and cold;  
 For my parched soul still to thee clings  
 With strength not even death can chill—  
 The good God cannot have the will.  
 Leda, come to-night to see me;  
 If I could I should haste to thee.  
 Now ask the Christ to let me dream  
 Of thee, and see thine eyes' fond gleam.

---

Dear Saviour, let thy Leda roam  
 Just this one night to my lone home,  
 That to despair I mayn't succumb!

*(After kneeling long Marcus rises and sings :)*

FATHER, "THY KINGDOM COME!" NO MORE I'LL  
 ROAM,

Weary of all without, I look within  
 And find my soul as deeply stained by sin;  
 Dear Father, take me to a sinless Home.

Father, "Thy kingdom come!" NO more I'll  
 roam!

To be blest without is to be pure within:  
 Eden means a place where dwelleth no sin.  
 Dear Father, take me to a sinless Home!

HOW DARE I PRAY FOR REST ERE I HAVE BEEN  
 Arrested, tortured, put to death as she



Whose martyrdom I caused? Oh, could I die!  
Because she did, I know that God forgives.

NOW TO ME EXISTENCE,  
Fallen from its high state,  
Is a deadening weight;  
Crushing every sense  
Into listless pain,  
That weighs upon my brain.

Alas! my heart is sore;  
And e'en the bright sunlight  
Wearies my eyes; the night  
Now pleases me much more.

For, ever in my heart doth reign  
The memory of joys now o'er;  
It turns each pleasant thing to pain,  
The very world to me seems hoar.

Remorse on my heart lies  
Like winter on the earth;  
The birds have hushed their mirth;  
Each flow'ret droops and dies;  
Ice streamlets sun defies;  
Every tree is bare;  
Snow is everywhere.

The little children cease to play  
Where they can find no flowers of May.  
Sweet pleasures flee afar from me  
And leave me, tortured corpse, with thee.

*Scene XVII.—In Catacombs; Midnight.*

*Varus.*—How happy is she now! How desolate

Am I! The dove that nestled in my heart  
Was lamed by wanton boy: Death rescued her—  
But her earth-songs, like the last Summer's birds,  
Will cheer these Autumn days and nights.

(*Marcus enters*).—May I dare come again to talk  
with thee?

For I must talk of her, and long to hear  
Thee speak of her, although I'm jealous of  
The love thou feel'st for her. But she loved both.

*V.* She to my heart belongs by Memory's  
Sole sovereign right to all the blissful dreams  
That star the gath'ring night of bachelor's  
Abyss of hoarded reveries.

*M.* I used

To think thy thoughts ne'er wandered far from  
Christ's  
Safe company.

*V.* Conjecturest that He  
Is e'er alone? If a bird warbles in  
A tree, and I sit quietly to hear, do I  
Forsake the tree because I close my eyes  
A moment? Oh! Her sweet eye was most like  
A distant-passing star, seeming to move  
Nearer to God as it insensibly  
Leaves our poor earth. That by despair and  
spleen

I might not be defiled, our Father laid  
Her when a tiny babe deep in the depths

Of youthful, wounded heart. I vowed that by  
His grace I of the Church would make her part :  
And she is fair enough to bloom e'en on  
Christ's Breast. God never breaks the web of love  
Begun by pure hands in this world to shield  
Them from the littleness of daily life ;  
And Death but lifts it high above earth-damps  
And hangs it close to heaven, the tapestry  
Where lie immortal all best memories  
In steadfast tints of softest imagery.  
Her almost viewless wings us strive to reach ;  
They to remembrance bring the rosy snow :  
Her hand, like flower about to fall, reflects  
Soft light of a rose-hue on our wet cheeks ;  
She drops celestial bloom down at our feet.

*M.* She oft has told me that thy love for her  
Was the first sunrise that her heart recalled.

*V.* She never knew how feelings changed when  
she

Had quickly grown to woman's vantage-ground.  
I taught her girlhood all that I could teach  
From memory and from the books I could  
Not lose—the earth and sky. When next we meet  
She will teach me far more than I taught her.  
Did her sweet body bear in death the marks  
Of torture ?

*M.* When I first could think of how  
She looked, I was reminded of the shells  
She treasured as her gems—too frail, but fair.  
Though cruel Life had drowned the spirit, it  
Had left the lovely shell a waif upon  
My shipwrecked heart, to murmur of the past.

V. Not of the past, but of the future think.  
Canst thou see the triumphal hosts of souls  
That pass unceasingly upon the bridge  
Where makes the enemy his last attack?  
And as each Christian conqueror, be he  
Adult or child, sets trembling feet upon  
The farther marge, the blare of trumpets of  
Celestial host, led by his guardian,  
Ascends to God, and blows apart the gates  
That shut in Eden; angels' wings form grand  
Triumphal arch, beneath which pass the Saved.

M. Angels have met with sweetest smiles my love.  
She smiles with them, and waves the palm; but she  
Forgets the Cross she leaves to us.

V. To us!

Thank God! Thou wilt take up the Cross that she  
Let fall?

M. Perhaps I long to emulate  
Her faith and truth. O God, if I could make  
Atonement to her manes! I dare not  
Offer such insult to a Christian maid.  
I sometimes think of tortures that she bore  
Until my brain is mad.

V. But at the end

The fragrant dews of death dropped on her limbs,  
Mangled and hot, like dew on flowers that some  
Unwitting child has crushed, but could not kill.

M. My pure, white jessamine, that I broke from  
Its sheltered stem, and hoped to graft upon  
An ancient root! My frozen jessamine—

V. The Saviour lifted to His Breast, and thence  
Receiving a new life, fresh fragrance she

Showers on our hearts.

*M.* If but in fancy I  
Could see her as thou dost! I must see her.

*V.* If thou dost wish again to be with her,  
But learn to love her Home, and thrust aside  
The mortal screen now interposed between  
Ye. Ever she now joys in fresh delight,  
Free of all pain and inclination to  
One sin. We can not realize all these  
Words mean. Let essence of her life pervade  
Thy heart, as lasts the perfume of dead flower.

*M.* I can not think of her as mouldered clay.

*V.* I never do. She is not in the tomb.

*M.* Talk on. Oh, I long to believe as thou!

*V.* As music of a stream that falls down hill  
Mingles with birds' notes, so her voice will flow  
From the eternal height of blessedness  
And mingle with thy life. The thoughts of her  
Will be thy daily bread till thou art strong  
Enough to feel that there are none so blest  
As those who keep good Spirits company.

*Scene XVIII.*

*Mazza and Calla.*

*Mazza.*—Calla, where goest thou?

*Calla.*—To take some news  
To Leda of her love.

*M.* It must be good—  
Thy face is glorious.

*C.* The Nazarene  
Has conquered by a woman's beauty and  
Her bravery. Marcus I knew might be

Redeemed; a spirit strong as his would be  
 An honor to Christ's Church, I said, and so  
 It proves. He has gone forth to preach the Death  
 Of Jesus to a land distant from his:  
 And he, who was so delicately reared, now wears  
 The simple dress of Jesus's priests; and he,  
 Who his own sandals once would not untie,  
 Now bears the weight of a rough cross and is  
 Without a home; his palace is possessed  
 By those who Leda did betray; and he  
 Spends his life, night and day, in serving God.  
 With him two deacons are, one his old slave  
 With whom my Leda knelt, the other man  
 An executioner, once scourged because  
 He begged for mercy when they wrenched her  
 limbs.

*M.* How glad will Leda be that tortured was  
 She on the earth! O Satan, feeble is  
 Thy policy! Short-sighted is thy hate!  
 Did Marcus not reproach himself that he  
 Bore Leda from the Catacombs wherein  
 She was concealed?

*C.* Remorse would make to him  
 A future retribution light, but that he says,  
 "Thus God doth make mad passions of a man  
 Praise Him." When I went in room where he sat,  
 He was repeating verses that I learned  
 To say to Leda. Would'st thou like to hear?

*M.* Aye, verily.

THE CROSS IS ON MY BROW IMPRESSED;  
 It cannot be erased,

Though it may brighter grow, or else  
 Sorely may be defaced,  
 If mortals' eyes the sign see not,  
 God and His angels do ;  
 And whether it is dim or clear  
 Know Satan and his crew.  
 If on the earth I keep it bright,  
 'Twill be my crown for aye.  
 But if I let sin blacken it,  
 'Twill add to my dismay ;  
 For I should have to carry it  
 Through endless days of Hell,  
 Branded in black of grimy hue,  
 That it to friends may tell  
 That I was worse than were the Jews  
 Who nailed Christ to the cross ;  
 They "knew not what they did ;" but I  
 Their cruelty endorse.  
 Thought horrible ! O Saviour mine,  
 Keep my Cross bright, whate'er  
 Chastisement necessary is,  
 My King, keep Thy mark clear.

DRAMA VI.

MAPPALICUS AND BONA.

MARTYRS, A. D. 250 (CIR).

*Act I. Scene I.*

*(Persecution at Carthage under Decius.)*

*Haniel.*—Oh ! even on the sin-dyed earth are men  
 Dearer to me than angels are in Heaven.

*Falleen.*—'Tis strange thou feelest so.

*H.* I love to watch  
The power of godliness contending with  
The power of Hell. I'll tell thee what I heard  
A short time since: the air of Carthage then  
Was softened by the waving of the wings  
Of rosy-footed visitants, who like  
To throng where persecutions rage that they  
May see how great the grace of God, whose strength  
They have no chance to prove.

*F.* What did'st thou see?

*H.* Tortured was Mappalicius for his faith;  
Men pitied, but we, angels, gloried more.

*F.* I have oft thought 'twas well we never knew  
What anguish is. How else could we stand by  
To wait the mortal end of agony?

*H.* For shame! The men of earth who bear the  
most  
Are strongest to observe the woes of men,  
Because they know of recompense that will  
Be theirs. I think we went together once  
To Greece to watch athletes preparing for  
Olympic games; fathers and mothers urged  
Their sons to bear, not only patiently  
But joyfully, the preparations for  
The coming struggle for a fading crown.

*F.* And the crown that we wait to give to those  
Who conquer in the strife with Satan's slaves  
Can never wilt; 'twill freshen ev'ry time  
That any one who looks on it will think  
Of the great hour when it was won.

*H.* Hear what



My hero said, "To-morrow ye shall see  
A contest for a prize."

*F.* A man to win!

*H.* He gained his life in conflict the next day.

*F.* Did any others walk to glory o'er  
That sea of blood?

*H.* Aye, many did; but more  
Were left to keep alive the faith. Bona,  
By Pagan husband dragged to sacrifice,  
Had her hands held and guided as though she  
False gods adored; her words they could not force.  
Undaunted by the fear of torture and  
Of death, aloud she cried, "I did it not;  
That ye have done!" The tyrant banished her:  
Then I rejoiced and thought of little birds  
Which carry seeds of precious plants to drop  
In foreign soil, and gladden weeping eyes.

*F.* Why, thinkest thou, doth God permit such  
woes  
To be inflicted on His struggling Church?

*H.* Hast ever been to earth when He has let  
A heathen emperor send many souls  
To Him at once? The air is then sublime.  
In time of peace the Church is like the lake  
Whose waters, calm and beautiful, reflect  
The glow of heaven; angels look down and say,  
This pleaseth us; for it is very fair.  
And as the lake that doth reflect the skies  
Is like the Church, I fancy that the land  
Around is like the world outside the Fold;  
The scum about the shores, although it is  
Bathed by the lucid waves, still savors of

The land ; also are some within the Church  
“ Of earth earthy ” and base ; ’tis fit such should  
Be cast from holy Mother’s bosom pure.

*H.* ’Tis true, and I could almost deem thou hast  
Foreseen the parallel I am about  
To draw.

*F.* Not so.

*H.* The rank earth, envious  
Of placid lake, whose purity rebukes  
Her pestilential breath, withdraws her firm  
Support, that unexpectedly the lake  
May have its calmness dashed in seething deeps.  
’Tis so the great Niagara doth plunge  
Down the abyss ; its quiet life is o’er ;  
But chainless and ethereal the spray  
Leaps up to be received into the clouds—  
The chariots of God.

*F.* In doing this  
It purifies the air : I see what thou  
Dost mean ; when the base earth would fain withdraw  
Her grudging support, she thinks to plunge the  
Church  
Into abyss of nothingness ; but souls  
Redeemed to our embraces fly, and them  
We bear to God.

*H.* After Niagara  
Hath been cast down from almost regal state  
Of quietude, where is earth’s colored scum  
That once defiled her skirts ?

*F.* Seething in dark  
And terrible despair in whirlpool grim.

FEBRUARY 14, 1862.

## Act II.

THE BOY CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA, A.D. 250.

*Parralie.*—Hail, gentle ones! I'll lie upon my wings  
Awhile with ye.

*Haniel.*—We greet thee lovingly.

*Falleen.*—Where hast thou been?

*P.* In Alexandria,  
To welcome mortals to immortal life.

*H.* Tell us what thou hast seen. I never can  
Grow weary while I listen to the tales  
Of the great love and courage of the Saints.  
Are many more to be tormented there?

*P.* The art of man in Alexandria  
Too often hath been baffled by a child  
Or woman weak, whom they can't make deny  
The Lord. The end of all their tortures is  
To demonstrate how very strong and firm  
Is Christian faith, e'en when contested by  
The artifice that Satan lends. The rest  
Of the poor victims will be put to death  
Without a chance to throw contempt on fire  
And sword and diabolic instrument.

*H.* And so hath the Lord triumphed in His  
Saints.

*P.* Winged my glad return to Heaven I passed  
Cæsarea, and there I saw a sight  
That would enrapture thee, who lovest well  
Christ's little ones.

*H.* Oh, tell me, then! There are  
No histories I like so well as those

Which prove how weak is man's or demon's power  
In presence of the Holy Ghost.

*P.* I think,

O angel Haniel ! that this was shown  
Most beautifully in a little child.  
Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, claims  
The honor of this hero's birth. "He called  
Continually on the Name of Christ ;"  
Nor could harsh threats, or cruel blows,  
Prevent him from avowing openly  
Jesus is God. His father drove him from  
His home.

*F.* Alas ! Ere long that man will sigh  
In vain to claim him for his son.

*P.* Children

Abused the little, homeless boy. To Court  
The judge then bade him to be brought, and  
said,

"Your faults I'll pardon, child ; your father shall  
Again receive his son, and you shall have  
His wealth, provided you are wise, and take  
Care of your interest."

"I joy to bear  
Reproaches," Cyril said, "and God will me  
Receive. I am not sorry that from my  
Old home I am expelled. A better one  
I'll have. I fear not death, because it will  
But introduce me to a better life."  
They bound the little boy, and led him off,  
As though to suffer death, hoping that sight  
Of fire might overcome resolve. "Cyril  
Remained inflexible." The judge still tried

To fright the child, who said, "Your fire and sword

Are insignificant; to better house  
I go; to riches far more excellent;  
Dispatch me presently that them I may  
Enjoy." Then the spectators wept. "Rather  
Ye should rejoice," he said, "conducting me  
To death; ye know not what a city I  
Shall go to dwell in now, nor what my hope."  
Thus bravely went he to his death.

H. Oh, child

Beloved of angel-hearts! I shall now haste  
With joy to find the hero-boy, and press  
Him in my arms. Is not a child like this  
Greater than we?

F. And did not he obey  
Judge's command to "take care of his own  
Best interests?"

H. Yes; wealth untold is his.

ACT III. : Scene I.

ST. LAWRENCE, A.D., 258, UNDER VALERIAN.

*Parralie.*—How beautiful the richness thousand-  
fold

Of golden light that sheds itself in wake  
Of Haniel's dainty wings!

*Falleen.*—Swift is his flight:  
He doth love children much.

P. Is it not strange  
So many tyrants try to banish Name  
Of Christ from their domains? Oh, senseless  
man!

*F.* It is as though a thunder-cloud had tried  
To quite annihilate the sun : but fools  
And clouds alike exhaust themselves in vain ;  
God and the sun will shine regardless of  
Such petty spite.

*Scene II.*

*Haniel.*—What dreadful sight is that? A man  
dragged by  
A maddened horse. Oh, Larralie ! I joy  
To find thee here. But is not thy face sad ?

*Larralie.*—Aye. What is horrible to thee as  
death  
By what men call an accident, fills me  
With deeper gloom. By order of the one  
Who Romans rules, has that man been bound to  
That beast.

*H.* What his offence ?—

*L.* Sixtus, Bishop  
Of Rome, who glorified Christ in his death,  
Unto good Lawrence, his chief deacon, said  
He would be with him in three days. This was  
In answer to his pitiful, “Whither  
Goest thou, father mine, without thy son ?”  
The Bishop bade him give the wealth of Church  
Of Rome to poor and sick, foreseeing that  
It would be confiscated by the State.  
Lawrence, in doing this from house to house,  
Excited much suspicion, and was seized :  
Refused to give account of what he had  
Distributed. He was in dungeon thrown ;  
There he made converts of his keeper and

His family. To new demands for gold  
And jewels of the Church, the Saint replied :

“Give me

But time to set in order my affairs  
And record make of each particular.”  
Three days were granted. Then he called the poor  
Who were supported by alms of the Church ;  
To prefect went and said, “Come and behold  
The riches of our God. You will see court  
Of golden vessels full.”

The prefect went,  
And finding naught but poor, afflicted ones,  
Great wrath he showed. So Lawrence asked,  
“Why are

You angry? Gold, which you desire, is but  
A metal vile taken from dirty soil,  
That serves as an incitement to all crimes ;  
The true Gold is that Light of whom these poor  
And sick disciples are ; and misery  
Of body is advantage to the soul ;  
The chief disease of all mankind is sin ;  
The great ones of the earth are truly poor—  
Contemptible. These are the treasures that  
I promised you ; now I shall add to them  
Some precious stones ; widows and virgins see !  
They are the Church’s crown ; make use of this  
True wealth for the advantage of all Rome,  
Of emperor and of yourself.” “Dare you  
Mock me?” the prefect cried in rage. “I know  
Ye prize yourselves, contemning death ; therefore  
You shall not die at once.”

Lawrence was stripped.

And to gridiron bound, that he might thus  
Be broiled to death by a slow fire. After  
A time he said, "Let me be turned ; on one  
Side I am broiled sufficiently."

He spoke

This, as I think, to let them see how calm  
He was, superior to fire. When he  
Was turned, he looked to Heaven, and prayed that  
God

To Pagan Rome knowledge of Truth Divine  
Would send. This done, his noble spirit soared,  
Unsinged by passion or by cruelty.  
The gaoler, whom he had converted, washed  
His body for last sleep and buried it.  
The prefect, hearing this, commanded that  
He should be tied to horse's tail, and dragged  
To death.

*Scene III.*

A.D. 370.

H. Oh, Larralie! I have in Hades been,  
And talked with Lawrence and Hippolitus;  
Have told them of God's judgment on those who  
Their deaths devised. When Macrianus in  
The amphitheatre was seized by death  
He gave assembled crowd a spectacle  
Of terror, and called on these martyred Saints.  
Valerian, after long years of vile  
And cruel persecution, was o'ercome  
By Sapor and was treated as a slave;  
Made footstool for satrap to mount his horse.  
For seven years a prisoner he was:  
When eighty-three, blinded and flayed alive.



His skin was stuffed with straw ; in finest of  
 Persia's great temples was this kept for show.  
 How must his tortured spirit boil with rage  
 When he sees how his demon-gods reply  
 To prayers for fame !

*L.* Does not his punishment  
 And that of Macrianus, balefully  
 Reflect a lurid light on what they had  
 Devised as punishments for Lawrence and  
 For Hippolite ?

*Act IV.*

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.—A.D. 361.

*Florelle.*—Julian is dead. Now may the Church  
 have peace !

*Horl.*—Long time have I in Western darkness  
 fanned

With my light-shedding wings some consciences  
 That are “a law unto themselves.” Julian ?

*F.* Was subtlest foe Christians have had. Nephew  
 Of Constantine, brought up as child of God,  
 A foundling of the Church, he yet despised  
 The foster-mother from whose breast he drew  
 All that was philosophic in his life.\*

An unsuspecting sheep hath reared the young  
 Of a fierce wolf ; hath let it gambol with  
 Her lambs ; nourished it to devour her own.

*H.* This doth remind me of a tale I heard  
 Told by a statesman to a heathen court.†

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\* I much doubt whether Constantius's jealousy allowed Julian any advantages ; and his chief instructor was fuller of classical lore than of scriptural truth.

† A fancy.

A lion sat as king upon a throne;  
Some royal nurslings in their lair were killed.  
The king convened his court to find the one  
Who had dared slay his young. A learned wolf  
Quite clearly proved a certain sheep had done  
The deed; and her white neck was stained with  
blood.

She said she could not do such wrong; for God  
Forbade her e'er to fatten on the blood  
Of suffering. The owl said that the act  
Was foreign to her race: he was the judge;  
And so the poor sheep was released because  
'Twas thought impossible for one made as  
She was to eat raw flesh. Then was the wolf  
Accused as being guilty of the crime  
He fain would fasten on the blameless sheep.  
He paid a large sum to the snake, who had this  
Sentence passed: This time next year a court  
We shall hold on this case, and if within  
That time sheep can be found that live on flesh,  
This one shall suffer for the crime of which  
She is accused. The crafty wolf, bidden  
By the wise snake, put one of his own young  
In place of a poor lamb he had devoured.  
The simple mother thought it must be hers,  
For she had borne two sons, but one was changed  
So sadly that he almost broke her heart.  
When a twelvemonth had passed, to trial new  
She and her family were called in haste.  
The mother did not like to take one child,  
In festal robe of white, the other in  
A dingy gown of red, and so procured

A skin like her fair child's, and covered o'er  
The wolf with a lamb's fleece; he was well pleased.  
Then, while the young ones played about the  
throne,

A weekling of a lioness was put  
Between the two. The timid lamb drew back,  
But the young wolf pounced on the little one,  
And would have it devoured had it not been  
Released. Then did the owl admit that sheep  
Could eat the lion's young—base hypocrites  
Of gentleness! The poor sheep suffered for  
The wolf's rapacity.

Constantius and

The zeal of Arians may bear some blame  
Of Julian's sin: those whom his father loved  
He hated most; true-hearted Christians and  
Fierce heathen men, by Arianism's rage,  
Suffered alike. Julian 'mong Christian men,  
Saw vices which in pagan lands run wild,  
And thought not that who persecuted those  
Who called Christ God had not the Spirit of  
The Lord: for never yet have Christians who  
Are Trinitarians put one to death  
For holding adverse views, and it is those  
Who dare deny that Jesus we adore  
Is God, who have begun to persecute.  
Hast thou met Theodorus yet? Julian  
Tormented him most frightfully; but he  
Was then dismissed unconquered. Since I asked  
How he could bear such pangs, nor faint, nor yet  
Apostatize. He said at first it was  
Grievous and most hard to endure, but soon

Stood by him a young man in purest white,  
 Who wiped the heavy sweat from his wrenched  
     limbs

And aching head ; bade him be of good cheer.  
 Then Theodorus said that when he was  
 Lifted from off the rack that the release  
 Was more a punishment than a relief ;  
 For then the angel disappeared.

*F.* Strange that  
 He did not think of and prefer the sweet  
 And comfortable Presence of the Lord,  
 Though him he might not see !

*H.* Of course, he thought  
 Of Him. Imagine that thou ne'er had'st seen  
 A spiritual form ; would not such sight  
 Thee nerve for suffering ?

*Act V.: Scene I.*

DOROTHEA.

WHEN SATANIC HOSTS ASSAIL ME,  
     I, nervous worm,  
     Frail and infirm,  
 Trembling, wish far from them to flee !  
 Ah ! no strength have I to conquer ;  
     They mock my woe :  
     " She conquer ! No !  
 Like strong waves our breaths o'erwhelm her."  
 " Oh, fools, to mock simplicity !  
     A pure mind's light  
     Will fiends affright ;  
 I, worm, o'ercome like polyp bright,

Whose brilliant light  
 Illumes the night,  
 Dazzles, confounds the enemy  
 That it mayn't see."  
 Then laughed aloud  
 Demoniac crowd :  
 "Dim light doth shine  
 From heart like thine."  
 "Most true, O Fiends! but ye will learn  
 A light within my heart doth burn  
 That is not mine ;  
 But is Divine."

*Xantlee (Guardian angel).*—E'en as her vivid  
 fancy represents

Satanic emissaries, it shall see  
 A brighter vision ere sleep falls on her.

(*Dorothea walking up and down the room repeats :*)

D. OH, CHRIST, IN THY BEAUTY UPON THY HIGH  
 THRONE,

My thoughts and my longings now upward have  
 flown :

My life-thirst for beauty cannot be appeased—  
 When I lie at Thy Feet each sense will be pleased :  
 My hands will dare touch the dear holes in Thy  
 Feet ;

The fragrance of myrrh will then be to me sweet ;  
 My eyes on Thy beauty may gaze as they will ;  
 And my ears will drink in, "Poor trembler, lie  
 still."

X. Now sleep, my precious ward, and dream of  
 Christ.

*Scene II.*

*Dorothea.*—I HAD A DREAM—PLEASANT IT WAS  
TO ME:

It came when I was sad, and mournfully  
Had passed the night's first hours. Then I had  
dream

Of even brighter things than a sunbeam.  
I thought I loved a Prince, and he loved me ;  
'Twas joy to let him know that I would be  
His own, and only his, for evermore.

He would have pressed me to his heart ; before  
Me stretched a veil invisible, yet firm—

On that side a King's son, on this a worm.

I do not often sorrow in my sleep,

So then, as I remember, did not weep ;

But still my heart was very full of fears,

My brain was misty with restrained tears :

Then came a voice, mighty, but very low ;

Before I understood it calmed my woe.

For children do not fret, when one is by

Who will give what they want if they won't cry.

It was the King who spake, and this He said,

“Cheer up, poor child, there's nothing now to  
dread.

When thou wearest robe of emerald green,

Embroidered o'er with gold, that may be seen

With pleasure in the Court where thou wouldst  
be,

My Son shall come, and He will marry thee.”

When I awoke, I said unto myself,

Let me now consecrate to God my wealth,

That when I lie beneath th' emerald sod,  
My deeds of charity may seem to God  
Like broideries of gold on vesture green;  
Then will He let me have His Son, I ween.

*Scene III.*

*Xantlee.*—Wilt go with me to earth? For the  
last time

I come to the celestial court without  
My Dorothea, beauteous ward! Oh, how  
My eyes will proudly glow when I present  
Her to our King! Her robes are ready now.  
My friend, hast seen men cleanse asbestos gown?  
A soiled, stained robe is thrown into the fire;  
Awhile it burns, and then it is brought forth  
As pure as is thy brow.

*Calla.*—A martyr, then,  
We go to see; but there are many kinds;  
Some purge their soiled baptismal robes in fires  
That rage of man has kindled, some in flames,  
That are not seen by any eye, save God's.

*X.* An angel's heart may treasure up the tale  
Of secret woe that's nobly borne.

*C.* How will  
Thy martyr's robes be purged?

*X.* Come now, and see.

*Scene IV.—Court of Justice in Casarea.*

*Sapritius (Magistrate).*—Bring me the woman  
fair, whose beauty makes  
Fools of the men she has sense to disdain;  
My eyes and palate like rich food.

*Xantlee (aside.)*—She comes.

*S.* Fair maid, thy name!

*Dorothea.*—"I Dorothea am;  
A virgin and a servant of the Church."

*S.* Now "serve our gods or die." Submit:  
Thou art too young, too fair, to give to worms  
What I and lesser men must crave.

*D.* Oh, let  
Me die! Be quick. The sooner I shall stand  
In presence of the One whom I long much  
To see.

*S.* Whom meanest thou?

*D.* "I mean the Son  
Of God, Christ, mine Espoused; His dwelling is  
In Paradise, and joys eternal are  
E'er blooming by His side; celestial fruits  
And roses that can't die grow in the fair  
And beauteous garden of my Lord."

*S.* Thou art  
Too beautiful; I cannot give thee to  
The flames or worms; I take thee for my own.  
Back to her prison bear the maid.

*Scene V.*

*Calista.*—Christeta, dost thou not feel now as if  
Satan's handmaid thou art? Sapphirus knew  
None are so vile as those who once recant  
The faith.

*Christeta.*—The faith! What is it? I know not.  
My only creed is fear of pain and death.

*C.* And mine now is to win the great reward  
He promises, if we will make this girl—



Whose fairness pleases him—do as we did.

Come in. Not such a prison did we have.

*Ch.* Is that the beauty on yon gilded couch ?

*Dorothea.*—I am a Christian maid, my friend,  
and fear

From thy unsympathetic tone that thou  
Art not.

*Ch.* No ; I am not mad now, but I  
Was once like thee. Give me thy hand ; it is  
Soft as a babe's, and yields as readily.

Why dost thou shrink from a slight pinch ? Surely  
Thou wilt not dare the rack.

*C.* For shame ! Christian,  
We are sent here by Governor, whom thou  
Hast fascinated with thy eyes, to lure  
Thee to recant. Thou hast a gentle heart  
If voice and eye we e'er can trust. I am  
Now almost starved ; at home a wailing babe  
Waits for dry breasts, and thou canst give us food.

*D.* Here is my veil ; all I have now that is  
Not needed for defence of modesty.

*C.* That will not feed us long.

*D.* I have no more.

*C.* Sapphirus promises much gold if we  
Persuade thee to renounce the faith.

*D.* Oh, sad  
That woman should try to exchange her soul—  
That must forever live—for food, that can  
Not feed the flame of life, when God says, Die !  
Listen, poor heart. I am to wed a Prince ;  
Give me thy babe, and he shall be His page ;  
Want he shall never know. Don't kiss my robe.

*C.* Christeta, hear! She yields. Sapritius she  
Will wed—is he the Prince?—and my child will  
Be a great man some day.

*D.* But he must lie  
Upon my breast when I lie on the rack,  
And when I've ceased to breathe, hungry and cold  
He'll die, and I will carry him to God  
And he will be with the first martyrs \* classed.

*C.* While his poor mother goeth on her own  
Vile way to Hell. Thou meanest Christ is Prince.

I will  
Not sell my soul to give my baby milk  
Lest he damnation drink in greedily;  
And all through terrible Eternity  
Should curse me that I had prolonged his days  
On earth, to cheat him of his father's faith  
And heritage. Maiden, I'll die with thee  
And leave my child to God.

*Ch.* The more fool thou!  
Fair woman, thou art rarely beautiful,  
But thou wilt see thyself matched brilliantly  
In gilded halls by chisel and by brush  
Of artists famed. Handmaidens will attend  
Thy least desire; and know, thy handsome slave,  
Sapritius called, will like thee better for  
Extravagance and luxury. I pray  
Thee let me then walk after thee.

*D.* To Hell?  
Poor creature of base appetites, what has  
Sapritius done for thee that thou should'st wish

---

\* The Holy Innocents form the first class of Martyrs.

To cast thy soul and mine in flames that aye  
Increase, to please his lust?

*Ch.* The only thing

He ever did for me was to sit by  
And laugh while I was scourged.

*D.* Small service this.

*Ch.* But he will make me a fine lady if  
I can persuade thee to receive his vows.

*D.* Look here! This is the Cross on which thy  
Lord

And mine has died, that we might love and long  
For Him. He was stretched on the Cross to teach  
Thee how to bear the rack for Him.

*Ch.* Then we

Are even—are we not?

*D.* If thou wert queen

And did'st from undimmed splendor step down to  
A servant's low estate; for poverty

Did'st give up wealth—which thou, as it appears,  
Esteemest earth's chief good; if thou didst leave

A body that could feel no pain for one

Most sensitive to ev'ry mortal pang;

And then for three and thirty years didst bear

Quite patiently the stinted portion of

A poor man's child; if thou did'st give thy cheeks

To blows, thy brow to crown of thorns, thy feet

And hands to nails, thy heart to bloody spear,

And all for one who spurned and spit on thee,

And tried to make thy friends thy enemies—

Then Christ and thou are even, Thou dost  
weep.

*Ch.* Put up that Cross. My dying mother's eyes

Have haunted all my nights since I denied  
The faith : last night she brought a Cross and said,  
My daughter, thou hast nailed thy Maker and  
Thy Saviour thereupon. I shrieked and woke,  
Went out, and soon I saw a messenger  
From base Sapritius. I forgot the dream  
When he threw golden bait. I, too, will go  
With thee before the Governor to bear  
My witness that the Cross outweighs his gold.\*

*Scene VI.*

*Calla.*—Xantlee, hath Dorothea suffered yet?

*Xantlee.*—Aye ; she hath been beheaded by the  
man

Who tempted her in vain ; revenge he wreaked  
Upon the fair, soft limbs that cheated vile  
Desire : but Christ will raise her up ere long  
In beauty that will please in Heaven more  
Than it hath done in Cappadocia's court.

*C.* And what became of women who were sent  
By the bad Governor her to beguile ?

*X.* He had them burned.

---

\* Sapritius sent to her two sisters, Calista and Christeta, who, from terror of the torments . . . renounced their faith in Christ. To these women he promised large rewards if they would induce Dorothea to follow their example . . . Dorothea reproved them . . . When they left the dungeon they proclaimed they were the servants of Christ. — *Sacred and Legendary Acts.*

## DRAMA VII.

## THE SNOW-FLAKE.

SECOND CENTURY.

*Act II.: Scene I.*

*Zelah.*—Come, Admar, let us listen to the talk  
Of this most picturesque old man, whose beard  
Is white enough to tell us that his life's  
Experience is rich with buried gems  
Of thought.

*Admar.*—Not always thus speaks a white beard;  
Sometimes it hangs between the present and  
The past to hide but hideousness, while awe  
Prevents the young from seeking to know more.

*Z.* There is a youth by him, and neither seems  
To fear to lift the curtain that conceals  
The past. Trust me, this old man's beard falls  
not

Unworthily o'er heart debased, as sheet  
Doth cover o'er the loathsomeness of death.

*A.* I better like the young, who have not strayed  
As far as most old persons from our home.  
But, as thou wishest, let us hear his words.

*Scene II.*

*Remus.*—And when her pure and balmy love fell  
o'er  
The shaggy roughness of my barren life,  
E'en in the eyes of angels it was fair.  
The early Spring-tide of my days had been

As cheerful and as verdant as the trees  
In their fresh robes of green. Flowers bloomed  
for me,  
And birds sang joy to me. Then the hot rays  
Of passion's fervid sun stole o'er my soul,  
And all my freshness died. Yea, though men  
praised,  
My parched and thirsty heart longed for the hours  
Of Autumn, sere and gloomy though they are.  
But when life's dull Fall came, and honors fell  
From off me to enrich the place where stood  
My enemies, waiting to seize my crutch,  
I cursed the barrenness of my bright days.  
Then came the Winter of a solitude  
Icy and drear; but I would own no life  
Better than mine, or worthier of man.  
I breathed some years, but did not truly live;  
And so was judged fit jailor for the warm  
And overflowing hearts of Christian maids.  
I doubt if e'er I looked at them, or heard  
Them speak; I never cared for women's chat.  
The numbness which had long oppressed my heart,  
Began to penetrate the springs of life:  
'Twas said that I must die, though why no man  
Could reasonably tell; nor did I care  
To know.

Some of the captives hearing of  
My state, remarked that one of them was skilled  
In use of medicines and, doubtless, would  
Be glad to render good for ill. My own  
Attendants mocked; but one physician asked,  
Is the maid fair? and he was told she was.

Let her come here, he said. She came. A white  
And fleecy veil enveloped her whole form ;  
She had been brought captive to Rome from some  
Far distant tribe, and for her mother's sake  
Wore veil like hers.

The doctor stood by me,  
Called me aloud ; I woke, opened my eyes.  
She had just raised her arms and thrown aside  
The veil. I did not move, nor speak, but let  
Her presence fall upon my blighted heart.  
I let the soft beams of her holy eyes  
My numb brain permeate ; I felt the sun.  
She moved her lips ; I did not understand,  
But my heart scarcely beat for fear some tone  
Would pass it by. She laid her cold, thin hand  
Upon my temples, and they thrilled with life.  
She to the doctor signed and passed away.  
I did not speak, lest when I should be wide  
Awake, I might forget my dream. A dream  
Is prized by a man who has had but one.

(*A pause.*)

*Lucius.*—Can'st not thou tell me more ? For I,  
too, love  
Fair vision thou hast seen.

*R.* Alas, then, that  
I should have told thee this ! What if she should  
Prefer thee in the Eden ? Then God's word would  
Be broken even there ; there would be death.  
I live without her now only because  
I know that she is mine. I feel her still  
As blind man feels the noonday sun.

*L.* My friend,  
Thou didst not understand ; my heart is lost  
On earth, as thine is found in Heaven.

*R.* Then I  
Shall tell thee more ; the man who speaks but once  
Must tell all then. It was not very long  
Before she came again ; counted some drops  
And put a spoon—the handle was a cross—  
Unto my lips. Had I known that it was  
Draught poisonous, yet I would still have drunk,  
Quite satisfied to part with life if it  
Left me my dream ; I was a Pagan, then,  
And thought to bear to the Elysian Fields  
Last dream I had. A day or two passed by,  
And I sat up, and took new interest  
In everything near, for she was part  
Of all. Thou hast seen forest bare and dead,  
Where nothing lived but torpid snakes, and then  
Came noiseless fall of snow and all seemed pure  
And beautiful : no harsh deformity  
Could then be seen. Such change came over me.  
I thought that I was pure and gentle as  
The life I breathed ; nor knew that it was hers.

*L.* It was not hers ; she breathed it from above  
And but transmitted it to thee.

*R.* It may  
Be so. I cared not then to think of aught  
But her.

*L.* Had'st never loved before ?

*R.* Sported  
With flowers I had ; the sweet ones were too plain,  
The beautiful were not quite sweet enough,



And so I wanted none—not in the Spring,  
Summer, or Autumn of my years.

*L.* Strange that  
A Snow-Flake falling on thy heart should wake  
Its life. She must have been most beautiful.

*R.* Of course.

*L.* Her features faultless, and her skin  
Like marble statue under rosy veil.

*R.* Ah! Was it so?

*L.* I did but guess; tell me,  
Then, how she looked.

*R.* Like fall of snow, I said.

*L.* I cannot comprehend just what thou mean'st.

*R.* Not unless thou hadst felt her presence as  
I have—and loved. But what her features and  
Complexion were I cannot say. Am I  
A boy to be caught by such trash? It was  
Her presence that I loved—Ah, my Snow-Flake,  
That melted in my arms! Dost think that she  
Was racked! I gave her stupefying draught,  
And watched her presence floating from my grasp.

*L.* Thou hast not told me why she was con-  
demned  
To die.

*R.* Too rapidly she braced me up; fools said  
She used enchantments; so she did, but not  
The ones they meant. A Christian sorceress  
Was racked, that heathen ones might learn her  
arts.

Let them ice to warm water add and bring  
Forth a Snow-Flake! Snow comes from heaven,  
Whence came all the enchantments that she used.

When they dared tell me that she was condemned,  
I raved like madman in his chain. Oh, God!  
I felt before I spoke I could not save  
The maid, yet was impelled to try. I urged  
Her to become my wife, my queen. The while  
I prayed and wept, she smiled and gently said,  
Wife of a heathen!—No. I knew it would  
Be so. How could I hold a Snow-Flake in  
My arms? It may seem very strange, but I  
In presence pure as hers dared not appear  
Other than what I was.

*L.* Didst not then learn  
How sinners feel when they before God stand?  
Thou gav'st a stupefying draught, thou saidst.

*R.* Yes. I knew she would never stain her rare  
And tender purity with blood profane  
Of heathen sacrifice. I could not save  
Her life, nor shield her from the rack, but I  
Could numb her brain that she would suffer less.  
The torturers said that she must soon yield,  
Being half dead with fright ere they began.

*L.* Oh! Thou didst wrong the One she served  
when thou  
Mad'st it appear He could not give her strength  
To bear all Satan's rage could do—so she  
Would say.

*R.* Then I have done her a great wrong—  
I would have gladly died ere wronged her faith.

*L.* If she had been thy wife wouldst thou  
have liked  
To have it said she was afraid to bear  
Torture and death for thee?

*R.* I would have thanked

The man who strove to blunt her agonies.  
Would it not be a greater proof of grace  
That she would rather die than do a crime  
E'en when she suffered so from fear of pain?

*L.* How did it end?

*R.* Art thou a Christian and

Canst speak thus of a death? Long ages hence  
Maidens on earth and spirits in God's World  
Will view her sacrifice, and praise her Lord.  
Before I gave her to the demons' arms  
I watched her presence fading like the light  
Of a strange star that beamed when all was dark.  
Her veil they dropped as they uplifted her;  
I wrapped it round myself, and felt that it  
Was just as much a part of her as was  
The almost lifeless form they bore away.  
Like distant star, whose beams illumine the rough  
And unknown way of baffled traveller,  
Years after it has been destroyed, so she  
Her presence left with me, and it fills all  
The air. Here is her veil; I wear it in  
My robe when I breathe air of common men.  
See! Now it covers me like fall of snow.  
I wrap it over me when I would sleep;  
I slip my hand in it when sin is near.

*L.* 'Tis strange to see such an old man so young.

*R.* My hair is gray, and yet I am not old,  
For my Snow-Flake hath made me young for aye.

NOTE.—Only imaginary characters: the poem was suggested by a snow-storm.

## DRAMA VIII.

## CHOSROES THE SECOND.

A. D. 591.

*Act I.*

*Jarrelle.*—In Persia's glory and decay I have  
 Been interested much, and yet to see  
 A wondrous sight in other sphere I long  
 Have stayed; and Persia I should think is now  
 But a remembrance on the earth—so great  
 Her sin. Canst tell me ought of her?

*Olee.*—Chosroes,

Her haughty king—

*J.* Chosroes? I never heard  
 The name. How long a time between the king  
 Darius and this one?

*O.* Oh! centuries,  
 As man counts time; more than six hundred years  
 Have been since Christ was born.

*J.* How passing strange  
 This thing that men call time! What did Chos-  
 roes?

*O.* He conquered Egypt and took Chalcedon—  
 Thou know'st that town from tales of martyrs true.

*J.* And for its Council, where some braves  
 stood up  
 For Truth.

*O.* A war there was between Rome's king  
 And Persia's despot lord. Heraclitus,  
 Who was a murderer, had been well scourged

By God's decree, enforced by Satan's skill;  
Humble and penitent, he sued for peace:  
Chosroes replied, "To that I'll not consent  
Till you renounce Him Who was crucified,  
Whom you call God, and then with me adore  
The sun."

*J.* Satan had gone too far. God now  
For honor of His holy Majesty  
Must interfere. There is no sin he seems  
To hate more than the pride which rebels dare  
To flaunt before His great Omnipotence.  
Sennacherib rememb'rest thou?

*O.* Chosroes

A second was to him, and so as such  
God treated him. "Heraclitus He raised  
From his abatement of humility,  
And gave him great success." The Persian king  
Was vanquished: still he sinned. Unlike his foes,  
His pride refused to bow itself to God:  
By his son he was slain, as the good Lord  
Had chastened him in vain.

*J.* In vain! God do

A thing in vain! He showed His power, and  
made

Of this man's pride and blasphemy, as of  
The disobedience of Lot's Wife, pillar  
Of salt\*—memorial to last for aye.  
Has Persia's pride still heritage of power?

*O.* Almost forgotten thing is she; she left  
No monuments of her benevolence

---

\* A pillar of salt means a lasting monument.

To bless the world, and why should it think of  
Her uselessness?

*J.* To read a lesson of  
Humility and fear. The Gospel once  
Was offered her; mercy of God she scorned.

*O.* He gave her to fanaticism then,  
The scourge that cuts the deepest gashes in  
Fierce, man-exalting, God-o'erveiling pride—  
The laughing-stock of all posterity.  
Mahomet's followers were welcome guests  
Of those who Christ's Apostles scorned.

*J.* But some  
The Word of Life received; surely the seeds  
That God once planted have not yet died out?

*O.* They bloom in loveliness, and Earth one day  
Will be an unexpectant witness to  
Effects of acts that an Apostle wrought.

*J.* Heraclitus, thou saidst, was saved from rod  
Which God thrust from presumptuous hand; but  
when

His sorest need was o'er, did he prove true?

*O.* No. So another power tore from him what  
He last had gained—"the fairest provinces  
Of Eastern lands"—and reaped the triumphs of  
His arms in Persian fields.

*J.* Thus God contemns  
In presence of the world, those who presume  
To dally with His favors and His grace.

## ACT II.

## SCHISM.

*Olee.*—Dost thou remember brilliant light that  
glowed

In Africa, after Apostle Mark  
Raised the thick veil of murkiness that hung  
O'er altars which smoked with fierce pagan rites,  
And let the rays of Star of Bethlehem  
Illuminate the ransomed land ?

*Jarrelle.*—Clemens,  
And Origen, great Athanasius there  
Long lived and taught.

*O.* And Cyprian, also  
Augustine learned. 'Tis strange how human  
minds

Seem to recoil from an excess of light  
To hide in wilful darkness deep.

*J.* There is in man such constant tendency  
To sin that a quagmire the Church would be  
If the strong winds of wrath Divine did not  
The turbid waters move.

*O.* Afflictions are  
The signs of God's true love, not of His wrath.

*J.* Of both : as the same wind, that plants the  
seeds

Of death in one whose constitution is  
Battered and broken down by appetites  
And rage, invigorates the man whose life  
Is pure and strong. Carthage has been the seat  
Of much that was abhorrent to the great  
And holy God, and so a breath Divine

Went forth to purge the air that the Church  
breathes.

*O.* She must have been inoculated with  
The dreadful pestilence ; for even now  
Base schisms are not healed. How can man rend  
Christ's Body thus apart ? As cruel such  
As those who nailed Him unknown to the Cross.

*J.* His burning, bleeding wounds were cooled  
and healed

By air of the damp, dismal sepulchre :  
So will the Church, pent up by tyrants' rage,  
Be healed of "wounds and putrefying sores"—  
The world shut out that Christ may enter in.

*O.* The Saviour's body bore the marks of nails  
When he returned to life and light and love ;  
And thus, I fear His spouse, the Church, will show,  
E'en in her resurrected purity  
The gaping rents schismatics there have made.  
And worse than schism is foul heresy ;  
'Twas typified by the cursed lance which pierced  
His heart upon the Cross. Ah ! His life-blood  
Was poured from that deep wound, water and  
blood ;

And as this showed He was a real Man,  
The Church's power to live after such wounds  
Proves she is half divine.



## DRAMA IX.

## JOHN THE ALMONER.

· 7TH CENTURY.

*Act I. : Scene I.*

*Jarvine.*—Some news of Man's world I should  
like to hear.

*Oleen.*—Strange that I was then pondering of  
John

Surnamed the Almoner, a Bishop of  
Rich Alexandria. Persia had laid  
Her treasures waste, and carried into base  
Captivity her sons ; then daily he  
Administered to the necessitous,  
By Persia scourged, who fled before despot's  
Rapacity e'en to Jerusalem.  
John sent relief, captives of war redeemed ;  
Wounded and sick placed in the hospitals  
And tended them himself.

*J.* Do heathens for  
Their destitute provide ?

*O.* Not oft. Christians,  
Or those who imitate their deeds to win  
Their name, have made a science of kind deeds,  
Made it a part of life. Some say John is  
Too generous, but such forget God's gifts  
To him. He said, "If the whole world should  
come

To Alexandria yet could it not  
Exhaust the treasures of my Lord." His faith

Was not the offspring of his lips, he showed  
He trusted in God's boundless largesses;  
For, seven thousand and five hundred poor  
He fed out of God's Hands, and never feared  
That they would eat his share. One had for all  
Enough. His ear was always ready for  
Complaints. He said, "That God His House will  
let

Us enter at all times; and if we wish  
To be heard speedily, how ought we to  
Conduct ourselves with brethren of our race?"  
There was one thing he could not tolerate;  
Slander was most abhorrent unto him;  
If any so offended him—offered  
Such insult to his charity, "he would  
Give the discourse a gentle turn;" but if  
The slanderer persisted, then he told  
His servant to let that man in no more.  
Backbiters were the only ones his house  
Was never opened to.

*J.* Why should it be  
Defiled? Thou knowest we would not admit  
Such men in our abodes.

*O.* Hither they would  
Not wish to come; pleased audience they like.  
Alas! There is a world where slanderers  
Are welcomed as fit guests; some men are like  
Tormented ones, and some are more like us.

## DRAMA X.

## "THE VENERABLE BEDE."

*Scene I.*

*(Bede sitting up in his bed writes :)*

OH, TO DIE,  
That I may live!  
Never more to sigh,  
Nor all night long to grieve!  
Oh, to be blest, be blest  
In an unbroken rest!

Oh, to die,  
That I may live!  
Never more to vie  
With demons, while they grin  
With great delight, delight,  
Thinking I'll share their night.

Oh, to die,  
That I may live  
With my Lord on high!  
Nor longer have to strive  
With great care, with great care,  
Daily to live my prayer!

*Scene II.—In Heaven.*

*Damah.*—There enters one who will enjoy the  
Christ.

*Quarlee.*—And who is he?

*D.* The "Venerable Bede,"  
Is name oft given him. I saw him die.

*Q.* Born into light and love thou mean'st!

*D.* Thou say'st,  
"Glory be to the Father, and the Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost; as it was in  
The beginning, is now, and ever shall  
Be so. Amen."—these his last words on earth.

*Q.* The fittest words for entrance-song to Heaven.  
Of such a man I should like to hear more.

*D.* I cannot tell thee much. Only a short  
While ere he slept to wake to bliss, Zaneen  
Called me to go and see how little men  
Feel pain when suffering for those they love.  
His love was Christ, and so the pains He sent  
Were welcome guests, albeit something rough  
In their kind haste to waft him home.

One day  
Bede said, "If so my Maker please, from my  
Flesh I will go to Him Who when I was  
Not, formed me out of naught. My soul desires  
To see in beauty Christ, my King." Again  
He said, "To see the Face of God would me  
Suffice; there shall be nothing more; nor is  
There call for more when he is seen—He who  
Is all above."

*J.* Bede is another link  
Of the great chain of saints within the Church;  
Although she totters she will never fall;  
For Christ is Truth—He is with her for aye.

*D.* Yet I have heard that what thou call'st the  
Church

Aspires too high, will fall by her own weight.

*Q.* But not until the chain of sainted souls  
Will be transferred to other base.

*D.* Meantime

We'll seek and find them in this gorgeous Fold.

---

DRAMA XI.

ALPHAGE,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A.D. 1013.

*Act I.*

*Karrelle.*—Lar, I should like to hear somewhat  
of new

And peaceful conquests made by Christian lives  
'Mid savage hordes.

*Lar.*—Nobly the English priests  
Have borne the Gospel seed to Denmark wild,  
Sweden and Norway, too. The Danes embraced  
Salvation with much zeal!

*K.* And yet how cold  
All seem to us who better understand  
What they escaped and what they have attained.  
Cry Heaven and Hell, and men will only stare;  
Cry loss and gain, they comprehend. Oh, "fools  
And blind."

*L.* The Swedes, most obstinate in their  
Idolatry, "murdered the good Eschelle  
While he was preaching Christ." But England  
dared

To persevere in efforts to reclaim

From Hell these northern lands, requiting good  
For ill. Much she had suffered from men of  
The North. Unconsciously, in doing good  
Without a selfish thought she reaped reward ;  
In course of time the savages became  
Christian and civilized and stayed at home  
To cultivate the arts of peace, and so  
Had England rest.

*K.* Much I should like to search  
For good Eschelle : wilt go ?

*L.* And as we fly  
I'll tell thee of another Saint who has  
Afforded me true joy—the brave Alphage,  
Archbishop of fair Canterbury once.  
Oft did the Danes invade poor England in  
Their restlessness. His city they besieged ;  
Kind friends entreated him to save his life.  
Then answered Alphage : “God forbid that I  
Should tarnish my fair character  
By deed inglorious, or fear to go  
To Heaven because a death from violence  
Across the passage lies. Some great men of  
The Danes I have converted to the faith,  
And if this be a fault happy am I  
In suffering for it. Captives have I  
Redeemed, supported some in bonds. If Danes  
Be angry that I have reproved their sins,  
I must remember Who has said, If thou  
Warn not the wicked then his blood will I  
Require at thine own hand. Hireling is he  
Who leaves the shorn sheep when the fierce wolf  
comes.

Therefore I'll stand the shock; submit to God."  
He did submit as loving child, and God  
Decreed the humble should exalted and  
Remembered be. Fair Canterbury will  
Preserve his name; she calls a church for him.  
The Danes great cruelties committed in  
Good Canterbury; Alphage rebuked those  
Who had the power to smite him low. He said,  
"To soldiers brave the cradle can't triumphs  
Afford. Better 'twould be vengeance to take  
On me, whose death celebrity may give."  
And more he said till the Danes seized and bound  
The old Archbishop fast, and kept him months  
A prisoner; then offered liberty  
For payment from King Ethelred and him.  
The sum was too large to be raised, he said;  
Firmly refused to drain the treasures of  
The Church to save his life. He thought it wrong  
To give to pagans what was gathered for  
God and the poor. So the Danes, merciless,  
Stoned him to death the while he prayed for them.

*K.* Him thou wouldst call a martyr, I suppose.

*L.* A real one, who much preferred to die  
To doing thing unjust.

*K.* First martyr he  
For honesty I've heard of on the earth.

*L.* The church, of which he the Archbishop was,  
Keeps fast of forty days in memory  
Of Jesus's Fast, and to prepare itself  
To celebrate Palm Sunday that will know  
No end, because the palms that the Redeemed  
Will cast at the God's Feet, will grow from hearts.

Of grateful memories. The first time that  
I Alphage saw I went with Rure, who was  
His Angel, and I saw him write a song  
That I laid by in my remembrance, as  
Oft pilgrims of the earth from Palestine  
Take shells called for St. James and lay them up  
In distant homes, reminders of a new  
Experience. My relic wouldst thou see?

*K.* Aye, verily.

*L.* This was the hymn he breathed,

IN LENT.\*

Why should I care for the festivals of earth?

A grand Paschal Feast is preparing for me.  
How hollow earth's revelry! Torpid its mirth,  
But at the great Feast true joy there will be.  
Women who prepare for holidays of sin

Have a weary time; their pleasure costs them  
dear.

So, if Lent seems too long I will patience  
win;

Happier I'll be when bright Easter is here.  
The Bridegroom of souls will pay a visit then;  
On my Paschal garment I should spend much  
time

For alas! it hath caught many stains from men,  
Though in Blood I washed it once free of earth's  
grime.

Lent is the time to rewash<sup>1</sup> it and prepare  
For angels whom at Easter I'll entertain.

---

\* I hope the good Saint won't be scandalized at a modern  
calling him a versifier and attributing such rhymes to him.



The Last Supper-time may come ere I'm aware ;  
I'll wash now and be cleansed from the year's  
stain.

*K.* Strange to my ears such songs. The sphere  
in which

I have been sentinel, differs from Earth.

*L.* Wouldst like to see another scallop-shell ?

*K.* Much it would please.

*L.* These verses too are his.\*

CONTENT.

Dim and disjointed though my life may be  
I know, O Father! that it leads to Thee.  
Though I have longed for all that earth can give,  
I've learned now simply in content to live.  
The treasures that I grasped at proved beyond  
My reach ; I fold my hands now in the bond  
Of cold necessity, nor care to weep  
For the dead past ; but calmly onward creep ;  
If also upward, that is quite enough.  
Nor do I care, although the way is rough.  
I know I'll surely find what I have lost,  
When earthly woof with heavenly warp is crossed.

*Act II.*

PAOLO OF VENICE.

*Adelle.*—Strange, as we talk of this, here cometh  
one

Who can add interest to our discourse.

Paolo,† wilt thou tell us of thy work

---

\* See note on preceding page.

† I don't know anything of the origin of the Mosaics of  
St. Mark's : Paolo is only a figment of my brain.

In the true Venus sprung from the sea-foam,  
Queen of the civic beauty of the earth?

*Paolo.*—Mine it cannot be called; to me God  
gave

But one great thought; other than mine the hands  
To which he gave the skill to execute.

*Verrar.*—As I know naught of thy design, nor of  
What Adelle speaks, enlighten me.

*P.* I was

A citizen of Venice, and in youth  
Was sent to fair Byzantium to learn  
How to make pictures of bright cubes of glass,  
Impervious to damp or time. This was  
In the eleventh century;\* before  
Men could have Bibles in their homes; but my  
Compatriots, noble, sea-faring men  
And merchants, who felt that they owed to God  
Their wealth, were anxious to make offering  
Of part of it to Him. I knew that they  
Would not grudge the expense. To me He gave  
Taste, industry, love of the beautiful  
And a desire to preach to men long as  
My native place was moored to Italy.  
I thought to put chief poems of God's Word  
In pictures that could never fade. A church  
Had been erected on the spot where once  
St. Mark had lain, before the edifice  
Had been consumed, and with it (as was well)  
The ashes of the good Evangelist,  
That men adored. Poor men, who are so prone

---

\* Kugler.

To worship living dust, or ashes dead !  
 But to my great dismay, I found I was  
 Slow scholar ; though my brain could dream, in-  
 vent,

My hands were stiff and awkward, and my work  
 Would not adhere. My master gave me up ;  
 But my Creator saw my tears—they came  
 Not from offended pride, but flowed because  
 I could not carry out my plans for Him—  
 At least, so I thought in my first despair.  
 For weeks I haunted St. Sophia and  
 The other buildings of Byzantium  
 Until my disappointment softened to  
 Sweet resignation to God's will. I went  
 To an old monastery, and I was  
 Allowed to read for months the manuscripts  
 God gave to man. To Venice I returned  
 And sketched designs,\* to cover new St. Marks  
 With revelations God had made to us.  
 In portico Creation's work, the Fall,  
 The Deluge, and some episodes in lives  
 Of Patriarchs and of the Jews I gave.  
 Having passed in the church, a solemn light  
 Softens the alabaster gold and gems ;  
 The windows in the nave—as they should be †—  
 Are in the roof, so as men look not on  
 The haunts of wealth, but at the floor of Heaven.

---

\* When I was in St. Mark's, I saw naught of this design ;  
 but reading Dr. Guthrie's Article on Venice, in *Sunday Magazine*, for December, 1870, it seemed to me absurd to  
 hold with Kugler that there was none.

† Only Gothic churches should have windows in walls.

Over the central door is Christ upon  
His Throne (not in a mortal's arms). He holds  
A book, on which one reads, "I am the Door ;  
By Me, if any enter in he shall  
Be saved." Lower the Virgin stands, and in  
The marble cornice is inscribed, "Who He  
Was, and from whence He came, and at what  
price  
He thee redeemed, and why He made thee, and  
To thee gave all, consider thou." Beyond,  
Beneath first cupola, the Holy Ghost  
Appears as He o'er Jordan hovered once:  
Around, the twelve Apostles to receive  
The typifying fire. Three angels bear  
On tablets the word "Holy," and a fourth  
Shows the word "Lord." This the commence-  
ment of  
The hymn ; around the border of the dome  
Is written fair, "Lord God of Sabaoth,  
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
Hosannah in the highest. Blessed He  
Who comes in the Name of the Lord." On both  
Sides acts of Virgin and Apostles and  
Christ on Mount Olivet, while under Him  
Is read, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand  
Ye gazing into Heaven ?" This question might  
Be well put to earth's many dreamers, who  
With folded hands do naught but gaze upon  
High mysteries. Let such here answer find:  
"This Christ, as He is taken from you, shall  
So come the Arbiter of Earth, trusted  
To do judgment and justice." So, forward !

Work, ye idle dreamers, lest He come  
And find but empty hands, wherein He should  
Have found flowers for His crown!

Two sermons I  
Have left for all the after-time: "Christ is risen;"  
And "Christ shall come."

*Q.* But will men heed thy words  
When they read those that their Redeemer spoke,  
And turn aside to sleep? However, we  
Shall hope they may. Proceed.

*P.* Not to detail  
Too much, I shall but say one may read here  
Most of the chief events in Jesu's Life,  
That consummated is by His Last Hours  
Upon the Cross, and ends with His Ascent  
To Heaven; the gates of Hades shattered at  
His feet; and in one pierced Hand Banner  
Of Victory; and He "the One in Whom  
We live"—draws after Him to Paradise  
The one in whom we died.

## DRAMA XII.

### THE TRUE CROSS.

A.D. 1187.

*In Hades.*

*Cania.*—I hither come to ask thee for the tale  
Which I have heard thou tell'st—how thou didst  
find  
The relic sad that men the True Cross call.

*Helena.*—Then float thee by my side while I  
relate

What some conceive the grand achievement of  
My life. I had thought of Christ's sacrifice,  
Until a mad desire to kneel down by  
His blessed Cross and print my lips upon  
The place to which His feet were nailed, urged me  
To journey into Palestine; perchance,  
E'en I might find the holy wood.

*C.* It does  
Not seem to me that I should so have longed  
For what, though blended with His Death, was yet  
No part of Him.

*H.* Heaven-born, thou canst not know  
What 'tis to live a life-long banishment  
From Him whom thou dost with thy eyes adore.  
Oh! if a child of earth thought that he might  
By watching all the night, behold ere morn  
Arose the faintest shadow of His feet,  
He ne'er would will to sleep. How canst thou  
know

What 'tis to pine like a parched flower in dry  
And sterile plain for but an echo of  
A far-off whispering of rain?

*C.* It must  
Be sad to live on earth. Unhappy men!  
Who have to dwell for many years where God  
They cannot see.

*H.* Unhappy? No: not while  
He seeth them and they can talk to Him.

*C.* Well, tell me, Pilgrim for a fancy sweet,  
How thou didst find the Cross!

H. I heard there was

Tradition old, that in neglected spot  
Near to Jerusalem it had been cast  
On night that our redemption was complete.  
From Bible-history I knew that where  
Mount Calvary crouched low 'neath curse there  
were

A garden and a sepulchre. That pit  
I caused to be examined, and within  
Three crosses lay; on one, inscription that  
Weak Pilate wrote. Two of the blessed nails  
I had wrought into iron crown unique  
For my son Constantine. "Rome's Royalty,  
By wearing crown made of the iron that  
All men believed to be the instrument"  
Of Jesu's agony, acknowledges  
Supremacy of Him whom Roman lord  
Had crucified, because He said that He  
Of Jews was King. Ah! very many men,  
Gazing on fragments of that wood, have lain  
Down to their rest as quietly and full  
Of faith as were the Jews of olden times  
Who gazed on brazen serpent in the wilds.  
Moreover, Pagans had defiled the spot;  
For Hadrian, boast of the Infidel  
Philosophers, his magnanimity  
Proclaimed by striving to efface from minds  
Of men the memory of Calvary;  
And where the Cross had been a monument  
To death—that there was vanquished by the Lord  
Of Life—did Hadrian erect fine fanes  
To Jupiter and Venus vile. At this

Time none of Jacob's seed permitted he  
In Elia Capitolina but  
To set a foot, and possibly men might  
Have then forgotten where Golgotha was.  
But when the pride of philosophic schools  
Returned to dust (sooner than toga that  
He wore) the Christian Jews went back, and knew  
The place that spite and hate had marked.

*C.* Perhaps,

'Twas well for them that rites profane repelled  
Their feet from spot idolatrously loved.

*H.* When my son Constantine was seated on  
The Roman throne he ordered to be razed  
Temple of Venus, and that the soil near  
To its foundation should be carried off.  
Then was the Holy Sepulchre revealed,  
And temple was replaced by church. "The nave  
Inlaid with precious marbles, and the roof  
O'erlaid with gold; the dome supported by  
Twelve pillars—one for each Apostle—with  
Vases of silver for bright capitals."\*  
Such was the church, unworthy of its name,  
Anastasis, but best that he could build.

*C.* There is one human feeling that I can  
Not comprehend—the way the senses cling  
To things inanimate.

*H.* Herein have we  
Advantage over spirits pure; ye can  
Not know how thrilled my heart to touch that  
Cross—  
He had hung thereupon—tortured for me.

---

\* The East.—*Spencer.*



*Darelle.*—Cania, I have just come from where  
they keep

Commemoration of their Saviour's Birth.

My ward since the last Christmas lost her love,

But felt she should not therefore slight the  
Christ;

And while she decorated her old home,

And tears fell on the evergreens, she sang :

MY BELOVED SEETH ME,  
And sweetly he smileth.  
Looking most tenderly,  
Fondly he beguileth  
My stagnant thoughts, that pine  
For his bright home afar,  
As my sore fingers twine  
The cedar cross and star.  
Thus he bids me adorn  
The tent that I dwell in,  
Though it may be forlorn,  
With meet types of my Home,  
To help to banish sin  
And lead my mind to roam,  
Culling immortal flowers  
Even in week-day hours.  
He tells me by the Cross,  
That minds me of my sin,  
Of sorrow and of loss.  
I must hang the green star  
Which pointeth to the Inn,  
That is not very far,  
The anteroom of God

Beneath the verdant sod.  
 Lighted by that star's ray  
 Over the desert-way,  
 I soon may lay me down  
 In shadow of Christ's Crown.

\* \* \* \* \*

I CANNOT SWEETER OFFERINGS BRING  
 Than Christmas songs the children sing,  
 When on the cedar-cross they gaze  
 And think of him who died to save  
 Their souls from an eternal grave;  
 No brighter offerings will blaze  
 Upon the altar of my love  
 Consecrate to one above—  
 Than grateful incense of their thoughts,  
 As the green star new life imparts  
 Swiftly to their young, grateful hearts,  
 To think of Jesus who was born  
 For them one bright Christmas morn.

*C.* Once I saw gentle girl with wooden cross  
 Worn underneath her robes, touching her heart.  
 I asked her angel-guardian if that  
 Was badge of superstition's foolish sin.  
 Larl smiled, and answered, No; I can't explain  
 The girlish feeling of that human breast;  
 But I can tell her tale. She lover had  
 Whose coming was like rising of the sun.  
 Her presence was to him as balmy cloud,  
 That chastened the effulgence of his love.  
 And yet they could not be made one, Larl said.  
 Why not? I asked. He answered, Both were poor.

The lover kissed her little hand, and thought,  
That must not work too hard for me or for  
The children God may send. Kind friends have  
made

Her lot an easy one ; I love too well  
To make her life a sacrifice to mine ;  
And so to sea he went, to gain the means  
For making her his wife. Ah ! he came back  
No more, but the kind winds blew to the shore  
The wreck of the death-consecrated ship.  
Her cross is made of piece of Alfred's berth ;  
She knew 'twas his, because her name was on  
The board. That small love-dedicated cross  
Once saved her from sale of herself to wealth.  
After four years had thrust lost happiness  
Before her weeping eyes, tired she became  
Of her dependence on an uncle proud.  
A wealthy suitor wished to take her for  
His bride, albeit her poor heart was cold ;  
She told him this, but promised to be his.  
He pressed her to his breast as though he had  
A right to guerdon won by only love :  
While thus he clasped, the wooden cross gave her  
A thrill of pain. She grew so pale and stiff  
He loosed his hold and asked the cause. She said,  
I saw *him* there ; he turned from me with scorn ;  
I have profaned the covenant of love ;  
But life-long widowhood shall expiate  
My crime.

*H.* Man, by gross senses led, may fall  
In sin ; for this God's compensation is,  
That senses purified and touched by love.

Whether it be or human or Divine,  
Are tendrils that his life puts forth to draw  
In spiritual nourishment from things  
Around.

Chosroes, the Impious, once bore  
The Cross away, but when Heraclius  
Had vanquished him he to Jerusalem  
Returned barefoot, in sackcloth, carrying  
The holy Rood. In Calendar is still  
The anniversary of this glad day,  
Memorial that kings the God-Man serve.  
Jerusalem's last monarch bore the Cross  
To Hattin's battle-field. Salah-e-deen  
Had sworn Jerusalem should fall. Then wore  
The crown "proud and weak Guy of Lusignan."  
I do not like to tell of the great fight  
Near Tabor; but De Maillé is a theme  
For worldly poet's verse. When nearly all  
His brave companions lay upon the field  
He rushed upon the foe, calling aloud,  
"That for the Cross! That for Jerusalem!  
And that for the dead lady of my love,  
For Marguerite!" I'll not tell of his death.  
Another battle followed soon. The Cross  
Was borne in thickest of the fight. 'Twas by  
A bishop of fair Ptolemais held  
On a slight eminence, "bravest of knights  
Around. Templars of great renown and bold  
Knights of St. John vied with each other in  
Great bravery." Like storm of hail came down  
The wingèd messengers of death, but still  
The bishop sang the De Profundis till

He fell. Another seized the Cross with his  
 Left arm and with prodigious strength he threw  
 Himself upon the foe. Then sought the eye  
 Of Salah-e-deen for the Cross, and he  
 Smiled bitterly; but Lydda's bishop, with  
 His left arm held the precious type of Sin  
 Forgiven quite close to his heart, and with  
 His right fought well; a great crime had he once  
 Been guilty of; his punishment had been  
 Long priestly years of solitude and grief.  
 Now murmured he *her* name, grasped closer still  
 The Cross, and clasped still nearer to his breast  
 A heavenly maid; and so he died. The Cross  
 Was lost on Hattin Hill, in Galilee.

C. Hast not heard of it since?

H. Salah-e-deen,  
 When truce was made by Richard, Lion of  
 Old England's throne, refused to yield it to  
 Those who would worship it: a follower  
 Of false Mahomet thus rebuked the Church.\*  
 In venerable city † where I first  
 Saw Paul, and heard his story of the Cross,  
 I afterwards Salah-e-deen observed.  
 The day before he left the earth (that he  
 Thought but a chess-board where the men were  
 pawns),  
 Through all the streets he caused his shroud to be  
 Borne by an emir, who proclaimed, "Behold  
 All Salah-e-deen, who is conqueror  
 Of Eastern lands, taketh away with him!"

---

\* Some historians say that the surrender of the Cross was  
 one of the terms at the Capitulation of Acre, A.D. 1191.

† Damascus.

*C.* Was not the rage of warrior and priest,  
Monarch and peasant for crusades, a thing  
Most wonderful? As if God had not been  
In Europe as in Asia! To suppose  
He would be pleased to have His earthly haunts  
Profaned by murder, superstition, hate!

*H.* Yet incidents touchingly beautiful  
Often occurred: poets expressed themselves  
In deeds; swords carved originals which men  
Of later days transcribe as poetry.

*C.* Give me some reminiscences of such.

*H.* At Antioch, defended by a host  
Of turbaned Infidels, great valor won  
Little success. Peter the Hermit ran  
Away quite secretly in great despair;  
But Tancred brought him back, lest his  
Defection would dishearten more the troops;  
Tancred's fine courage never quailed. Once, while  
A battle raged he made his squire vow that  
He never would reveal exploit of his;  
He wished to garner all his fame for Heaven.  
He, when Jerusalem was captured, tried  
Much to restrain the soldiers fierce and sent  
Mohammedans under his pennon to  
A mosque; some Christians murdered them and  
great  
Was Tancred's ire, his honor compromised.  
Godfrey de Bouillon also was a knight  
Whose fame is like pure flame in sooty smoke.  
When Holy City by unholy strife  
Was won, helmet and gauntlets laid aside,  
Feet bared, he went up Calvary. He wept

For joy, and knelt down where his Lord had lain.  
 Next day the English monarch's son  
 Was chosen king, but he declined the crown;  
 Then, quite unanimously Tancred was  
 Elected. He accepted office, but  
 He would not wear a golden crown where his  
 Redeemer wore one made of thorns; nor would  
 Be called King of Jerusalem where Christ  
 Was taunted with like name; his title was  
 The Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.  
 He reigned a year and kept a spotless fame;  
 Then hither came and cast all his renown  
 At feet of Him to Whom it doth belong.  
 Near where Christ slept two days, he sleeps; his  
     sword  
 Is there preserved,\* and was for a long time  
 Used to dub knights of Holy Sepulchre.†

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 DRAMA XIII.

## THE BRUCE.

*Act I.—In Hades.*

*Bruce.*—How strange a thing was I a few short  
     years  
 Ago! Can it be possible? Is that  
 My heart? Was that disgusting thing the well  
 From whence once flowed my life? Alas! I must

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 \* Miss Yonge.

 † Irenæus Prime, in his *Travels*, gave me most of these facts.

Have been an idiot, even in death  
Quite mad to touch the Holy Land, that I  
My heart might tomb where it had longest lived!  
Wallace, my noble friend, thou best-beloved  
On earth, dearer to me than angels of  
The skies! Ah, if thou couldst but hear me  
now!

Then I would bid thee—faithful one!—carry  
My heart back to the tenement that God  
Designed for it, and let it rest in peace  
Until the Resurrection-Morn.

*Calla.*—What is  
It that the man thou lookest at hath thrown  
Amid the Saracens, crying aloud—  
And yet I think in somewhat trembling tones—  
“Onward, as thou wast wont, thou fearless heart!”

*B.* My heart.

*C.* I’ve seen the springs of life that beat  
In infant’s breast when I have rested there;  
But that thing is—

*B.* My heart. Wilt hear  
My tale?

*C.* Most willingly. But dost thou like  
To think of foolish days that passed on earth?

*B.* I would not wipe away the much-prized  
Past;  
Deep in my memory are pictures grand  
Of tempests wild, when oft all hope had fled,  
And only fears, thinking that night had come,  
Flew moaning mockingly around the bark  
That scarcely served to save me from the waves.  
But suddenly the tempest grew quite bright



With the glad flash that said my God had come  
To guide my fragile skiff where He would have  
It moored. And that light in my memory  
Is quite as bright as are the halos that  
Now play around our brows. Who cometh here?

C. A spirit I know not. (*To stranger.*) Dear  
friend, a kiss,  
And after that thy name.

*Donald Gray.*—Two kisses give  
I thee; one in return for thine, and one  
To please myself. I am called Donald Gray.

B. That name doth sound familiar to my ear.

G. Aye, Sovereign King—

B. Silence! Oh, hush! Why wilt  
Thou mock me here? I am ashamed of what  
Once seemed regality. How couldst thou call  
Me king when thou hast seen the only King?

G. I shall not mock thee more. A while I did  
Forget that we are now like men who have  
Outgrown the children's make believe; but 'twas  
To talk with thee that I have sought thee now.

B. How willingly do I lend ear to hear  
Of aught that minds me of my still-loved home.

G. When I was but a child, my granddame  
told

Me many tales of thee, speaking of thee  
As Robert "the good king," and early I  
Was taught to bless thy name.

(*To Calla*) Now wherefore falls  
He on his face?

C. Speak reverently, friend.  
He now gives thanks to God that He by His

Good Spirit guided him, so as when he  
Has passed into Eternity his name  
Is blessed.

NOTE.—I certainly should not have written this if I had then known the particulars of Bruce's history.—'69.

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DRAMA XIV.

JOAN OF ARC.

A.D. 1431.

*Act I.: Scene I.—Rheims.*

*(Aidann and Zelreen flying by, see a crowd around a stake to which men are binding Joan.)*

*Zelreen.*—They will not let her die! Quickly,  
Aidann,

Tell me men are not fiends. The torches burn—  
Thinkest we've lost our way and are in Hell?

*Aidann.*—In Hell? A creature such as that in  
Hell?

I've seen this maid before, and heard her tale  
From angels who have watched her from her birth.  
I did not know she was to die to-day.

*Z.* I have not learned her story, only see  
A being beautiful, whose looks proclaim  
Her innocence and bravery of soul—  
Her eyes inspired by faith. Would she could wear  
That smile in Paradise. Must it lie in  
The dust ere made immortal, glorified?

*A.* Ah, cruel torturers! They bid her wait  
Until some great lord comes to see her burn.

*Z.* What an absurdity to us are the great lords,  
Who are not worthy of the name of men!

*A.* She turns aside to hide a coming fear;  
I'll not look at her now.

*Z.* Rest on this cloud  
And tell her history.

*A.* In Domremy  
A gentle shepherdess caressed white lambs  
And nourished sickly ones by day and night.  
She had no company but her sweet thoughts  
And rippling stream near where she kept her flock,  
Though guardian angels often talked to her  
Not in words audible to lamb or ewe,  
But to her heart. She never knew them face  
To face, but sometimes saw their shadows on  
The clouds as they ascended far above  
The trees, when they forgot her gaze in their  
Swift flight to heaven.

*Z.* How could they leave her side?

*A.* It is not long since thou hast been, and so  
Hast never stayed away great while from God.

*Z.* I thought we could not go away from Him.  
Do mortal maidens love as angels do?

*A.* In their capacity: first comes the bud,  
And afterwards bloom full and glorious.  
But Joan hath not loved a mortal man.

*Z.* Oh, I am thankful that God kept her for  
An angel's heart! I'll kiss away her breath.

*A.* Thou hast no right; God has not bidden  
thee;

By her both of her guardian angels are.

*Z.* Why hath she two?

A. Carola watches when  
Marruna goes away.

Z. Art sure that she  
Hath never loved?

A. In her calm, lonely woods  
Passion's hot breath could never heat her cheeks,  
Whose glow is too ethereal for love  
Such as man dotes upon. I'll go where I  
Can better see.

Z. I will not go. That stake!

A. Is naught to me; she doth not think of that,  
The sparkling dew on the rose-leaf comes in  
The dark, though visible at morn, and so  
Her tears are not for what we see, but what  
Has been. She thinks of her old home and  
friends  
Of youth.

Z. Oh, tell me more of them! of her!

A. No; not of them. She knew no selfishness,  
And therefore was prepared for sacrifice:  
She heard a grievous tale, and pity robed  
Her for her fate, for martyrdom. The king  
To her is God's vicegerent on the earth,  
And those who injure him the enemies  
Of God. His crown at England's feet, his robe  
Of royal purple trailing in the dust,  
Always insidious foes about his path,  
Moved her to tears and prayers, and these brought  
dreams

In which she thought that God appointed her  
To go forth in his name, armed champion  
Of loyalty. She was like child who heeds

What she thinks father's will, without a word  
Of questioning. She bathed in tears her crook  
And laid it on the grave of her pet lamb,  
Hung her straw hat upon her tree beloved,  
Kissed all the little lambs, petted the sheep,  
Donned armor of a man, and went forth GRAND.

Z. And God—was He well pleased?

A. That I know not.

Z. Perhaps a demon tempted her in dreams.  
But had she had no warning?

A. None, and God

Doth not judge one by others' conscience, friend.  
Her parents and her priest may have to stand  
Before God's bar and answer make for her—  
I say may; there are none I dare condemn.

Z. I'll try to catch some words from her firm  
lips.

Oh! I know God is pleased with her; she dies  
For what she thinks His will; to live now would  
To her seem treason unto Him; nor hath  
She wilfully her conscience shut in from  
The light of offered truth. Her enemies  
Did well to build the funeral pyre so high—  
Grand queens should have quite elevated thrones.

A. Enthroned above the heads and hearts of  
men

Who dare to look upon her death.

Z. But who

Is he who kneels beside her now?

A. A priest

Of her own faith. And now they light the wood.

Z. She's glorious. She does not tremble yet—

But warns her friend to haste from the swift flames,

Even in death trampling on thoughts of self.  
Firmly she closes those grand eyes ; her hands  
Upon her burning breast are crossed in peace ;  
Renunciation was the doctrine of  
Her life, and her last whisper is, " God's will  
Be done."

A. Even in death a blessing ! See  
Those men, who scarce have wept since they were  
grown,

Imagined that they were half brutes, now weep.  
Many in death will thank God for to-day  
That dawned on fiendish hearts, to set on eyes  
Grown dim with weeping, voices hoarse with prayer.

A. Behold ! There is her dove, her carrier-  
dove ;

It came too late to rest upon her breast.

Z. It follows her winged soul : now it is lost  
In murky clouds.

A. An eagle pounces on  
Its prey—poor dove ! In life and death like her.

Z. By whom was she condemned ? By English  
lords ?

A. Aye ; but Burgundians first gave her up ;  
French king no effort to release her made ;  
And the Parisian University  
Demanded that as sorceress she should  
Be tried, and asked for letters patent from  
The king of England, which " reluctantly"  
He granted it. Many of English in  
Authority unwilling were to see

Her die: at last, the University  
Prevailed—it was unanimous—by priests  
And bishops ruled—that all her acts begot  
By diabolic inspiration were:  
She must be burned. The Bishop of Beauvais  
On scaffold read the sentence to this girl  
Of twenty years; bade her submit unto  
The church or burn. She, greatly terrified,  
A recantation signed.

*Z.* Recanted what?

*A.* Her dreams. She was to prison sent; she  
found

A suit of man's apparel there, tried to  
Escape. The Bishop of Beauvais thought that  
More reason she should be condemned, made haste  
That the first sentence should be carried out.\*  
By soldiers, priests and monks surrounded, she  
Was to the market-place of Rouen led.  
The rest thou sawest, friend.

*Z.* And so it is

The Church of France that has condemned her as  
A sorceress, Envy the advocate.

*A.* She died not by the sword, traitor to king  
To whom she no allegiance owned; but as  
A witch, by sentence of the church that calls  
Itself infallible. Yet not the less  
There will be stain on English fame whene'er  
Joan of Arc is named. Slaves to a vile,  
Abhorrent superstition, they are now  
Unworthy of the swords they wear, and e'en  
In death has the maid proved that she above

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\* New American Cyclopædia.

French treachery and English fear, false friends,  
And superstition, soared afar. If she  
Misunderstood her dreams, the church has now  
Her error well confirmed.

*Act II.*

RAPHAEL.—A.D. 1483.

*Scene I.*

*Adalla.*—O God! I see the star of Italy  
Hath almost sunk 'neath Time's horizon; yet  
Before it is quite down, let us shed on  
The brains and hearts and hands of men some  
    rays  
(Reflected from a distance that is well  
Nigh infinite) of beauty and of high  
Sublimity, that Thou hast lavished on  
Our blessed forms; but even such can cheer  
Men in their weary banishment from us.  
Often in sympathy quite pitiful  
Have I watched while they tried to lay small cubes  
Of colors to fill up crude outlines that  
They angels call. How mortals pant for us!  
And one of them, who is called by our name,\*  
Oft had a glimpse of us, but through such fogs  
Of earthiness, he could not well discern  
Our gleeful grace and ever-active love;  
Only our purity and peacefulness.  
Now, great God! let us go to Italy  
And visit Raphael in his sleep,\* and let  
Him read—of course, at a great distance, Lord—  
Some of the poetry of Heaven, and some

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\* Fra Angelico.



Few scenes that were upon our minds impressed  
 In Palestine. Of all the pictures that  
 I have received the holiest and by  
 Far the most wonderful is of Thyself  
 When Thou becamest Babe and on the breast  
 Of mortal Virgin lay. Let me one night  
 But touch his eyes in sleep, and stand before  
 Him while He gazes on this picture stamped  
 Upon my heart. It is so beautiful.

*Scene II.*

*Verrar.*—Why Italy didst thou select  
 To be the birthplace of a genius rare?  
 Of all earth's governments Rome vilest \* is;  
 Pollution in God's Sanctuary sits  
 And blood cries from beneath the altars, "Where  
 Hath Justice hid?" The people, ignorant—

*Adalla.*—But not by their free will; they are  
 the slaves

Of brutal power and superstition's might;  
 Still they have hearts like children's, full of life  
 And merriment; and since the martyrs have  
 Been taken, they are left to lose their way  
 To Heaven, while they strive their entrance there  
 To purchase. Though God hides His Face in wrath,

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\* If any one doubts this let him read only the Roman Catholic writers of the 15th and 16th centuries. For instance, "Cellini's Autobiography" for hints about the characters of Pius III. and Clement VII., whom Romans called the Devil. Machiavelli says, The apostles if they returned to earth would suffer martyrdom under the vicars of Christ, who have destroyed all the morality left by the heathen. Letter to Buondelmontius. See Guiccardini.

Let them some reminiscences of us  
Still have. Though they are not allowed to read  
The books writ by their countrymen, and may  
Not have much profit by the telescope  
Or press, their rulers will be glad to let  
Them have grand pictures, as in the cold North  
A mother hangs on walls of nursery  
Rough, simple prints to cultivate the hearts  
Of children small.

*Scene III.*

A.D. 1520.

*Verrar.*—I have been told Raphael, thy boasted  
charge,

After short life has gone back to his God.  
What sort of man was he? What work did he?

*Adalla.*—His mission was to show what woman is.  
If he can elevate the mothers he  
Will elevate the race: man is what she  
Who bore him and who weds him are. Not Jove,  
But Aphrodite, typifies the soft  
And pleasure-loving tribes of Greece, and in,  
Minerva are the wise men symbolized.

V. Woman to ancient art was not revealed:  
Venus is silly, fit for but boys' love;  
Diana and Minerva without heart:  
Trite must have been the minds that such adored.  
The sculptured gods were not superior  
In love and intellect; the bodies were  
Quite perfect; but if there was mind there was  
Small sensibility; if feeling, small  
Was the intelligence portrayed: and was

This strange when cunning was of Deity  
Oft a chief attribute, and filthy lust  
Was on Olympus throned? Quite easy is  
It to account for this. The sculptors do  
Not oft originate: what poets sing  
That they define in stone. Scopas\* but shows  
The terror Homer drew; Praxiteles  
And Phidias what he revealed, or what  
He handed down from common talk, transformed  
By his rich fancy and his eloquence  
To poetry. But Raphael is our theme.  
He paints not a false deity with fair  
And swelling breasts and supple, fragile limbs,  
With eyes and lips that have no language but  
Of flattery and soft frivolity.  
No! Raphael's Mary is not wife to yield  
Her conscience to another's keeping that  
She may luxuriously languish; nor  
Is she a mother who cannot say no  
To crying pet; she is not one to lead  
Her child to Hell because the path to Heaven  
Is steep and troublesome. Wondrously fair  
Is she, because she's pure and true and wise.  
Men linger lovingly before her; for  
Their own ideal of what they desire  
In wife and daughter is made visible  
By Raphael's glowing brush. He painted not  
Cook, sempstress,† tiller of the ground, still less

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\* The sculptor of the Niobe group.

† I do not refer to women who earn their bread and with it my respect; but to fine ladies, whose days are spent in making finery and cooking big dinners.

A votary of foolish fashion, or  
One who could flaunt her charms of body or  
Of mind to win the superficial praise  
Of brainless men ; her childlike grace  
Is based on her unconsciousness of power ;  
For modesty is crown of womanhood.  
Her purity, her love all conquering,  
Her steadfast will that even vision of  
The Cross can't shake, her intellect, that grasps  
The problem of the ages but to bear  
The overwhelming thought to foot of God,  
Are what he has portrayed and men adore.

V. But that is foul idolatry.

A. Alas!

There are men who will worship anything  
But God ; better for such to bow before  
Pure Mary, who holds in her arms the Christ,  
Than to a Venus or a mistress vile.  
Before my ward was born men worshipped her,  
And the Franciscans teach she is divine ;  
They say that she was not conceived in sin.  
If not, one parent must have been a God,  
For all of Adam's race are born in sin,  
Except the ONE Who was begotten by  
The Shadow of the Holy Ghost.\*  
Do not they pray to her in all lands now ?  
If she hears all she Omnipresence has ;  
If she can grant petitions then she must  
Possess Omnipotence, and all of this  
My charge was taught ; but he has given her  
No attribute not warranted by Word

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\* Luke i. 35.

Of God.\* If she can tread the air, it is  
No more than angels do. If she is full  
Of pity and would fain help man, why, so  
Are we; and she who bore the Saviour is  
Above us all who would not dare embrace  
The Deity. But she sits at Christ's feet  
And dares to touch His hands: so do not we.  
He never wore our angelhood; but He  
Vouchsafed to dwell in woman's womb, and lie  
Upon her breast and to draw thence the life  
That He bestowed. He did not choose a man  
To cradle Him: Virgin, not sage, His choice.  
Raphael taught other lesson by his brush:  
Perhaps the most incurable of Earth's  
Many-hued forms of selfishness is that  
Of mother for her child. What matter if  
Another one be wronged, if it is hers  
Who profits by the base deception or  
The covert injury? She won't confess  
This to be selfishness. Not for herself,  
But for her offspring dear, she willing is  
To scheme and sycophantly flatter if  
Its happiness or wealth is thus increased.  
Observe, in Raphael's Holy Families  
The Virgin generally pays as much  
Or more attention to St. John than to  
Her Boy: if but one is caressed 'tis he.  
Although the Babe Divine sits on her lap  
The eye and outstretched hand are for the  
sweet

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\* Perhaps this assertion is too bold.

And modest child, who while he waits to play  
Adores.\* Another lesson, too, I find  
Is taught most charmingly by Sanzio—  
Love for the beautiful about the paths  
Of work-day life; the common shrubs and flowers  
Are pictured with caressing touch, and with  
A fondling care are finished, for he thought  
That what God found worthy of His Great Hand,  
Is not too mean or trite for man's.

V. Why hath  
God brought him home so young?

A. Thou hast discerned  
The passion of some minds for what is old.  
In Rome are buried grandest monuments  
Of ages that have passed like meteors  
And of their glory left no vestiges  
But stones deep in the soil. When men find these  
Imagination is exalted—for  
They know but little of what has been done  
Upon their tiny globe. Although defaced  
By age or conqueror, who had no time  
Them to admire, these scattered marbles are  
The letters out of which they will invent  
A history or tale. But luxury  
Of Papal Court, and of few nobles is  
More prized than trade and business; so the land  
Around the city, once so populous  
In men, fertile in fields, is now a waste  
Where Retribution sits upon the throne  
Of Idleness, that celibacy breeds,

---

\* In my photographs of Raphael's Holy Families I find this true in two-thirds of them.

Breathing malaria o'er Papal realm.  
 Raphael's imaginative mind was so  
 Aroused by relics of the Golden Age  
 Of Art that he his strength outworked, and thus  
 Was easy victim to the poisoned air.

V. I fancy that cause of his leaving Earth  
 Is quite suggestive to poetic mind.  
 Canst tell me anything of him as man?

A. His whole life was a strain of harmony.  
 The artists, else like instruments that are  
 Too easily unstrung, when they lived with  
 My ward, subdued their jealousy and kept  
 Base passions down,\* as at a concert men  
 Unconsciously agree that they will merge  
 All the peculiarities that give  
 Offence in silent sympathy. Knowest  
 Why Mother Mary in his pictures looks  
 So full of tenderness and willing help? †  
 It is because dear Raphael's soul was full  
 Of kindness: oft he left a picture that  
 Will last for aye to help a friend draw some  
 Poor thing—no picture but for his free aid.  
 And when he went to Papal Court he was  
 Accompanied by fifty men, perhaps:  
 His friends took a delight in honoring  
 Who honored all of them.

V. Pictures of his  
 Thon saidst would ever last: how can that be?

\* Vasari.

† I gave here only my own impressions; since writing  
 it my reading has almost convinced me he owed more to  
 Perugino and Da Vinci than I had perceived.

A. They are impressed upon immortal minds.  
 In camera obscura men can keep  
 An image that hath passed ; so after Earth  
 And all the perishable it contains  
 Have turned to naught, on some minds thou wilt  
     find  
 His pictures are preserved ; thus mothers keep  
 Portraits of babies that grandchildren may  
 See the first buds that have produced such  
     fruits.

V. Will scholars left behind now carry to  
 Perfection principles he taught ?

A. Ah no !

Not one is lovely as was he .

*Act III. : Scene I.—Isle of Ischia.*

MICHAEL ANGELO AND VITTORIA COLONNA.

*Zamar.*—Hath God made scenes like this to  
     reconcile

Man to his banishment ? Or doth he give  
 Slices of Paradise to Adam's sons  
 To stimulate imaginations that  
 They may oft strive to crawl up to our height,  
 As boys will scramble up high cliffs to see  
 An eagle's nest when she a feather has  
 Let fall down at their feet ?

*Mazza.*—As boys may find  
 Instead of life and strength a wounded bird  
 Beside her dead, so will you in this Isle.  
 A widow mourns for a slain husband here.  
 Wilt hear some of her cries of agony ?  
 If so, we'll fly into her room and read.



*Scene II.—Room of the Marchesa of Peschiera.*

HIS HOME THAT ONCE MY HOME HAD BEEN  
When his bright spirit dwelt within,  
Has now become a grave to me:  
As dead as he I seem to be.  
While loud shrieks through the whole house rang  
I was not conscious of a pang.  
Why I was calm I do not know:  
It was a mystery of woe  
That I, who felt the need of crutch,  
Should madly at his coffin clutch.  
They looked, and "Natural," they said  
He was to them; but to me—dead.  
I saw no love in his closed eye;  
He gave no sign that I was by;  
And yet I held on to the form  
When last seen with a fond heart warm.  
But I don't think I realized  
The truth; I was too agonized  
Because I knew that he must go  
So soon and leave me in my woe.  
On his dumb form I lavished love,  
Nor had much time to look above.  
I only thought to honor him,  
Cared not much then that life was dim  
As death, and cold as churchyard-clay.  
I put the flowers upon his breast;  
For a few hours I watched his rest,  
And thought—he sleepeth sweetly—ah!  
If my bed-time was not so far

Off, over dreary wastes of life,  
Whose Marah-waters flow through strife!  
Little I cared what should befall  
The future, since I had lost all.  
Oh, if I could but feel to-night  
His presence make my dark room bright!  
But God won't let him come to me,  
Because I yield to agony.

(*Mazza.*—Wilt read another groan prolonged in  
rhyme?)

I WANT THEE, OH MY DARLING! WANT THEE  
NOW,

I long to lay my hand upon thy brow,  
And feel thy touch with life my heart endow,

For it seems dead within me; it is cold.  
No wonder, for a corpse it doth enfold;  
I smile, and friends think I have been consoled.

Consoled? O mockery of blessed word!  
No greater mockery hath my ear heard.  
The one who could console me is interred

Beneath the sod on which I kisses press,  
And smooth with hands that once he did caress:  
Having known love like his I can't take less.

Tears tremble 'neath the lids that keep them back;  
And nearly all the time my brain's on rack  
Of faithful memory, throbbing for lack

Of tenderness that once was ever mine.  
It cannot be replaced; not Love Divine  
Is like it, for all human, dear, was thine.

Thou lovedst with an upward glance, like child,  
As though to thee I were quite undefiled;  
And God looks down and sees my heart is wild:

A cruel doubt doth gnaw my spirit through—  
Is he with thee, O God? If I but *knew*  
He is, I'd smile at all that fate can do.

I had a mother once; to 'Thee she went;  
Sweet certainty, with resignation blent.  
But now a Cross without Crown Thou hast sent.

The Crown may be here, but I cannot see;  
And only certainty can rescue me  
From my blind grief. Say, God, is he with Thee?

If not, he is alone; for never he  
Had with the wicked any sympathy.  
O God, if Thou wouldst let him come to me

In dreaming vision of a wakeful night,  
With open wings\* and eyes like angels bright,  
But smiling on me with their old love-light!

Then I could bear to be unloved, and worse,  
Could bear to feel within my heart the curse  
Of loveless quiet, as though it were hearse

---

\* See note B.

To carry each hour as it comes to me  
To keep the dead Past silent company.

*Zamar.*—Read me some more; for human life  
to me  
Is what Renaissance is to ancient art.

*Mazza (reads:)*—I SIT ALONE IN MY CEDAR-  
BOWER,  
And this the blessing that I crave :  
I wish the graveyard flower  
That gives a bud to lie on my Love's grave  
Soon to lay one on mine.  
In rosy morn when the glad sun doth shine,  
I wish the emeralds upon his tomb  
To smile on rubies glistening on mine.  
And when the black clouds lower o'er his dear  
grave  
I wish mine wrapped in gloom.  
There was no human power could save  
His beauty from an early grave ;  
Then why may I not die, with him to be ?  
So heavily the long days pass,  
So gloomily !  
I often look upon my glass  
To see if I'm not growing old.  
My youth and bloom have passed away ;  
I feel my heart has grown as cold  
As though my hair was gray ;  
My eyes have shed as many tears  
As those that sink deep in the head  
Of feeble age :

The dragging hours are endless years.  
I oft turn to the page  
That we together read  
In life's bright May.  
The letters dazzle me ;  
I cannot see,  
But turn my eyes away  
And hear his voice  
Reading the book that aye was our first choice—  
That once I smiled to hear ;  
But now my lips are pressed where his head lay.  
(Francesco dear,  
Surely love can't decay !  
Wilt thou not come for me soon, very soon,  
To bear me to the Land of Day ?)  
I take up the guitar he kept in tune ;  
But since his hand grew stiff alway  
There is discordant note  
That cannot be attuned to harmony—  
In hours gone by it was the first in glee.  
I often look at the bright star he wrote  
About in poetry ;  
He bade me know whene'er I sought its light  
It was because he thought of me.  
Among the stars it seems to float  
With memories laden, a golden boat,  
It only bright,  
Illuminated with his name :  
And as through clouds appears the prow,  
I wonder if the one whom he loves now  
Can be the same  
As she with whom he walked in earthly bowers.

I weep because I may not surely know—  
This agony of doubt the greatest woe!  
The dried-up flowers  
That I have kept for years,  
Which always lie upon my breast,  
Oft need the watering of tears;  
And so I bathe them late at night  
And when the early morning-light  
Disturbs my broken rest:  
They were the last he culled.  
Last night I had sweet dreams; my griefs were  
lulled  
By angel-harmonies to sleep.  
His voice I could not hear; I turned away to  
weep:  
I would not list to angels' serenade  
If his sweet tones no music made.  
Then felt I on my brow his kiss,  
He gently chided my false fears;  
He stood by me in cloud-like robes arrayed,  
Within his eyes supernal bliss  
That dried up all my tears.  
My trembling steps he led with tender care  
To his bright home, where all is fair.  
Then he left me alone;  
I woke up with a moan—  
'Twas week-day morn,  
Francesco gone!

*Scene II.*

*(Vittoria alone ; she takes up her guitar.)*

THERE'S NO HOME LIKE EDEN, THE LAND OF DELIGHT!

There's no home like Edén, where faith's changed to sight!

Where severed hearts union gain,

Forgotten earth's sad pain

And the flowers there bound round the brow of the bride

Were nurtured and cherished by Love Crucified.

Or sleeping or waking, where'er I may be

My thoughts aye are turning, sweet Eden, to thee!

Where bitter tears all are dried

At the loved one's dear side;

Where the one whom I love will claim me as bride

While we kneel to be blessed by Love Crucified.

*(Throws down the guitar.)*

V. It is in vain. I cannot sing off grief.

*(After walking about, takes up her pen.)*

GONE! GONE! AND I SHALL NEVER SEE THEE  
MORE

On this earth, once so beautiful to us.

Yet it does seem even the dead might hear

The startling groan that often doth escape

From my fast-breaking heart; even the dead

Might feel the crushing pain that will wear out

My storm-tossed life. Oh, would that it were done!

The earth is drear, for in the grave thou art;

In horrid grief, love and despair beneath  
Their feet have trampled happy hours, fright'ning  
The dreams I prized the most to calmer home:  
And yet each day doth bring its thought of thee.  
I see thee standing on the ship that bore  
Thee from my sight. Darted thy loving smile  
Its rays of light about my less'ning form,  
As thine eyes fixed on me and mine on thee,  
The sighing waters dashed loud waves between  
Our aching hearts, chanting their farewell hymn  
To setting sun, and trembling in alarm  
At coming night. Like the prophetic sun  
Our hopes were sinking in their graves, and death's  
"Night-thoughts" were slowly rising from black  
depths

And shadowy; like veils of cloistered nuns  
Were shutting out youth's beauty from our sight.  
The twilight lasted long; thy manhood strong  
It did not terrify, and little thought  
I of the coming night of grief and death;  
My life had been too bright for me to fear  
It could be aught but beautiful and fair.  
Ah! while earth's twilight shadows closed around  
My careless heart an angel came for thee,  
And thy grand form was laid in the cold ground  
When I had pressed a farewell kiss on lips  
That ever smiled on me. Thy dying look  
Was full of brightness of foretasted bliss;  
The trusting smile that said, God is my friend,  
Taught us that Eden's life began ere thou  
Wert numbered with the dead. Thou numbered  
with



The dead, and she who loves thee numbered with  
 The living! My every earthly joy  
 Hath fled, and memory doth naught but sing  
 The cherished happiness of vanished years.  
 But, looking up, I see waving above  
 My brow wreaths of celestial flowers, and in  
 The lingering of thy fond smile they glow  
 With radiance that is not of this sphere;  
 And on the night-air flow sweet voices of  
 Angelic mirth: this is the chant I hear:  
 Lo! thy bridegroom doth come to woo thee home;  
 And flowers we bear to his longed-for bride  
 Were culled from earth's woes by a Father's Hand.

*Scene III.—Rome.*

A.D. 1536.

*Aidee.*—Come. I shall show thee sight magni-  
 cent.

There is no statue of the palmy days  
 Of Greece that will in future ages make  
 Impression more sublime than will the man  
 Whom now we fly to see.

*Farrelle.*—We are in Rome.

*A.* In artist's studio. Does not he look  
 Like rough gnarled oak that has fought with the  
 storms

Of years and conquered—not their might, but self.

*Michael Angelo (soliloquizing)* — “I have no  
 friends, need none, and wish for none.”

In my whole life I have not had one day  
 Of perfect joy.\*

---

\* I have somewhere read of his saying this.

*A.* How little does he know  
Himself! I ne'er saw youth who struggled more  
For love and sympathy; the contest was  
Shut close within his breast, and so he was  
Defeated by himself. Sixty is he,  
And now he has made up his mind to win no love.  
Mount Blanc ought not to blame the little men  
Who live about his feet because they do  
Not strive to penetrate the chilling fog  
That separates him from the world. Those who  
Are eminent in mind and character  
Must reconcile themselves to solitude  
Of mountain-peaks.

*F.* Alas, that even they  
Are separated by chasms of thought!  
Those who are nearer God, and whom we oft  
May visit, should be satisfied.

*A.* A joy  
Surpassing that of our invisible  
And silent love awaits my Michael now.  
*F.* Michael his name?

*A.* After Commander of  
Our hosts: the Church of Rome hath pretty  
whims  
About her patron saints. The doctrine is  
Rooted in truth: but on its later boughs  
They tie dead, artificial flowers.

*F.* He goes forth; shall we go?

*A.* Aye; for it was  
To see his parched-up soul refreshed that we  
Have hither come: his thirst not less because  
He long has ceased to search for springs of love

To cool the working fever of his brain.  
Now in Vittoria he soon will find  
A never-failing fount of intellect  
And sympathy.

*F.* And love ?

*A.* That I know not ;  
But do not think he will ; she has loved once.  
Her husband rests on Hades' shore of peace ;  
Never a spirit there has filled her place.  
When he was killed she went to Rome to take  
The veil, but Clement wise forbade the nuns  
To dress her for the rite. Her angel will  
Recite to thee some poetry she wrote  
To ease her agony. Her family  
Had injured Roman property, and all  
Of hers she offered to repair the ill  
That they had done. A crown was proffered once  
To her brave husband, but Vittoria  
Counsell'd against acceptance ; for he had  
Need of no diadem to be the king  
Of her free soul in chosen vassalage.  
She argued thus : " Virtue may raise you high  
Above kings' glory. Honor that goes down  
To children is derived from qualities  
And deeds. I would be wife to general,  
Who is by duty done higher than king."\*

---

\* Woman's Record.

*Scene IV.**Michael Angelo, alone :*

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT .

Fell a string upon my heart,  
From a shattered harp it fell;  
But the broken chord was bright  
And it fell with magic art,  
Sounding mystery's sweet spell.

Swiftly darkness fled away,  
For the string was twined of light  
That from cherub's wing was shed;  
And I knew the mystic ray,  
That in darkest hour of night  
Glorified the cross-crowned head.

When my life wore flowers of May,  
Carelessly I swept the strings  
Of the harp I treasured not;  
Soon the master-chord gave way:  
But its echo ever rings  
Round about my lonely lot.

When thy broken harp-string fell,  
Angel-led, it touched that chord,  
And brought forth a melody  
That in my stilled heart doth dwell,  
Keeping ever watch and ward  
O'er a blessed memory.

*(Throws down his pen.)*

What an old fool I am ?

(*Picks up his pen, and smiling at his own weakness, writes :*)

IN MY SLEEP I SAW A VISION—

One I did not dare to grasp :  
But I hovered on Love's pinion  
O'er the form I would not clasp.

When a boy I played with bubbles,  
Found their beauty was but air ;  
Now a man, weighed down by troubles,  
I'm afraid of what seems fair.

I desire to dream forever  
That an angel waiteth near ;  
Did I grasp her I might sever  
Into truths the vision dear.

I shall go back to work. A gnarled oak's not  
The stuff to whittle Cupids out of. Bah !

*Scene V. \**

*Domenico and Vittoria Colonna.*

*Domenico.*—Pray, who is thy new friend, this  
Angelo ?

*Vittoria.* A man.

*D.* That does not tell me much.

*V.* But more

Than I can say of many in this Rome.

*D.* Presumes he to aspire to hand of one  
Who is Colonna's daughter ?

*V.* No. That man

---

\* Altogether imaginary.

Would not presume did he sue for a hand  
That sceptre sways. Ye, Roman nobles, boast  
Of pride of birth : most of your houses are,  
As the world knows, founded by those on whom  
Rests stain of illegitimacy. Bah !

He might be rich if he desired, and found  
A house ; for all nobility is based  
On wealth ; all our progenitors were first  
Rich parvenues, whether they gained their gold  
By heritage, or kingly gift, or war,  
Or trade : whate'er the honors they obtained  
By war or statesmen's craft, or guile, or love,  
They were but parvenues until on wealth  
They laid foundation for a family.

"Founded a family !" But, pray, who was  
The father of the founder ? No one knows.

*D.* This is true of all lands alike. I wish  
Not such a hot defense of Angelo.

*V.* Dost not ? What prizest thou most in the  
world ?

*D.* Dear Liberty ; and to see my Rome free  
From Papal yoke how gladly would I die !

*V.* And canst not recognize a kindred soul ?

*D.* I do in thee and honor thee e'en as—

*V.* Thou shouldst Buonarotti have. Surely  
Thou knowest of the help he Florence gave  
When she strove to cast off the Medici.

*D.* Is he the Florentine who fortified  
The city, and whose talents were to her  
More than a regiment ? The same who scorned  
To purchase Alessandro's favor by  
The plan of citadel for tyrants' lair ?

V. Yea. Is not he a man ?

D. And worthy to

Wed a Marchesa if she be not called  
Vittoria.

V. My sacred widowhood  
Should save me from impertinence. Farewell.

(*Alone.*)

STILL HEAVIER GROWS EARTH'S AIR,  
And flowers seem less fair  
When eyes with tears are brimming  
Every glory dimming.  
Father, must I longer roam,  
Straying farther still from Home?

He I seek long hid with Thee,  
I with death and misery!  
Earth it is not hard to leave;  
Harder far it is to breathe,  
When disease and languor make  
All my nerves with sore pain quake.

Father! Father, let me soar  
Where weak men can't tease me more!  
Send Thy angels after me;  
Then will all life-shadows flee,  
Swept afar by rainbow-wings,  
Vibrating to song one sings:—

“Long-expected Wife of earth,  
Come and share celestial mirth!  
Wipe the sweat from clammy brow;  
Friends, kiss; quick! I must kiss now.  
When my lips her lips have prest  
She will have eternal rest.”

*After long weeping Vittoria writes :*

MY GOD, WHY WILT THOU NOT WITHDRAW  
 The iron bands of earthliness ?  
 My heart to agony they press.  
     With feelings near allied to awe  
     I go amid the gay and young,  
 Fearing that heavy step like mine  
 Is discord where love-songs are sung—  
     Grim Fate beside “the tuneful Nine.”

    The young girls’ mirth the hours recall—  
 Forgetfulness Time hath not taught—  
 When my life too with bliss was fraught,  
     And earth to me was brightness all.  
 Such splendor I no more can see  
 Since husband dear hath gone from me,  
     Now always pineth my sad heart  
     For joys divine where, God, Thou art.  
 They cannot die like those of earth ;  
     The sweetness of life’s daily flowers  
 Sickens with threat of coming dearth ;  
     It minds me of the happy hours—  
 As musical as song-birds’ breath—  
 Ere I knew Grief and sterner Death.  
     Then, God, withdraw life’s iron bands  
     That I may rise to fairer lands !

\* \* \* \* \*

OH GOD, MY WEARY WORK IS DONE !  
     I feel that it is nearly o’er,  
 And that another Summer’s sun  
     May shine upon my quiet grave,  
 And the next Winter’s rains may pour



Down on my calm, unbroken rest—

The sleep my wearied spirits crave.

I seem to see a presence blest ;

And opened wings low hover now

Most watchfully, though silently

About the room and over me.

I feel their presence on my brow

As it grows cool and free of pain ;

Not so great pressure of life's chain.

I did not finish that last sigh

For then One to my side drew nigh :

He—that blest One—kissed it away

And whispered words men could not say.

I see his gentle smile again

Such I ne'er had from other men.

As loving as it was of old ;

Dearest, thy spirit's bride enfold

Within thy tender, fond embrace

And take me to the blissful place

That Jesus hath prepared for me—

The one that He hath given thee.

*Scene VI.—1564.*

*Michael Angelo.* -- “ The fables of the world have  
robbed my soul

Of moments given for the things of God.”

“ Now standing on the brink of life's dark sea,

Too late I learn, O Earth ! thou promised'st

Peace that can never be, and the repose

That dies in being born. A retrospect

Of life brings only errors to my view.

The greatest bliss on high belongs to Him  
Who early dies." My head has done its work  
And it is satisfied ; but empty heart  
Is craving as in youth for what it can  
Not have. Oh, Love ! My hair is white and thou  
Return'st again. My will thou oft has thrown,  
Then let it have the reins. Now thou hast spurred  
Me as a horse to fleetness wild, and then  
Hast let me cool.\* Like animal that long  
Has been left to himself, I have grown shy.  
But I must bolder be, or else can't win  
The blessing I much crave. I tire of self.

*Scene VII.*

*Michael Angelo and Vittoria.*

*Vittoria.*—"Far higher than your works we rank  
yourself ;  
And those who know them only value that  
In you less perfect than yourself. Much I  
Admire the way that you seclude yourself  
From the vain conversation of the world  
And princes' offers, that you may dispose  
The labor of your life as one great work." †

*M. Angelo.*—This praise is undeserved ; but here  
I shall

---

\* The idea of the horse is expressed by Michael Angelo.

† All in quotation-marks is quoted from Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," translated by Fanny E. Bennett. In the conversation of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, I use you instead of thou ; for Grimm says there never was any mention of love between them.

Complain of the reproaches brought against  
The men of genius. Some say they are strange  
And not to be approached : the opposite  
Is true ; none are so natural, so full  
Of sympathy. But should an artist, quite  
Absorbed in his own work, take from it time  
And thought to drive off other men's *ennui* ?  
Few do their work with conscientiousness."

V. The starving minds, ne'er fed by books or  
thoughts,  
Wish to be kept alive on the rare crumbs  
That from rich tables fall, forgetting that  
Those who can such afford have delved for  
food  
More eagerly than ploughmen cultivate  
Their soil.

M. "How seldom do we meet with minds  
That understand ideas ! Oft the Pope  
Upbraids me that I do not show myself ;  
But I reply, I work for him in my own way,  
Instead of making false parade like those  
Who nothing do. Sometimes I put my hat  
Upon my head, forgetful quite that he  
Is by ; and he lets me alone, instead  
Of cutting off my head."

V. His Holiness

Is well aware, though he can open gates  
Of Heaven and Purgatory, that he can't  
Call thence another Michael Angelo.

M. But Angelo would answer to the call  
Of the Marchesa, could she ever find  
Fit place in Purgatory and were he

In Heaven ; and it would be but just, because  
She often raises him from depths of foul  
Despair (and that is Satan's kingdom—is  
It not?) to sit by her in Paradise.

“ He blockhead is who likes to live alone  
And calls it happiness.” But artists can't  
Be always with Vittorias, and so,  
“ Why be unjust to one who naught demands  
From any one, because he is not false ?  
Why wish by force to make him take (fool's\*) part  
In killing time,” when he has not enough  
Wherein to shape his ends ? “ He quiet needs ;  
There is a mental work which the whole man  
Requires, and he can't give to any one  
The smallest part of his free soul. Those who  
Great artists are with no man would exchange ;  
They envy not the rich, thinking that they  
Are wealthier. A mind schooled in high art  
Perceives how empty is the life of those  
Who think themselves the mighty of the earth,  
Whose glory” will be but their winding-sheet.  
“ Pronder is artist of his work than is  
A prince of vanquished lands.”

V. “ May I presume  
To ask enlightenment upon your art ? ”

M. “ Your Excellency but commands and I  
Obey.”

V. “ To me the German painting seems  
In character much more devout than onrs.”

M. “ It best suits the majority who call

---

\* Word inserted for rhythm.

Themselves religious, for it moves to tears  
 Whom ours leaves cold. It suits the very old  
 And young, ecclesiastics, nuns. It does  
 Attract the eye with pleasant themes,  
 Is pretty, but is not true art, for it  
 Has not the inward sympathy, and it  
 Possesses not meaning or power; only  
 In Italy is painting genuine. Fine art  
 Is made religious by the mind that it  
 Originates. Naught makes the soul so pure  
 And good as to endeavor to create  
 A perfect work. God is perfection, and  
 Who strives for it strives for a thing divine."

V. As we may say a taper is a light  
 And the sun is a light.

M. True painting is  
 Faint shadow of the pencil God paints with,  
 A striving after harmony.

V. And He  
 The music is.

M. And the most perfect sheet  
 Of melody that He kindly allowed  
 To float to earth is she whose presence is  
 A song, and I, who cannot sing, am in  
 Despair. Can't I be taught? I have been told  
 How you have raised D'Avalos\* from a wild  
 Boar's youth to man of intellect and art.  
 Improve me now. "For the first time have I  
 Experienced what happiness it is  
 To yield to woman." † I am blessed now.

---

\* Husband's nephew.

† Grimm.

Not Pole, nor Contarini, Occhino,  
Nor Tolomei find in you what I find—  
A second self.

V. The "New Opinions"\* I  
Share with these friends.

M. And I share them with you.  
"Now on one foot and then on other I  
Am balancing, virtue and vice the weights.  
Anxious and wearied I salvation seek,  
Like one who errs because the stars are hid  
In clouds. I know not where to turn. Oh, take  
My heart's unwritten page and write on it  
What most it needs! All that I crave in prayer  
Disclose to me."†

V. I see as one who wakes  
In dazzling light, nor yet perceive the lines  
That I must draw around the Truth.

M. I leave  
With you this trash I wrote. I see some friends  
Draw near. Farewell.

V. Take them with you. I care  
Not for their chat while my soul hearkens to  
The surging thoughts you have aroused.

V. (*alone*) reads:

"THAT THY BEAUTY MAY NOT DIE  
Nature now asks back each charm;  
One by one takes them away,  
Gives them to a woman warm;

---

\* In religion, Michael Angelo was a disciple of Savonarola, and Vittoria favored the "new opinions;" yet neither were "heretics."

† From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

With thy countenance adorns  
Lovely form in the bright sky ;  
Ev'ry grace of thine she has.  
Her the God of Love doth try  
To give heart compassionate.  
Kindly He my sighs receives,  
Gathers up my bitter tears,  
Gives them to one who much grieves  
For her love, as I for thine.  
Happier than I he'll be ;  
Touched by my pangs, she will give  
What thou hast denied to me.”\*

I HAVE TOLD HIM I SORROWED FOR LOST YOUTH.†  
How beautifully would he me console  
For my fast-fading charms ! God takes them all  
Up to my future home to keep for me  
In everduring life. My Angelo,  
Thy comfort I accept ; but will not fill  
The outline of thyself. My husband and  
Myself shall have thee for our guest for aye.

*Scene VIII.—In garden of S. Silvestro.*

*M. Angelo.*—“ As I was still in Rome you should  
not have  
Placed Tommaso between yourself and me.  
More for your ladyship I would have done  
Than for another in the world, and he  
Who loves sleeps not ; ‘a loving heart needs not

---

\* F. A. B.'s English translation I turn into rhyme.

† When they first met Michael Angelo was 59, and Vittoria 45 years old.

Be urged.' I wished to give surprise by what I bring. Of this sweet boon I am deprived."\*

*Vittoria*.—I am ashamed of having feared I was Forgotten in the deep abstraction that Your work demands. I shall offend no more. Yet, would it be so very strange if rose, Whose bloom has fled, should fancy that the bird That sang to her in the night-hours, forgets Her when the day shines, and his brood requires His care?

*M*. False illustration, Lady mine!  
Hath your bloom fled? Were brighter in your youth?

You may have been for others, not for me.  
Beauty of face and form my hands create;  
But intellect and sympathy God lends  
To me in thee. I need not now explain  
My ordinary thoughts, and so fear not  
To be myself, that is, alone with you.  
I am like one who has been dumb till late,  
Because now I am heard by equal mind.  
I shall not offer you this crucifix,  
For all I do is yours; all flowers belong  
To Spring. Tears, fair Marchesa? Why?

*V*. I have  
No other words for gift like this, my friend.

*M*. "A thousand works from mortals such as I  
Cannot repay what God has granted you."  
I love my work. Do you love yours?

*V*. I do

---

\* From a letter.



Not comprehend. I cannot say that I  
Feel very tenderly to tapestry  
Or cake.

*M.* Mock me! That's well: perhaps it is  
Time I should learn you are a woman, too.

*V.* I do not laugh at you, but jest, as do  
The children when they would be wise  
As those who question them, and know not what  
To say: I do not understand.

*M.* It is  
First time that you are deaf to me, and will  
Not comprehend.

*V.* Forgive me now. Be good.

*M.* "When a man's art has into being brought  
A form so graceful none can fear for it  
The rudest shock of time, does he love it?  
In humble mould I lay, to be by you  
Renewed, and to a work more perfect brought.  
You gave me what I lacked, and filed away  
All roughness. Yet what tortures have I to  
Expect if you begin to curb and tame!"\*  
You do not seem to hear.

*V.* I am absorbed  
In wondrous beauty of this crucifix.

*M.* It is but rough design. I brought it but  
To show I needed not a Tommaso  
To make me think of you.

*V.* I do beseech  
You spare me more reproach. It could not have  
Been a good file I used your roughness to

---

\* From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

Smooth down. But what your haughty modesty  
Is pleased to call rude draught is yours no more ;  
Among my dearest treasures is it now,  
And I will trust it to no man : he who  
Designed this can another draw. I can  
Not speak my thanks for this and all you do  
And are to me.

*M.* "Too great is the reward,  
Sweet as it is, that chains the soul ; and now  
My liberty complains that you are kind.  
You injure me more than a thief could do ;  
Too little often grows out of what is  
Too much: I cannot suffer this." \*

*Scene IX.*

*Aidee.*—Our Angelo of earth dreams now before  
A portrait he hath painted of his Love.  
Wilt hear his thought ?

*Farrelle.*—Aye ; very readily.

*M. Angelo.*—One portrait have I painted—only  
one.†

Vittoria, the lovely, on my brain  
Shone in her splendor and reflection true  
My canvas gave me back—so shines the sun  
On ocean tempest-tossed, and it doth still  
Its turbid rage, and makes itself a glass  
But to transmit its brightness in a mass  
Of shivered rainbows, gathered at his will.  
No teasing child, or girl in giddy teens

---

\* From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

† Grimm says he painted one other portrait ; but it was  
after Vittoria's death.

Is empress of my soul—a woman old  
In years, but young as Homer's tales, though  
told  
Were they to buried race. For he who gleans  
Where woman like Vittoria sows seeds,  
Asks not for youth ; she answers all his needs.

*Scene X.*

*Vittoria*.—Is not our Virgin Lady in your  
great  
*Pieta* young to have a son Whose years  
Were thirty-three ?

*M. Angelo*.—" Know you not, women chaste  
Fresher remain than those who are not so ?  
How much more one who never has been led  
Astray by sinful wish ! And to her aid  
Came Power Divine so that the purity  
Of maidenhood appeared to all the world.  
The Son, like us in all save sin, must show  
His age."

*V*. There is a work of yours I have  
Not seen—bronze statue of Pope Julius.

*M*. More than my other tasks that tired me ;  
for

A patron, not my genius, did command  
The work ; it was " my father's prayers that kept  
Me well," until I finished it. Have I,  
*Marchesa*, your permission to show you  
A work of mine you have not seen ?

*V*. Indeed,

How gladly I shall go !

*M*. Not far. But let

Sweet pity guide your steps, and hear not me,  
Who cannot softly speak, but my desire.  
Ah no ! I cannot read it to you ; I  
Must go away and leave the paper here.  
Have pity on me, as you had on poor,  
Dumb boy to whom you gave an alms. Farewell.

*(He goes, and Vittoria reads.)*

AN ANSWER TO MY BROTHER.

Thou canst not see how I love her, facts being as  
they are ;  
Thou sayest thou couldst never love, though beautiful, a star.  
Imagine now that hearing music sad and sweet  
and low,  
Thou shouldst walk up a dark church-aisle with  
footstep calm and slow,  
And gaze with others on a face seen through a  
casket's glass,\*  
Let Love be born, and backward then with the  
crowd slowly pass.  
And from that hour the sculptor Death hath bound  
thee to a bride ;  
She is so beautiful that thou henceforth wilt dwell  
beside  
A grave-stone angel that doth hold to thee a  
marble Cross ;  
Beneath its shadows thou wilt sit to brood upon  
thy loss ;

---

\* I dare say this is an anachronism ; but I can't alter it.  
I don't believe he would have answered such a question  
had his brother put it.

And never eyes of romping girl, or grace of  
maid demure  
Can banish from thy death-chilled heart the  
beauty of the pure  
And silent maiden lying calm beneath the grass  
and flowers :  
Better to thee than midnight-dance the church-  
yard's lonely hours.  
'Tis so I love, without a hope that I her breast can  
warm :  
When first I saw her I knew well that spiritual  
form  
Smiled to her in the evening calm, and in fresh  
morning's thrill ;  
Spirit she loves ; yet I love her, and have no  
power of will.

V. A POET'S LOVE ? CAN IT BE TRUE ?

Since I read this how very new  
The risen splendor earth puts on !  
New beauties Nature now adorn.  
This pretty song to me hath proved  
More than his spoken words could do—  
That even yet I can be moved ;  
Not that to dead Friend I'm untrue,  
But that 'tis right to still the pain  
That tortureth too much the brain ;  
Which lately made my heart a nun  
That saw no glory in the sun  
Because day hath not any stars ;  
That saw no joy which graced the earth  
Except through death's cold, steadfast bars,  
Through which my heart, a faithful serf,

Gazed at the lot she longed to share  
With one who was enthroned where  
My Saviour lives—oh, to be there!  
My liege lord, shut behind the stars,  
Hath hid from me his talents bright,  
Safe where no dimming stain e'er mars:  
He left me shrouded in the night  
Of grim and lonely cloisters,  
Counting my beads of happy hours  
As a pale, veiled nun counts hers;  
While, shivering, she cowers  
Beneath mandate of higher powers:  
So trembled I 'neath stern decree  
That barred my liege and priest from me.  
But sweetly now a poet sings,  
And slyly to my cloistered heart,  
He enters by poetic art.  
Then startled Fancy, trembling, flings  
Aside the worn-out mourning-veil  
That hid all beauty from mine eyes;  
To list his songs I hush my sighs  
Joys, which have grown in darkness pale—  
Their sun concealed in clouds above—  
Now stretch their feeble tendrils forth,  
To be sunned in the vivid light  
Of fascinating love.  
Rapid their unsuspected growth  
Under true sympathy's fond might  
Since they have felt another sun!  
I cannot love, as I have proved,  
For I with wedded love have done;  
But ne'er had praise my spirit moved

As thus to see he can imbue  
 All things with beauty ; he has won  
 The poet's right to talk to me  
 Of all that's beautiful and true,  
 And I shall listen willingly.

*Scene XI.*

*Vittoria (alone).*

MY WEARY HEART AGAIN—AH, FOOLISH THING!  
 That it to earthly happiness may cling  
 Once more its drooping clasps forth will stretch  
 After the pictures that a man doth sketch.  
 Tendrils of fallen vine will interlace  
 A branch of the same tree, whose fond embrace  
 A bough decayed forgot when it did fling  
 It on the earth, and little birds will sing  
 Again for it. Now, half-unwillingly,  
 And half-afraid of what again may be,  
 Must I confess that I am like the vine.  
 Is it not far better again to twine  
 Its tendrils round a bough that's not decayed,  
 Blessing the wearied traveller with shade,  
 While children gather beech-nuts at its roots  
 And the tired pilgrim blesses its cool fruit,  
 Than to live in a dusty tomb of dearth  
 As reproach and dark blot on God's fair earth?

\* \* \* \* \*

Dead lips have stamped their signet on my brow:  
 And to one friend my heart will ever bow:  
 Fancy immortalized hath not decayed—  
 Beauty that's eternized can never fade.

But may I lie in gloom  
Dreaming of a dead Friend  
Through night that knows no end  
Save in the silent tomb?  
I'll make another heart  
Upholder of my grief,  
And when one sings relief  
With sympathetic art,  
I'll rise answeringly  
From the abyss of woe.  
He blessedness will know  
Of Spirit's company;  
I'll chant for him  
Songs Spirit sings,  
While echo rings  
In twilight dim  
From pain to sudden bliss;  
And when with woe vibrating  
Quickly reverberating  
From cavernous abyss  
Will mingle with his bliss.

Our pure hearts joined in such harmonious strains  
Will drink in peace as thirsty plants soft rains:  
By triple cord of love together bound  
We two on earth will be by Spirit crowned,  
Until we join the triple harmony  
That floats around God's throne eternally.

*( Vittoria works at her tapestry for a time,  
and then again writes.)*



## A WOMAN'S REASON.

Ah! "Why should I love him?"  
Because when he is near  
My heart grows quite childlike,  
And I feel not a fear  
Of the changes time brings.  
He can draw out the stings  
That other souls will shoot  
At my exposèd heart.  
His spirits can recruit  
My life, so often wounded by Death's dart.  
Not by superiority to men  
Who've loved or courted me time and again  
Has he an influence  
Upon my daily life.  
His life is pure, and thence  
I should not shrink if he would call me Wife.  
He gentle is to me; I should not fear  
To let my timid heart  
Lay out my thoughts on his as on a bier—  
Thoughts from which I can't part:  
But he can help me bear  
Their stupefying weight to my own tomb;  
And meanwhile he will scatter flow'rets fair  
About my path of death and lonely gloom.

*(After Vittoria has spent nearly a day  
dreaming over Michael Angelo's poem,  
at sunset she sits at her window.)*

EVE'S DREAMY BREEZES O'ER ME FLEW;  
Rosy clouds flitted through Heaven's blue  
And dyed my thoughts in their bright hue.

I yielded to the influence  
Which steeped in languor every sense  
While spirit grew the more intense,

Illimitable as the view  
Which seemed to stretch through endless blue;  
And yet pursued I where love flew.

At times I felt that it was weak  
Earth's happiness again to seek  
Only to be wrecked on the bleak

And cheerless shores of common life;  
Long have I rested from its strife,  
Heedless of stirring drum and fife,

Which summon to the joyous fray  
Those who desire to be the prey  
Of hopes that bloom but to decay.

I sat aloof and smiled upon  
Those who love's brittle armor don;  
It was regret they took for scorn.

Useless my will; I can't resist  
Love's spirit pleading from fame's mist,  
Where pride and trust each other kissed.

*Scene XII.*

*Vittoria alone, holding the miniature of the  
Marquis.*

TO-NIGHT IT SEEMS TO ME  
His face looks cold and stern,  
As if he knew my heart  
Is now an empty urn.

I cast his ashes out  
And have tried hard to plant  
A living root of love  
In his place — but I can't.

Look, sweet, at rival flower,  
And feel no jealousy;  
It never had a root;  
I did but try to see

If I might not have blooms  
About my widowed life.  
I throw the dead weed out  
Of thy urn: I'm true wife.

*(After a pause, she sings to her guitar :)*

AH, MY HEART BINDS  
Whatever it finds  
In grim Time's domain—  
Regardless of pain—  
With a clanking chain  
To the present hour  
As Memory's dower.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou Who hast known anguish of grief,  
Give earth-bound memories relief!  
Thou'st promised rest to those who know  
That life is but a pilgrimage  
To worlds of joy, through one of woe.  
My body is an iron cage,  
Wherein my spirit oft sings snatches  
Of celestial songs to the airs of earth,

As a glory sometimes lightly flashes  
 From the far land of angel-mirth.  
 When gleams of such brightness draw nearer,  
 Rises the song clearer and clearer.

\* \* \* \* \*

I SEE ON HEAVENLY SHORE THE RADIANCE CAST  
 By the bright beacons of my earthly past.  
 Though where I watched the flames is now but  
 smoke

The brilliancy they caused Fate can't revoke:  
 So when the West grows dim in sober gray,  
 Gorgeous reflections in the East oft play.  
 But I need now no beacon-fires to guard  
 Youth's realm, o'er which a skeleton keeps ward;  
 Yet it cannot appal a heart still young—  
 I've naught to lose, for all to Death I flung.

*Scene XIII.*

A.D. 1547.

*Aidee.*—Let us go now to Earth, to visit whom  
 Vittoria hath left disconsolate.

No man would dare console him: who so bold  
 As to press finger curiously on

A giant's wound that he thinks is concealed.

*M. Angelo.*—"There's naught I so regret as that  
 I kissed

Only her hands, and not her brow and cheeks"  
 When her proud eyes were closed in death.

"When she,

The aim of every hope and prayer, was called  
 To Hades, Nature, that ne'er made a form

So fair, stood there ashamed" to see her best  
 Mould broken and no cast remain to show  
 What she could do—how far surpass the Greek. -  
 "We—all of us—shed tears," and molten lead  
 Were mine. "Oh, cruel Fate, that quenched my  
 dreams

Of love! Oh, Spirit blest! Where art thou now?  
 Thy limbs most fair are on the earth, but thy  
 Thoughts have found home above. Yet not e'en  
 Death

Could hush the sound of all thy virtue, and  
 Not Lethe could wash out thy record. No!  
 Even Death brings back thy powers divine,  
 And thy immortal thought." \*

# DRAMA XV.

## BISHOP HOOPER.

BURNED A.D. 1555.

*Act I. : Scene I.*

*Feldah, (Hooper's guardian :)*

THE STRAIGHTER STANDS THE ROCK

The higher dash the waves;

The nobler is a character

More fierce the storm he braves.

I love to hear him sing his morning-hymn.

*(Hooper sings.)*

"FATHER, MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS,"

I lie down at Thy feet,

\* From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

Bind my strong will with stronger bands  
 Till I can prove them sweet ;  
 Cast down all thoughts of bettering self  
 Before Thou biddest me ;  
 Nor let me plunge in mental delf  
 Of infidelity.  
 Let no false wish of serving Thee  
 My restless heart allure  
 To sigh for what's not given me ;  
 At least, I can endure.

Father, "my times are in Thy hands ;"  
 I fear my path to choose ;  
 Bind me to Thee with tight'ning bands  
 Lest I Thy gifts abuse.  
 Ne'er let me ask too many joys—  
 Thou knowest what's enough ;  
 Nor let me fear what most annoys  
 While treading pathway rough,  
 That leads me to a star-lit-road  
 Where angels safeguards are,  
 Where I shall drop fatiguing load,  
 And nothing more can mar  
 The perfect bliss that will be mine  
 Where all is sympathy—  
 In unison with the divine :  
 Father, my path mark out for me.

\* \* \* \* \*

COME, DEATH, MY SWEET!  
 I weary of hoping  
 And of groping ;  
 Come, Death, my Sweet,

Immediately!

I long to meet  
With thee, yes, with thee.

I weary of pining  
Where no hopes sing;  
Come, Death, my Sweet!  
Grant me release,  
I long to meet  
With thy calm, cool peace.

I weary of lying  
All night sighing;  
Come, Death, my Sweet!  
Bring me the rest  
That I shall meet  
On my Saviour's breast.

I weary of turning  
Pillow burning; \*  
Come, Death, my Sweet,  
With the cool air  
That I shall meet  
On thy bosom fair!

I weary of loving  
Hearts which oft sting,  
Come, Death, my Sweet;  
With angels bright  
Whom I shall meet  
In the land of light!

---

\* Not probable he, in prison, had a pillow; but I had.

I weary of sinning  
 For fiends grinning;  
     Come, Death, my Sweet,  
 Bringing the grace  
     That I shall meet  
 In my God's embrace!

*(The Bishop rises and walks across the room.)*

READING THE PRESENT BY THE FUTURE'S LIGHT  
 All death-bound griefs seem short and slight;  
 When I have learned the triteness of an earthly woe  
 Where my great Lord hath gone before, I too, may  
     go.

*Scene II.*

*Feldah.*—Oh, Murah, here! and I shall tell  
     thee of  
 A late ascended saint.

*Murah.*—Glory to God!

*F.* Hooper of Gloucester is the saint I mean.

*M.* The noble man who for the love of truth  
 But a few years ago broke all the bonds  
 Of home and friendships dear, and crossed the sea  
 To keep his conscience clear?

*F.* Him God hath since  
 Rewarded with the care of the small flock  
 Of saints at Gloucester. Noble Bishop! Friend  
 Worthy of thee! He would not yield one jot  
 Of all the truth God had revealed to him  
 In His pure Word, and so he was cast in  
 A prison vile, whose stench I never could  
 Have borne had I not worn upon my heart



Sweet flowers plucked in Heaven, that put to flight  
All noxious fumes.

Ah! How he panted for  
The air of our pure world! But never let his  
Senses move his mind from view of God.  
And when his jailer said he soon must die  
Where he had taught, greatly did he rejoice  
That God would favor him, and seal his words  
With martyrdom within the sight of those  
Who would grow steadfast to keep the great truths  
Which he had taught to them, seeing his faith.  
For never did he doubt the Lord's great power  
To hold him constant to the end. Gladly  
And like a conqueror he mounted horse,  
His head by enemies masked in a hood  
That none might see the beaming of his face.  
They little thought how many angels saw  
E'en through the hood, and to all ages would  
Make their report. Then when he came to his  
Own bishopric soldiers with weapons had  
To force his loving flock back to their homes.  
The night before his death he calmly slept  
A little while, pillowed on breast of Him  
Who passed a night in sad Gethsemane.  
But soon the prelate rose and prayed till day.

*M.* And did his friends sleep as his Saviour's did?

*F.* Hath Jesus ever given cup like his  
To follower?

*M.* But a drop now and then.

*F.* Much did good Hooper's friends both weep  
and pray,  
And all that night the angels joyed and sang.

*M.* But, tell me. Said he aught that we should like

To cherish in bouquets of our sweet thoughts?

*F.* He said a little while before he came

To us, "I know that death is bitter; life is sweet;

But death to come is bitterer and life

To come more sweet; for love of this and fear

Of that, firm in God's strength I shall pass through

The torments of the fire now waiting me,

Rather than to deny the truths of God."

Then some one pitied him, to whom he said,

"Be sorry for thy wickedness, O man!

For I am well, thank God! and death to me

Is welcome for Christ's sake." To one he said,

"I am not hither come enforced to die;

I might have had my life with worldly gain.

I, willing, come to offer for the truth

My life." In going to the stake not once

Was he allowed to speak unto the throng

That mourned most bitterly for him; "he looked

Upon such as he knew quite cheerfully."

Never before, when favored bishop in

Their midst, had he been seen as joyful and

As bright as now. When he beheld the stake

He smiled: then he kneeled down, praying upon

Each portion of the Creed for a half-hour.

They then brought him a proffered pardon from

The queen. "If you love me away with it,"

He cried. Again he prayed to Christ, "Thou art

Ascended into Heaven; receive me as

Partaker of Thy joys! Well see'st Thou, Lord,

What cruel pains are here prepared for Thy

Weak creature, such as without strength of Thine  
None patiently may bear; therefore, of Thy  
Great goodness strengthen me." He asked that all  
Might be allowed to say with him Christ's prayer.  
When the time came to bind him to the stake,  
With calm superiority he said,  
"Ye have no need to trouble yourselves thus;  
For I doubt not but God will give me strength  
Sufficient to abide the fire; but do  
As ye think good: the flesh is weak."  
The man who was to light the wood implored him  
to  
Forgive. "Me thou dost not offend, may God  
Forgive thy sins." This said, the sticks were  
brought  
That were to start the flames. "Have mercy,  
Lord,"  
He often prayed while the slow-burning fire  
Cruelly tortured him; nearly an hour  
Thus passed and then he prayed, "Jesus, receive  
My spirit," and straightway the Saviour sent  
Us to bear Hooper brave in triumph home,  
And now he rests beneath the Altar.\* His  
"How long, Lord!" is a daily prayer for his  
Deserted flock.

M. Thanks for thy tale. I shall  
Haste now his brave soul to congratulate.

1859.

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\* Rev. vi. 9.

## DRAMA XVI.

## B U C E R .

BURNED A.D. 1551.

*Act I.*

*Cullah.*—How nameth man this convent dark  
and grim?

*Zelleen.*—The Augustine of Heidelberg. Go in.

*C.* Who sitteth by the Luther that we love?

*Z.* He of the pensive eye and glowing cheek?

I know not. Let us hear what Luther says.

*Luther.*—Bucer, brave seeker after truth, write not  
My words so carefully, for God hath more  
In store for thee; He'll write them on thy heart.  
My soul is sad; so, dear friend, sing to me.

*B.* PATIENCE, HEART! GOD IS NOT DUMB.

Courage! Do not now succumb:

When in Heaven thou wilt see

Through woe's wondrous mystery.

Thou so much hast bravely borne,

Falter not though thou art torn

Into quivering and sighs;

God on thee hath set His eyes.

Faith to try He seems to sleep—

Just to see if thou wilt keep

In the trying hours of night

All the Christian's armor bright.

Patience, heart! Keep on the race

Whose bright goal is Jesu's face;

And ere long He will remove  
Clouds that now thy courage prove.

*L.* If it were only I who suffer. But  
Bethink thee of these fearful wars that are  
Religious called. How many more must go  
To join the armies of the dead before  
We can be free to worship God in peace !

*Bucer.*—With your leave, friend, I'll sing to you  
again :

BLESSED ARE THE SLEEPERS  
Whose weary work is done ;  
Not so blest the weepers  
Whose strife hath but begun.

Peaceful are the sleepers  
Who for their country fought ;  
Feverish the weepers  
Who in vain rest sought.

Mourn not for the sleepers :  
They themselves are dumb ;  
But pray for the weepers  
To whom Death hath come.

*Scene II.—Smithfield, England.*

A. D. 1557.

*Culdah.*—Whom doth the Bloody Woman burn  
to-day ?

*Zelleen.*—Let's closer fly. The men bound to  
the stake  
Seem void of life.

*Darrelle.*—Cerula comes from there.  
Cerula, hail! What “soldiers of the Cross”  
March through those dreadful flames to victory  
And life?

*Cerula.*—The bodies that ye see are of  
Bucer, the theologian wise, of whom  
Great Cambridge boasted but six years ago,  
And of Fagius the learned, who came with him  
To seek a refuge here when Edward reigned.

*D.* Are the men crazed who corpses burn?

*A Demon.*—Crazed? No.  
They’re wise as we of Hell.

*C.* But some whom there  
Thou seest in the crowd, God will yet win  
From demon-guard.

*Act II.*

BRADFORD THE MARTYR.—A.D. 1555.

*Cothelle.*—Angel, as I was passing through the  
air  
Thickened with fog—that from the Thames doth  
rise—  
As with much superstitious chaff are hearts  
Of the inhabitants, who here in proud  
And busy London dwell, I glanced aside  
At the soft, lambent light which through the  
bars  
Of this poor Poultry Compter rayed, and so  
I hither come to ask of thee why this  
One spot is brighter far than elsewhere in  
All London grim. But now I see the rays

Of angels' wings within the cell where sleeps  
A wasted man. Pray, who is he ?

*Dalla.*—Bradford,

Of Manchester. In Bloody Mary's days,  
Before the fagots eloquent and swords  
Persuasive reconverted men who had  
Been taught the truth in Edward's time, a priest  
Preached at Paul's Cross too openly of things  
Distasteful to the populace ; moreo'er,  
Late king of blessed memory, did he  
Reville. A tumult rose, and Bourne, the priest,  
Had not escaped with life but for the one  
Who lies here bound. When the Lord Mayor and  
Brute Bonner both had tried in vain to still  
The boisterous waves of indignation just,  
This man stood forth ; and then the people cried,  
" Bradford ! Bradford ! Bradford ! God save thy  
life ! "

And at his gentle words, anger was hushed ;  
Then he walked with his gown outstretched be-  
hind

The priest whom Rogers went before. One in  
The crowd called out, " Bradford, thou savest him  
Who'll help to burn thee yet, and were it not  
For thee I'd thrust him through."

*C.* Bourne has not brought  
The martyr to his chains ?

*D.* A gentler man  
And better is he since that day. But for  
Sedition—

*(Demon.*—Ha ! ha ! ha !)

Bradford's arraigned.

*C.* Sedition !

*D.* Aye. For a mere fellow of  
Old Pembroke Hall to do what Bonner and  
The Mayor could not do is said to be  
Seditions.

(*Demon.*—Good !)

*D.* When tried the other day  
Bradford was asked, “Mercy wilt thou?” He said,  
“Mercy with mercy of my God do I  
Desire; but mercy with God’s wrath God keep  
Me from!” The prayer was heard and he will die:  
To-morrow to the Newgate he will go.

*C.* Attended by such officers of state  
That Bloody Mary would die but of rage  
And jealousy if she could know.

(*Demon.*—Tut! tut!

My master sees that all the time she is  
Attended well; she wants not company.)

*D.* Cothelle, on Monday next thou must go to  
The place where men are canonized by God.

*C.* To Smithfield then I’ll go.

*D.* See, Bradford stirs.

*C.* He heard our words and he will tell a dream  
And some will wonder at its truthfulness.  
Ah! but it will be grand to watch how he  
Will die. The English needs must travel miles  
Of weariness to view the grandeur of  
The Alps, with glaciers most sublime; \* but to  
Old Smithfield is a worthier pilgrimage.

---

\* Perhaps this is an anachronism.



*Scene II.*

*Bradford wakes and sings,*

OH! WHAT WILL IT BE TO BE THERE?

To be free from sin,

Far from the world's din ;

To gather flowers fresh and fair,

At Christ's feet lying,

Fragrant, undying ;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

Oh! what will it be to be There?

To be free from pain

Of spirit or brain,

And never more to know a care!

Our hearts laid to rest

On our Saviour's Breast;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

Oh! what will it be to be There?

To dwell with my Lord,

My heart in accord

With angels—with whom I'm co-heir;

To praise Him ever,

To leave Him never;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

*(After silence and prayer, he says:)*

ONLY OF CLAY, THOUGH GILDED O'ER

I am a vessel\* warped awry;

And I get crooked more and more;

I can't grow straight although I try.

---

\* Rom. ix. 21-23.

Therefore, great Potter, break and crush  
 Me until I am ductile quite.  
 My lips are shut each groan to hush;  
 No pity take on my sad plight  
 Till I can be poured in a mould  
 That pleaseth and will honor Thee:  
 I cannot—as can vase of gold,  
 Because there's naught but clay in me,  
 Yet I may seem good in Thine eyes  
 If I celestial form assume,  
 The potter simplest vase may prize,  
 Because it holds a rare perfume  
 Which he has made to put in it.  
 A favor sweet he may accord—  
 It may stand near where he doth sit.  
 Only one prayer grant me, dear Lord,  
 To recompense me for the pain!  
 Let me but bear the Potter's name  
 Stamped on my life! I've proven vain  
 The gilded vase of earthly fame.

*Act II.*

FRA ANGELICO.—A. D. 1406.

*Scene I.—Fiesole.*

*Karene.*—Namuda, whence?

*Namuda.*—To watch a nebula  
 Evolve new suns and worlds. Wilt not thou  
 come?

*K.* I shall rejoice to keep thee company  
 As far as Earth. Shall I show thee my ward?  
 In boyhood and in youth Giovanni has

Been devotee to beauty of the bright  
Young girls, who liked to have him fix their  
    glow  
Of happy thoughtlessness, or tender thought  
On canvas, that when they are old and worn,  
Or haply 'neath the sod, grandchildren may  
Beg for the story of their fair granddames.  
A kiss was often only pay he claimed  
And had from those who liked to kiss a flower  
Or bird, but called Tosini "man without  
A heart." He with an only brother lived,  
And worked, and dreamed, almost unconscious—as  
Is wont of youth—that he had soul. Why sigh  
For higher beauty than of dark-eyed girls  
Who petted him, but did not spoil, because  
Not yet enshrined the fair ideal, who  
With her soft praise alone could satisfy?  
One day his brother from a trip returned,  
Told him of her who soon would be his bride,  
And bade him put their house in readiness.  
Added, "All things can women do, Giovanni; I  
Was free as any bird, and now am bound,  
Hand, foot," and heart. He told much of the  
    maid,  
And as he ended said: "The ring put on  
My hand by the dear little one hurts me.  
Wilt wear it" on thy slender finger? So!  
Giovanni said: "It fits as though I had  
Been measured for it. I shall keep it safe  
For thee."

The elder brother went away,  
And left the younger to prepare the bed

Wherein he should transplant his virgin flower;  
And all the while Giovanni could not help  
But feel that she who came would come for him.  
Next to his studio was her boudoir,  
And the carved chair, wherein he meant that she  
Should daily sit, was placed where he could watch  
Her when she sewed. But when his hands had  
done

Their office, then his heart began to dream.  
He made himself an idol that he loved.  
His brother and his bride long lingered while  
Giovanni dreamed the more; and he was so  
In love with a presentiment that he  
Refused all orders for new work, but liked  
To paint in missals, where he could depict  
The one ideal head at hide and seek  
With fancy in the brilliant leaves: always  
The eyes were downcast, for their light he could  
Not catch. But he was happy for a year  
With his sweet thought. His prayer was, "Grant  
that no

One me molest." He dreaded much the time  
When the new wife would come and take the chair  
Whereon his Dream-love sat. But he resolved  
To hide his selfishness, and welcome her.  
The day she was to come he went for flowers  
To deck her chair. When he returned the Dream  
Had waked to life. This time he saw the light  
Of the dark eyes that hitherto had e'er  
Eluded him: he gave a cry and let  
The flowers fall at her feet.

"Gindetta, give

Thy hand," the husband said. It was he who  
Had given young Giovanni his troth-ring.  
Husband and wife lived ordinary life;  
But still Giovanni dreamed, and as he watched  
The graceful mother's golden head bent o'er  
Her babe, perhaps he thought of Virgin and  
The Holy Child. He could not paint her now—  
She was another's wife—but his brush made  
Quite visible in martyrs' faces pangs  
That gnawed his brain. This little town is fair  
Fiesole.

*Scene II.*

*Guilio.*—Giovanni, thou hast dropped the ring.

*Giovanni.*—It has  
Rolled to thy feet. There, brother, let it lie.

*(Giovanni springs up, and throws himself on Guilio's breast.)*

*Gio.* The saints give me a sign. I see my  
way.

Let me depart, and then both shall find peace:  
As to a priest, I shall confess to thee;  
Bless me and shrive; for I fear I have sinned.  
Give me one kiss; soon I shall be a monk.

*Gui.* No! My fine jewel, no! Not thou, but I.  
Thou art too young for cloistered cell; thou shalt  
Be happy. Let me go again upon  
My wanderings. I've seen thy love. Take her  
Whose ring, too tight for me, fit thee. I love  
Thee more than wife or child. Ere long thou  
wilt

Be happy, dear. Now go to Rome. As soon  
As baby can his mother spare she may  
Join thee. The Holy Father will feel for  
Our woe, and dispensation grant.

*Scene III.*

A. D. 1600.

*Namuda.*—Karene, as soon as at God's words,  
“Let there  
Be light,” I saw the evolution of  
A system unlike any thou hast seen, I turned  
My wings to find thee and thy ward. Greater  
Is soul of man than any system in  
The universe, and one man suffering  
On the sin-swathed Earth doth interest  
More than development of worlds where man  
Is not. Has thy Giovanni been received  
At Court?

*Karene.*—Aye; and the fancied angel's Painter  
has  
Now passed a century in gazing at  
The King: His beauty fills the human soul;  
And few could take in half as much of it as Fra  
Angelico.

*N.* Tosini was the ward  
Of whom I spake.

*K.* The same. What was the last  
Thou saw'st of him?

*N.* When we flew in the room,  
Giovanni held upon his knee the boy  
Whose father he was not, although the one  
Who bare him was his spiritual wife.

Pure as a dove, albeit there was spot  
Of blood on broken wing; but the dove made  
No moan; nor did heart-broken lover stoop  
To lift her up, because his brother was  
The sportsman who unknowingly had wronged  
An innocent. Giovanni pressed the babe  
In farewell earnestness, and gave him to  
His mother to take off to bed: then he  
Revealed to husband and to father  
His racked heart. I think I never heard a tale  
By any chronicler of earthly lives  
That showed such brothers' love; none of the  
grand,

Rare tragedies of love touched me as did  
The drama Fate played on three hearts, because  
They all were innocent and helpless, too,  
Until the husband yielded right he had  
No power to cast away; but reared in Church  
Of Rome, he fancied that the fiat of  
The Pope could marriage-bonds annul. Did it?

A. No. For Giovanni's silent rectitude  
Had eaten all strength of the inner man;  
And when a few days' travel wearied him  
He sank on the road-side to die. Some monks  
Found him and bore him to their cloistered home.  
After long months of illness, when all thought  
The hour of his perfecting had arrived,  
They sang o'er him last mass, as they supposed.  
Giovanni roused himself and asked to paint;  
They brought his palette, colors, brush, and he  
Fixed on the canvas face of the fair boy  
On whom three lavished love one dared not tell.

I knew his nephew had just flown to God,  
And told Giovanni in a dream ; so he  
Would paint the cherub for the parents who  
Wept for their beautiful, yearning to call  
Him back to grow up as a common man.  
By night-time portrait true was made : the old  
And silly Abbot bade them close the doors  
Lest the enchanting cherub should fly off.  
All day while he was painting the pure babe  
Lay in his heart, and cleansed it from the woe  
Of earthly love, as Holy Child had by  
His Presence cleansed Bethlehem's manger ; when  
All the fevered blood of love was drained  
Out of his heart Giovanni slept. Next day  
He convalescent was. As soon as he  
Was well he was received in order of  
St. Dominic.

N. What of the parents thus  
Bereaved ?

K. They had refused to let men bear  
To burial their death-chilled flower, and sought  
To warm it by their clasp, when entered to  
Them friar, bearing poor Giovanni's gift.  
Gindetta, like a frantic woman, had  
Been calling for the soul of her one joy ;  
But when she saw his picture, she exclaimed,  
"I've found his soul : now may his body sleep  
In the cool earth." When he had been interred  
The mother dried her eyes to pluck a flower  
From tree that grew above his grave, and said  
To friar who had the picture brought, "Take this  
To Fra Angelico : it is as greeting and



A sign of gratitude of sister" true.  
The husband said, "We shall henceforth call our  
Belovèd one Il Beato; for Heaven  
Has blessed him as an angel who can give  
Sweet consolation to the sorrowing.  
Tell him, my wife and I pray that we may  
Be reunited with him" after death.  
Few monks could equal Fra Angelico  
In purity, in penitence and prayer,  
In charity or sweet humility.  
Nicholas Fifth soon summoned him to Rome  
To paint, and offered him a bishopric,  
Which he refused. Once, as he passed out of  
The Vatican down-stairs, where people stooped  
To kiss hem of his robe, on the last step  
He saw a veiled form that stretched to him  
Appealing hands. He had no breath to use  
In blessing her: but while he trembled she  
Threw back her veil and said, "My husband dead,  
I am with thee. What wilt thou have me do?"  
He summoned tones enough to his pale lips  
To say, "A sister be. In praying for  
The dead, remember me until we find  
Each other in the Heaven. For we shall meet  
And part no more." Upon her forehead he  
Made sign of Cross, and hastened to the bed  
That gave no rest. But I watched him all night;  
When morning came he smiled and went to work.  
Ginetta's face will be remembered till  
The Angel of the Judgment lights last fires  
That will consume all works of art; for he  
Has painted her as Mother of the Lord.

In one of his fine pictures, he in dress  
Of pilgrim kneels, his brother by, and over both  
Gindetta as an angel bends.\* When God  
Bade me fly for his soul, I found him at  
His sweet work in the Vatican. I touched  
His hands, and weary, they were glad to rest;  
And now he has no need fresh beauty to  
Create.†

FEBRUARY, 1873.

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DRAMA XVII.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

*Act I. : Scene I.*

*Zarma.*—Lartan, whom watchest thou so wistfully?

*Lartan.*—A man whose nobleness of heart doth put

To shame the lower instincts of his life.

A strange, strange boy was he, and yet so bold

And true, my task of guardian was to

Me pleasant thing, although at times a grief.

Rememberest thou Spirit who when first

In Eden, said, "There is no languor here?"

*Z.* Aye, very well; and Wharton is his name.

A learned scholar and a pure divine;

A herald who proclaimed the true against

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\* The Meeting of the Blessed.

† To M. A. P. Humphrey I owe the emotion that produced this poem; yet I doubt whether this is more poetical than her sketch.

The false ; opponent of Rome's mysteries.  
But he wore out his life in studies that  
Were too oft multiplied.

*L.* Perhaps. Yet now  
How he enjoys the love laid up on earth ?

*Z.* But more pure Spirit's power to learn for  
aye,  
And never to wear out.

*L.* There are few of  
Earth's authors who are saved, whom when  
He meets he knows not something of. One he  
Will thank for solacing sad hours, and one  
Will stop for discourse on a theme that both  
Have loved. And of another he will swell  
The fame in angels' ears. Some whom I knew  
But as the gentlest saints, he told me were  
The boldest warriors for liberty  
And truth. Compare the satisfaction of  
His present life with yonder soul who spent  
His manhood in a whirl of wine and cards,  
And then at the eleventh hour sought and  
Obtained remission of his sins. They both  
Are happy perfectly ; but Wharton is  
Most blest.

*Z.* 'Tis true. But tell me of thy charge.

*L.* This Wharton wrote his life.

*Z.* I know now whom  
Thou mean'st, the bold and noble Smith, who  
went  
With good intent to civilize the World  
Which men call New.

*L.* How little those men know.

America's an older land than is  
The continent that they call Old.

*Z.* Finished

In earlier geologic age. But of  
Thy hero, Lartan, tell me now.

*L.* I loathe

To call him a bad boy, and yet he was  
Not good ; his father's death saved him from life  
At sea. Thus the GOD ordereth men's ways.  
His courage and his instincts true led him  
At first to fight for Prince Maurice against  
The bigots of the Spanish realm, and next  
I followed him to Scotland's shores, and there  
He built a " lodge of boughs," and by a clear  
And purling stream he settled down to think.  
Only a servant linked him to the world  
Of living men, as I to angel-life ;  
He through his books held converse with the  
dead,  
And laid up in his mind good lessons for  
An active day, the while in solitude  
His heart could better learn his prayers ; and here  
He furbished well the shield of faith that was  
To serve him yet in many battles with  
The Devil's liegemen on the earth. Of great  
Men dreaming, longed he for great deeds, and so  
He went to help Rodolph the Second of  
That name, sovereign of Germany, against  
The Turks, whose devastating sword made war  
Against the followers of Christ.

*Z.* I know

Enough of 'Turks : tell me of calmer theme.

*L.* Robbed, friendless, poor, one day he lay him  
down  
To die.

*Z.* Friendless? Ah, no! The child of  
God

Can never want a friend.

*L.* Most true; therefore,  
There came to Smith a messenger from God,  
And like the good Samaritan furthered  
Him on his way. Embarked for Italy,  
'Mid crowds of Romanists from many lands,  
A storm arose, and soon he was pronounced  
The Jonah of the ship, who must be cast  
Into the sea to hush the rage thereof.  
The men who threw him in were going on  
A pilgrimage to Rome, and so they had  
No wish to find one disobedient  
Among themselves. "Cast out the heretic,  
The God-forsaken one!"

*Z.* Often doth God take in  
Whom man casts out, and those whom men es-  
chew  
Often with angels walk.

*L.* And so it was  
With Smith. A Father's Hand threw him upon  
St. Mary's Isle, and thither next day for  
Him sent a ship. As of the Turkish wars  
I must not speak—nor do I wish to tell  
How 'Three 'Turks' Heads became his crest—  
Let this suffice thee now: the God who cared  
For David shielded Smith from death.  
Once when he fought with warrior he was

In simple coat of mail, a type of Truth  
That can withstand vain Error's fiery darts ;  
But his opponent, decked in gold and gems,  
And bearing on his shoulders garnished wings,  
Was type of Error bristling for a fight,  
And trusting to the subtle aid of Hell  
To triumph o'er her bold antagonist.  
But "there were more with" Smith than with the  
Turk,

Named Turbashaw ; for Heaven hath always two  
Where Hell hath one. In battle wounded, once  
My charge was left for dead.

Z.

And here I can  
But think how often Truth is left for dead  
While enemies exult, thinking that she  
Is smothered 'neath the reeking corpses they  
On her have heaped ; and for a night she, stunned,  
May lie in helpless agony until  
Some friend—who loves her better even when  
She seemeth dead than Error rampant in  
Her silly vanity and great display—  
Goes in the morning dawn to weep o'er her  
He mourneth for, and thinks to serve no more.  
And then, oh, joy ! He findeth she doth live,  
And only waited for her servitor  
To help her rise. Pardon my many words.  
What more of Smith ?

L.

His fortunes various,  
At last he found himself a slave, but his  
A mistress fair, and young, and pitiful,  
Quick to discern his worth, and ready to  
Applaud his tales of travel and of war.

She pitied first, then loved ; and hers a heart  
An angel only can appreciate ;  
Because unconscious of her glory is  
The one who entertains such lofty theme.  
Such woman thinks no more about her love  
And self-negating nobleness than doth  
A spirit of celestial air—it is  
But natural. And those who love and reap  
The rich rewards of love can never sink  
Their plummet of success into the depths  
Of heart that doth ignore itself. Angels,  
Whose spirit-mates are yet on earth, only  
Can understand in their quick sympathy  
The Christ-like nature of such women's hearts.

*Z.* But what of Smith ?

*L.* I constantly forget  
That thou dost not know, as I do, his tale.  
Tragabigzanda, fearing lest her love  
Should work him woe, forgetting she could feel,  
Sent him away to one she thought would care  
For him and treat him as became a man.

*Z.* And she ? I think I see her fading like  
A flower which a too-early frost hath nipped ;  
None may suspect her woe, for she will weep  
Only in hush of night ; therefore, their care  
And nauseous medicines can nought avail.  
When she will close her eyes for the last time  
No doubt they'll weep that one for whom the earth  
Is fair surpassingly, the one for whom  
Life has no thorns, should have to die so soon.

*L.* Whether your fancy be or true or false  
I cannot say ; but we will seek out in

A lower atmosphere some guardian  
Of heathen who are counted worthy to  
Attain our rest. I love her well, and fain  
Would press her dainty hand in gratitude.  
Ere I left her Christ granted her a boon—  
Answer to prayer: then there fell over her  
A holy calm, that, like a bridal veil,  
Would shield her from the love of heathenesse;  
Men seldom wish for cold japonica,  
And say it hath no odorous grace; but we  
Perceive the subtle aroma that tries  
To drown itself. But Tragabigzanda  
Had much misjudged her kith; the Tartar chief  
Was cold and cruel as a rapier's point,  
And one day Smith became a murderer.

Z. Oh, woe! Great woe! And still thou lovest  
him?

L. And so does Christ, who pardoned his sad  
crime;

But angels cannot always pity when  
The God forgives; nor canst thou now forget  
This violation of His laws, therefore  
I shall not dwell on it; only I would  
Have thee remember that his master was  
More harsh and cruel than is Lucifer  
To those who wait on him. Mounted upon  
The Turk's swift horse, robed finely in his clothes,  
He flees across the plain, a sandy wild,  
And finds himself a guest in Russian fort.  
But we shall no more follow him in his  
Adventures in the Olden World. Now I  
Shall tell thee of a fresher theme. Wilt hear?



Z. With all my heart.

L. Nations have dreams as well  
As men, and madder ones; and so the thirst  
For gold and silver and for jewels rare  
Forced Reason's self to sleep, while it beguiled  
The waking fancy to a revelry  
That wise and pious men could not withstand.  
The air of far America was blue  
With hope, irradiated by a tinge  
Of golden light, so deemed the worldly-wise.  
The poets sang of birds whose plumage bright  
Best harmonized with rich and fragrant flowers  
Of that fair land; Europe had never such,  
They said; the sensuous would faint in air  
So laden with perfume it took the breath  
Away.\*

Z. Oh! can it be that Christian men  
Thus selfishly could dream of joys the while  
The Indians perished in their sins?

L. Does this  
Astonish thee? Look at the earth. Is not  
The same done ev'ry day? What thought have  
men  
Or women—e'en the Christian ones—for those  
Who minister to them their luxuries?  
Pray, is it not enough if they are but  
Well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed? And what  
care they  
For the immortal souls of those who serve  
To pander to their selfishness? Oh Earth!

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\* I have no authority for such exaggerations.

Oh earth ! Great GOD, how long ere Thou as king  
 Wilt rule that world ? But all were not like these  
 Or those ; for there were hearts that panted to  
 Redeem the Red men from their heathenness,  
 And thither went with that intent ; and some,  
 Who went there not for this alone, were good  
 And true and kind, and thought where'er they were  
 To serve the Lord and, as He taught, bless men.  
 Noblest of those who came only for deeds  
 Of love was Robert Hunt, the first but one  
 Who north of the Great Gulf told Indians  
 Of God.

*Z.* Who was the first ?

*L.* Chaplain Seymour,  
 Who came with the first colony that Sir  
 James Popham planted on the Kennebec,  
 First consecrated spot in the New World.  
 Hunt was the next who under Western sky  
 Blessed Eucharistic Elements, and on  
 This hemisphere offered the prayer  
 For the Church Militant. Honor to him !

*Z.* Gladly I'll honor him—one of the few  
 Who came solely for others' good, not for  
 Himself or his. In winter of sixteen  
 Hundred and six adventurers set forth  
 To found a colony in the New World. Five  
 months  
 Were they tossed on the sea. Great discontent  
 Prevailed ; Smith was the only man who had  
 The innate power half-mutiny to quell.  
 Then Envy did her work ; for thirteen weeks  
 In irons he was kept, yet murmured not.

For Isle of Roanoke they steered, but God  
Had set apart another home for them,  
And drifted them in Chesapeake's grand bay.  
Nor did they settle till on Powhatan \*  
They found a lovely spot fit for a home,  
Though very wild.

*L.* It doth appear God hid  
This new-found land for noble ends, and frowned  
Upon La Roche, who with French prisoners  
Would fain have peopled it. King James—a man  
Of peace—sat now upon the English throne,  
And so the quickest way for men to gain  
Distinction was to go to a fresh field.  
Smith, crowned with laurels of the old regime  
Of fame, sought from a virgin soil to pluck  
A fadeless flower; though not to be displayed  
To gaping crowds, but rather to be nourished in  
The heart that he had consecrated to  
His God; therefore he landed in the wilds,  
A pious knight, who feared naught but the Lord.†  
Where they found comfortable anchorage,  
Comfort they named the Point. 'Twas here  
Beneath the live-oak trees—stunted somewhat—  
That Smith, lulled into holy quietude  
By faint and gentle hymns sung by the sea,  
Composed his restless mind for commune with  
His God. I fancy even savages,  
Who had familiar grown with spirit of  
The ocean's depths, were gentler and more full  
Of nobleness than those who inland dwelt.

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\* The ancient name of the James river.

† See note on page 267.

*Z.* Ah, true! I always like to have the maid  
Whom I watch o'er, make yearly pilgrimage  
To ocean; for it makes her nobler for  
A whole twelvemonth: the fittest emblem of  
Eternity is the grand sea, mighty  
And fathomless, all-powerful, and yet  
As docile at command of GOD as child  
To father's word.

*L.* The Indians met with  
A welcome true the strangers pale and few,  
And feasted them right royally. Then to  
Another Point—called New Point Comfort now—  
The English went, and there they saw a chief  
Savage in nature as in taste; therefore  
The GOD of Smith softened his heart, and he  
Received them well.

*Z.* An Indian chief I  
Have never seen. Describe him, please.

*L.* He came,  
Playing a flute of reed; upon his head  
Was crown of red deer's hair, twisted in shape  
Of rose, and fastened to a knot of hair:  
There was large plate of copper on one side;  
Two feathers long, in fashion of a pair  
Of horns, were in the centre of his crown.  
His body painted a bright crimson hue,  
With brilliant blue his face was tinted deep,  
Sprinkled with what appeared like silver ore;  
From his ears hung birds' claws thick set  
With gold, and over these were placed gold rings.  
He as a prince the English entertained;  
Modest and proud was he. His mat outspread

Upon the ground, he sat down thereupon  
To smoke a calumet.

*Z.* The English must  
Have laughed at his grotesque appearance then,  
All unaware that their own king was quite  
As ludicrous in angels' eyes.

*L.* And those  
On earth, who laugh at pomp and pageantry  
Of crownèd kings, in their turn make themselves  
Absurd to angels' minds by bowing with  
Subserviency vile to all the whims  
That fashion, squandered time, or useless wealth  
Can undertake, provided that they be  
The last in vogue.

*Z.* Oh, blind absurdity!

*Scene II.*

*Zarma.*—Hail, Lartan, friend! Glad am I that  
we meet;

For since we parted I've oft thought of thy  
Bold pioneer who was in irons put  
Because he was too great for company  
Of little men. Wilt tell me more of him?

*Lartan.*—The colonists explored the forests, then  
In fair magnificence of vernal leaves;  
May's flowers and fruits perfumed the healthy air;  
But Smith in ship was kept\* until they felt  
The need of his strong, skillful hands; above  
Revenge, he took his share of toil—more than

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\* The apparent discrepancy between the two passages is to be accounted for by a similar one between his biographers.

Another's work. He asked for trial and  
The men, who were suborned him to accuse,  
Their base employers now betrayed. One of  
The latter was the President, and he  
Was fined and had to pay to the wronged man  
Two hundred pounds, which Smith presented to  
The settlement. Good Pastor Hunt prevailed  
To have him in the Council put, and on  
Next day all took the Eucharist, type of  
Love reconciled. Soon Smith and Newport went  
Up farther to explore and treaties make:  
At falls of Powhatan they landed first;  
A chief for whom the river then was named,  
Received them with much dignity; his was  
A figure quite majestic, stern face:  
Two thousand warriors waited his nod;  
For sixty miles the land was his; he had  
A guard of fifty savages, tall and  
Well-knit. The crafty chieftain made them gifts  
And they returned well pleased. It was not long  
Before the colonists, inactive and  
Therefore inclined to envy and to spleen,  
Upbraided Smith with inactivity:  
Such men as he hardly injustice brook  
And rather would be eaten up by wolves  
Than stung to death by bees; better bold foes  
Than peevish friends.

*Z.* Better the greater sin?

*L.* I mean not in itself; but men bear it  
More easily, and so our hero felt,  
But also proved patience had been for him  
The wiser course. River called by Red Men

The Chickahominy he next explored ;  
The natives there surprised his men and took  
Some prisoners ; Smith they assailed, but he  
His red guide for a shield strapped to his arm,  
Then killed and wounded some of his fierce foes.  
But seeking his canoe he sank into  
A marsh, from which they drew him forth and  
    chafed  
His limbs benumbed with cold and weariness,  
That he might have capacity to feel  
The vengeance they would wreak.

Z. They murdered him ?

L. He had not finished his work yet, nor lost  
His faith in Him who only has the power  
To save. An audience requested he  
Of chief, and showed his compass to the tribe.  
The needle, that they saw beneath a thing  
So next to nothing as the glass appeared,  
That yet they could not touch nor understand,  
Seemed to them passing strange, and he tried to  
Explain to them its nature wonderful.

Z. Savage with civilized ! How like to men  
With God ! A something unperceived, obtrudes  
Between the object of their scrutiny  
And them ; much time they pass in marvelling  
Why they cannot lay hold of mystery,  
That's shielded by a glass or film. Pleasant  
Would be the contrast if the savages  
Would bow down to the man who holds in hand  
What to them seems a miracle ; although  
'Twould be idolatry 'twere better than  
Contemptuousness proud that fools bestow

Upon the Holder of all mysteries.  
How little are the men who think themselves  
Too wise e'er to acknowledge what they can  
Not understand!

*L.* If angels could despise  
It would be them. But in this case of Smith  
Humanity's reproach was not redeemed.  
He was tied to a tree while painted, fierce  
Barbarians stood near, well-pleased but stern,  
Intent to pierce with arrows this true heart;  
Another type of what the Worthiest  
Hath oft received: Smith would have paved the  
way

To lead these heathen into Heaven, and they  
Could find no answer but of barbèd darts.

*Z.* I thought thou saidst he was not yet to die.

*L.* The nobler chief the compass held aloof  
And then the Indians shamed brethren white,  
Threw down their arms, in triumph led him to  
A little village by name Orapax;  
These children of the woods now showed their craft,  
Sparing his life that he might help them to  
Attack Jamestown as they had planned. And one  
Macassater, brought him some furs to save  
Him from the cold.

*Z.* He suffered then as well  
In body as in mind.

*L.* What if he did?  
Thou know'st when the good suffer God is by  
And waits but the right time that so he may  
Turn evil machinations into good  
Results. The wild Red Men had planned to take



The feeble settlement; God sent a spy  
Into their camp. Smith urged them not to risk  
Their lives before guns and the cannon's mouth;  
The warlike engine he described and then  
Proposed to them to send braves to the fort.  
Assent was gained, and he a letter wrote  
Warning the settlers of the danger near,  
And bidding them send to him certain things.  
The messengers were frightened when they saw  
Men come to meet them as Smith had foretold.  
They left the paper so mysterious  
And fled. After a while they came again,  
And in its place the things Smith had desired  
Awaited them. From this they all believed  
That he a prophet was, or else the note  
Surely a thing "possessed." They dared not war  
Against a superhuman power, therefore,  
Jamestown was saved, and the great oracle  
Was carried through the land, exhibited.  
Finally, at Werowocomoco,  
Seat of King Powhatan, they came to end  
Of their triumphal march, and gave him up.  
The Red King sat upon a throne\* in robe  
Of raccoons' skins; the tails made fringe around

---

\* This description is taken almost verbatim from Hil-  
liard. Lewis H. Morgan and Judge R. A. Wilson maintain  
the Indians never had kings. I presume they did not;  
but a poet need only regard popular and historical ideas on  
subjects in which no great principle is involved. Though  
I believe this is the only instance in "*The Cloud*" where I  
have written against even a literary or archaeological con-  
viction.

The border ; chains of pearls formed contrast  
strange.

Two hundred warriors about him stood ;  
Next him were graceful maidens of his house,  
Modest, and free, and proud. Hundreds of men  
Passed to and fro, staring at the Pale Face.  
One maid of royal blood brought water for  
His hands ; another, tuft of feathers to  
Wipe with. Then quite a feast was placed  
Before the captive, but none with him ate.  
Soon was a council held and he was doomed :  
A lovely girl of but a dozen years  
Implored his life ; her father, stern to all  
But her, gently refused. Huge stone was brought ;  
Smith's head laid thereupon. Strong men, with  
clubs

Uplifted, waited beck of Powhatan ;  
Instead, as swiftly as an angel's flight,  
Young Pocahontas threw herself between  
Death and the captive doomed. E'en savages  
Then held their breath in great amaze. How  
did

She dare her father's ire ? Yet she prevailed,  
And Smith was given her for slave : but God  
Had not preserved his life so many times  
For such a fate. Ere long he was sent back  
To Jamestown where he was received as one  
Returned from death. New regions to explore  
He often went, and, frequently for corn  
To save the colonists from famine grim.  
The Susquehannocks, clad in skins of bears  
And wolves, witnessed God's public worship in

Their woods and wished to offer reverence  
To Smith, beseeching him to be their king.

*Z.* I should have thought that Satan would have  
been

Too subtle in his jealous hatred of  
The human race to let the Christians take  
Possession of a land once given up  
To worship of his crew, while Indians  
Were saved from him by a credulity  
Like that which had caused their delusion first.  
He superstition should have kindled to  
Hostility.

*L.* At Keoghtan he did

Too soon. Where Hampton's Christian church  
now stands\*

The friendly words and ways of Smith and of  
His men were answered by insulting scorn.  
He had been ordered by the Company  
At home not to make war upon the tribes  
That roamed o'er Western wilds, and for a time  
They lived as brothers should; but when their  
stores

Exhausted were, they went for more and were  
Refused. Must they now starve? Smith fired into  
A crowd, the muskets levelled so as none  
Were killed, but the affrighted Indians  
Rushed in the woods. Smith passed into their  
town;

But would not let his eager men despoil

---

\* This was written before the church was burned by the  
U. S. troops during the war of 1861.

The wild man's home, nor touch one grain of corn.  
In a short time the warriors returned,  
Some painted black, some red, some pied, some  
white,  
Singing and dancing, bearing their Okee  
As talisman.

*Z.* And what was the Okee?

*L.* An idol made of skins, stuffed, painted,  
chained ;

The men had arrows, bows and shields, and felt  
Quite confident that they should win the fight,  
The while their god was borne triumphant in  
The van ; for they feared not to match Okee  
Against a God invisible. But  
Soon a volley of loud musketry dispersed  
Their band. Okee was thus disgraced, and so  
The cruel demon, who suggested it  
And named it for himself, incensed, was most  
Revengeful made. But he bided his time.  
They came to sue for peace, and to get back  
Their idol, left in fright upon the field.  
All that they asked for they received  
And more as price for corn, until the boats  
Were filled. Without Smith Jamestown would  
have starved.

Three thousand miles he travelled in canoe  
And on foot safely through the heat and cold,  
Tempests and winds as razors keen. He was  
Elected President. There was not one  
Of them who worked as hard ; he shrank from no  
Exposure, fast, fatigue ; inspiring all  
With faith in enterprise and constancy.

To break the men from using words profane,  
Vulgar to man, abominable to  
The GOD, he introduced new plan; each one  
Daily of others' oaths kept strict account;  
At night all the offenders had a pail  
Of water cold poured down the sleeve as oft  
As they had sworn or cursed. Malice he could  
Not bear, though base ingratitude was coin  
With which they paid his salary. Others  
To serve was his chief thought; the church he  
built

Anew, another fort put up; equal to all  
Demands of daily life. The savages  
From enemies to friends he turned; they felt  
His power and honored that they feared. Newport  
Returned from England with fresh men,  
Anne Burras and a Mrs. Forest brave,—  
First women who had dared to cross the sea.  
The captain brought a good supply of food  
Most needed in the woods. Newport urged Smith  
To go with him to visit Powhatan.  
Though he was not at home his lovely child,  
Bright Pocahontas, gave them welcome true  
And entertained them for two days until  
The chief returned, when Newport put on cloak  
Of scarlet o'er his shoulders proud and set  
Upon his head an English crown of gold—  
For which he would not kneel. He in return  
Gave Newport his old moccasins and robe.  
Hair-breadth escapes were common life to Smith;  
Once wounded by explosion, very weak,  
He lay asleep when hired assassin came

Up to his bed and cocked his pistol at  
His head ; but GOD was there ; a tremor seized  
The ruffian base, and he walked quickly off.  
Smith never punished him, nor those who had  
Hired him to do theirs and the Devil's hest.  
His wounds got dangerous ; he felt he must  
Surgical aid soon have, or lose his life.  
The London Company had him removed  
From Presidency, so he felt that he  
Could leave the Colony of which he'd been  
The nerve more than two years. In England he  
Lived quite retired, his life almost despaired  
Of by his friends, yet busy all the while.  
When he no more could fight, or hunt, explore,  
Build, govern, he took up his pen and wrote  
Some books. In sixteen hundred and fourteen  
With two small ships he sailed again to seek  
New lands ; Virginia he passed by, and named  
The country north of it New England, and  
Of it made a good chart. On his return  
To London he gave that to young Prince Charles,  
Who thought to honor him with title of  
An admiral—child's play ! Ere long he weighed  
Anchor for a third cruise ; then went Northwest ;  
His ship was captured by French man-of-war  
And for a summer he was prisoner ;  
So to beguile the time he wrote account  
Of his two journeys to America.  
When the ship anchored at Rochelle he found  
That he was not to be released, therefore,  
Escaped one night in a terrific storm  
And in a crazy boat twelve hours was tossed

Upon the sea. Then God threw the frail craft,  
Laden with precious freight, upon an isle,  
Whence he was rescued by some fowlers kind.  
The night he freed himself the captain of  
The man-of-war with half his crew was drowned.  
Smith heard men speak of his bad luck and said,  
“Some fortune-tellers say unfortunate  
Am I. But had they spent their time as I  
Have done they rather would believe in GOD  
Than in their calculations” false.

Z. No man

Has had ill-luck who has done work that was  
Appointed him. What is man’s record of  
Success to God’s “Well-done?”

L. For nineteen years

He labored steadily to benefit  
The settlements on Western Hemisphere,  
And did not own one foot of ground, nor e’en  
Receive for recompense a pound; died poor,  
The hero of disinterestedness.

Z. Of Pocahontas tell me more.

L. When Smith

Was back to Jamestown sent, she with some maids  
Used to go to the fort ev’ry few days  
With corn and other food. Besides the time  
I told you of, she saved Smith’s valued life.  
Once when he was her father’s guest it was  
Decreed he and the friends with him must die;  
Stealthily crept she to the sleeper’s side  
And lightly touched his arm, bidding him rise  
And make a quick escape. Were I man I  
Should blush to tell of her reward. Her acts

Of friendship to the Whites estranged the mind  
Of Powhatan, and to escape his wrath  
She hid herself in hut belonging to  
An ancient couple of the Potomacs.  
One Argall, trading captain of a ship,  
Thought to secure good terms with Powhatan  
If Pocahontas were but in his power ;  
For copper kettle bought her of her host,  
Enticed her on the ship and she was made  
A prisoner.

*Z.* A fact to brand with shame  
All who heard this and did not rescue her.

*L.* At first she wept, but soon remembering  
The services she rendered, grew composed  
And felt she would be safe at Jamestown, where  
She was conveyed. Soon to her father word  
Was sent that she would be released when he  
Gave up his captives, guns, and swords. Three  
months

She was held prisoner at large, the while  
Negotiations were kept up until  
John Rolfe redeemed his people's name, and with  
Heart beating with respect and love, offered  
To take her to his noble breast and shield  
Her from all ills that man's arm can ward off.  
Consent of Powhatan asked and obtained,  
She wedded whom she loved in Jamestown church ;  
Lady Rebecca her baptismal name,  
And Dale, the Governor, wrote thus : " Were it  
But gaining of one such I think my time  
And toil and stay well spent."  
Long as her father lived there was between



English and Chickahominies no feud.  
In England she was treated as a queen ;  
Smith wrote to Anne of Denmark, James's wife,  
To ask the only favor he e'er craved  
Of royalty—for Pocahontas true.  
At court she was received, and Rolfe reproved  
For daring to wed one of royal blood.

*Z.* Can anything be more absurd than kings'  
Great notions of their own prerogatives ?

*L.* But twenty-two was Pocahontas when  
She died at Gravesend on her way to her  
Old forest-home. The gentle firmness, and  
The resignation brave with which she met  
Her only enemy proved that she saw  
Through Death's disguise that her baptismal  
vows  
Won blessings great.

*Scene II. \**

*Lartan.*—There is Tragabigzanda's guard. Let  
us

Fly to Nulee, and hear her history.

*Zarma.*—Wait, Nulee, wait. We wish to ask  
thee of

One whom my Lartan tells me is thy ward.

*L.* Tragabigzanda's fate we want to learn.

*Nulee.*—No longer is she ward of mine. I am  
Her friend in Paradise. Before Smith left  
He gave her little book of prayer and this  
She read, as would a lonely mariner

---

\* The whole scene is a fancy.

In storm-tossed barque make study of the charts  
Left him by his last friend. She learned to pray.

*L.* Impatient are my wings to seek one like  
Sea-bird, that driven from her nest by bird  
Of prey flew forth not knowing where, nor knew  
She how, when nearly dead, exhausted with  
Rude tempests, buffetings, she was picked up  
By kind commander of a passing ship.

*N.* SHE PALED NOT DAY BY DAY ;  
But bore up to the end ;  
God was her steadfast stay,  
Her everlasting Friend.  
And as she died she smiled ;  
Angels their pet had wiled  
Up to their Home at length.  
They kissed away her breath.  
She soared up in God's strength  
From her sweet bed of death.

*Act II.*

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

JEREMIAH HORROX (OR HORROCKS).—NOV. 24, 1639.

*Scene I.*

*Pieran.*—Wilt go with me, Nulee, to see my  
ward ?

A boy of wondrous mind was he ; while in  
His teens solved for himself the problem that  
Great Kepler demonstrated, of the time  
When planet, that Earth's dwellers Venus call,  
Should pass before the sun and shadow throw  
Upon its disc ; error he first perceived,

Corrected, and now waits to see if he  
Is right. This is the day that will give him  
A name among the great astronomers.  
For years the boy kept well the secret of  
His mistress, Science; now the day has dawned  
That she will him espouse. Alas! that it  
Is Sunday; will he keep it holy, as  
God bade? We'll go and see.

*Scene II.*

*(Horrox alone in a darkened room.)*

*Horrox.*—The church bells ring. Oh! I can't  
go;\* perhaps  
E'en while the Blessing falls upon my ear  
Venus will creep across the sun, and no  
One will discover secrets she would else  
Reveal to me. From sunrise I have kept  
My eyes upon the sky, beyond which sits  
The God who made sun, Venus, me. Then He  
Is greater than His Laws, however great  
And beautiful they are. I'd better fail  
To read one of those Laws than dare offend  
The first Lawgiver by contempt of one  
That He hath written. Ah! I'll go to church.

*Nulee.*—Oh, noble youth! When boy of twenty-  
two  
Can thus control his passion for new truth  
He'll make a man kingly as well as learned.

*Pieran.*—His bourne is almost passed, though he  
suspects

---

\* I have no reason to suppose that Horrox for a moment intended to miss the services.

It not. The hour is close at hand when he  
Shall meet Copernicus, Kepler, Brahe.

*N.* I do not recognize those names.

*P.* The first

Was an astronomer before the telescope  
Enabled men to read the great Laws of  
The Universe. A man once said to him,  
“Were the world constituted as you say  
Venus would have her phases like the moon;  
But she has none. What can you say to that?”  
His answer was most eloquent, and showed  
That faith exalts a scientist. He said,  
“I can make no reply; but God will be  
Yet good enough as that an answer to  
This difficulty will be found.” God was  
So good as to let Galileo make  
A telescope; then the reply was made.  
I was with Kepler’s Angel when he had  
Completed calculations most profound.  
He in a prayer he then composed exclaimed,  
“I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, for  
All pleasure that I have enjoyed, and for  
The ecstasy which I experience  
In contemplation of thy works. . . . I here  
Proclaim before all men the greatness of  
Thy works. I have explained (them) as far as  
It was permitted me to comprehend  
Their infinite extent; devoted all  
My energies to raise myself to height  
Of truth through the paths of philosophy.  
If it has chanced that I, a wretched worm, . . .  
Nourished in sin, have said a thing that is

Unworthy Thee, show it to me that I  
May it efface. If I have let myself  
Be carried off by the seductions of  
Presumption when I was in presence of  
The admirable beauty of thy works,  
If I thought too much of my own renown  
In raising monument\* which ought to be  
Entirely to Thy praise, receive me in  
Thy clemency, and grant the work that I  
Have just concluded may be powerless  
For harm and may exalt Thy glory and  
Contribute to salvation of men's souls." Brahe said, "he could wait a century  
For readers when the great Creator had  
For ages waited for observer." So  
Thou seest Horrox will have company  
Of kindred minds.

N. Though he lose fame  
On earth.

P. But he will not. Venus can't cast  
A shadow on the sun ere church will be  
Dismissed and he will win renown of men,  
As he has by his noble piety  
Gained fame in angels' memories.

---

\* The Tables.

## DRAMA XVIII.

## MADAME GUYON.

A.D. 1648.

*Act I.: Scene I.—A party.**Jeanne de la Motte (sings:)*

HE GLOWED IN WOMAN'S HEAVEN  
A pure and radiant star;  
She watched and worshipped him,  
Wept that he was so far.

He fell—below her height,  
She stooped to him with groan;  
But he was black and cold  
As meteoric stone.\*

*Scene II.*

A.D. 1664.

*Madame Guyon (writes:)*

A MOMENTARY BENDING OF THE KNEE  
When none but God's and angels' eyes can see  
Is a child's worship very sweet to me.

A momentary glance up at the sky  
When none but God and angels hear me sigh,  
Is a child's fancy I have not laid by.

---

\* I wonder if Madame Guyon knew what a meteor is.

A momentary thought, yet scarce a thought,  
When suddenly to new grief I am brought  
Is childlike worship that man hath not taught.

*(She folds her hands in prayer, then writes :)*

FATHER, I COME TO THEE! LET THY LOVING  
VOICE CHIDE

The wearisome moanings of Thy child sorrow-  
tried.

Take my hand in Thine Own; place my heart on  
Thy Breast:

Comfort, oh comfort me, for I long so for rest!

Tell me my woes are of my heritage a part:  
The Saviour Who loves me doth ask a Cross-  
crowned heart;

So HE would not take all flowers for His Own  
crown;

Therefore my dower, like His, a wreath of thorn.

I'll bear grief in Thy strength, and soon shall  
enter in

The Land where entereth never pain or sin.

*(She weeps bitterly, and then writes again :)*

FULL WELL I KNOW CHRIST FEELS MY AGONY;

HE leaves me in the wilderness to see

If I can read my Bible-chart aright;

Now I turn to the history of those

Who knew, as I know, many human woes.

The atmosphere of earth, that seemed of night,  
 Is now illuminated by the light  
 That hovers o'er the graves of buried saints;  
 Celestial, golden air life's desert paints  
 With emanations of Eternal Mind.  
 I wonder I in it have ever pined;  
 And so I smile, counting the world but dross  
 And gladly, lovingly, embrace the Cross.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

OH GOD, MY TORTURED HEART MUST BREAK  
 Or cry aloud to Thee!  
 Now, pity for Thy dear Son's sake,  
 My frail humanity.  
 I have kept back my weakling tears  
 Till scalded is my brain.  
 I still am child, though many years  
 I've crept through in hushed pain:  
 Soon as I learn one stroke to bear,  
 Another kind I feel;  
 Has life another ill more rare,  
 As soon as this doth heal?  
 It may be so, but God doth know  
 New remedy for each new woe.

*Scene III.*

1670.

*Madame Guyon (writes:)*

GLEE TURNED TO PEACE.

Ah! Little didst thou ken  
 In our wild days of glee,  
 How sad I should be when  
 Joy sighed for sympathy.



Ah! Little couldst thou know,  
    Seeing but glee and scorn,\*  
How blackest, sharpest woe  
    Would pierce me as a thorn  
That tears the rose's leaf,  
    And scatters all its sweets.  
Oh, Jacques,\* thou art my grief!  
    When a cloud a cloud meets,  
Golden though both may be  
    There's oft a blinding rain;  
So when I met with thee  
    Bright pleasures boded pain.  
The joys came and went,  
    I wist not how or when;  
With our lives they seemed blent—  
    Sunbeams our mottoes then.  
Sunning in thy sweet smile  
Life knew not for a while  
That tears come from great care;  
I thought them rainbow fair  
To deck the Summer's bier—  
Bright leaves grow soonest sere.  
And when darkness covers  
    The ruddiest of trees,  
Eyes of no night-rovers  
    A rosy tint can seize.  
So one chill November  
    I wakened in the night,

---

\* It may be impertinent for me to put my rhymes into Madame Guyon's mouth. Jacques was her husband's name; he was unsympathetic and unkind to her; but I don't know that she ever felt scorn.

Only to remember  
How bright had been the light.  
Scattered I most meekly  
Memory's brightest leaves—  
Best when I could not see;  
Light dazzles and deceives.  
Ah, well-a-day! I'm used  
To darkened, lonely days;  
My heart long since was loosed  
From Fancy's earthly maze.  
But night has many stars  
That ever bright'ning shine;  
Fairest when seen through bars  
That shut God's home from mine.  
Often the moonlight beams  
In such soft, pleasant rays,  
Cheering as day it seems,  
And Fancy, soaring, plays  
Around the Throne of God,  
Kneeling beside saints there;  
And then "I kiss the rod,"  
Blessing the Cross I bear.  
Darker the hour, shorter the way  
That I must traverse ere the day.

*Scene IV.—In a prison.\**

A. D. 1688.

*Madame Guyon (sings:)*

AS MOTHERS' LULLABY'S TO BABIES' CRIES,  
As lover's whispers to a maiden's sighs,

---

\* She was twice confined (once in the Bastille) for her religious opinions and her great influence.

Rest to the weary,  
 Joy to the dreary,  
 Are words of prayer  
 To grief and care.

As reprieve of death to captive condemned,  
 As hope of relief to spirit o'erwhelmed,  
 Poor man's call for love  
 To a Father above,  
 Are words of prayer  
 Read in despair.

As the brightest lantern in darkest night,  
 As gift to the aged of second-sight,  
 As summer shower  
 In noontide hour,  
 Are words of prayer  
 That make grief fair.

*(When Madame Guyon ends her song she  
 says:)*

Strange to be in a prison, yet to be  
 Accused of naught that's criminal. But it  
 Is well. The Great Physician knows the kind  
 Of treatment needed by my sin-sick soul.

*(She writes:)*

AS ONE WITH WEAKENED EYES DOTH LOVE THE  
 STARS,

Whose sweetly-beaming light falls softly down  
 And of their weakness forms a shadowy crown;  
 But the day's splendor all her beauty mars  
 By scorching with her light the painful eyes.  
 Thus, often human heart for sorrow sighs,  
 Feels this world's splendor is but garish show

That hurts the spirit's eyes and dims the sight  
 Of radiance not seen except by night.  
 The stars of the bright world to which we go,  
 In times of great heart-darkness softly shine  
 With light that's shivered down from God's grand  
     Throne  
 Upon our thoughts until they seem divine.

*(She throws down her paper and walks  
 impatiently about.)*

IF HE BIDS ME SIGH IN SORROW  
 I'll expect a bright To-morrow;  
     Well I know on whom I lean,  
 Though earth-veil His sweet smile cover,  
 Maiden-like, I know my LOVER;  
     Often I that smile have seen.

*Scene V.*

*Madame Guyon (sings:)*

RESTLESS, WEARY, AND WEAK,  
 A higher strength I seek,  
 I listen: Father, speak!  
 Like child left in the dark,  
 I search for shining mark  
 To show me where to walk.  
 My lonely heart is numb  
 Waiting for hope to come,  
 God, where can it come from?  
 I pray so oft in vain,  
 I think of mortal pain  
 Whether of heart or brain.

God takes but little note ;  
The body's but the boat  
Whereon to Heaven I float.

So, wherefore should God care  
If tempests it must dare  
Ere it reach stiller air ?

*(Madame Guyon kneels long in prayer,  
and rising, goes to the window and  
gazes at the night until tears begin to  
fall.)*

SADLY AND SLOWLY DOWN  
Falls the reluctant tear,  
Fearing my reason's frown ;  
My heart is carried  
Upon a slow, slow bier  
Towards a distant crown.  
At night above my head  
Its wav'ring shadow gleams ;  
And its soft-falling beams  
Enter my soul by day—  
But stealthily ; they cannot stay ;  
For life has much for me to do  
And oftentimes more for me to bear.  
I have to suffer for the 'True,  
And for the good have oft to dare—  
The martyr's hidden path to tread ;  
Therefore, have I no leisure-time  
To brood above the buried Dead.  
I find earth is so chill a clime,  
If I should tarry by the way  
I should feel torpor of despair,

And soon a mass of lifeless clay  
Would prove that mortals may not dare  
To linger long upon the way  
During our life's dark wintry day.  
Oh, God, but give me work to do!  
Keep me to my vocation true;  
Teach me to suffer and be still  
The while Thou dost Thy holy will.

*Scene VI.*

*Laraille.*—Why hang'st thou poised in the mid  
air so long?

*Carelle.*—I have what men of earth call artist's  
eye;

A pretty picture pleaseth me. Look just  
Below the tip of my right wing upon  
The bosom of the Seine. Is not that fair?

*L.* I see a boat. I know what charmeth thee—  
That pretty child at play with pretty flowers.  
She throws too many on the current of  
The stream; but even so the woman will  
Cast thoughtlessly upon Time's tide the sweet  
And golden hours which if they were but prized  
Would fill her after life with fragrance pure.

*C.* Beside the child there sits the mother. See.

*L.* I do, and she is beautiful; a look  
Fitter for Heaven than earth is on her face.

*C.* Because she generally dwells in Heaven;  
She, like the angels, has no will but God's.

*L.* What does the little one?

*C.* Fastens bright flowers

With paler ones in form of crosses on  
Her mother's dress—symbolic act!

*L.* How so?

*C.* The woman fair whom thou regard'st is rich,  
Refined, intelligent, a widow of few years,  
In marriage sought. Long time ago God saw  
In her a wish to be entirely His,  
And he rewarded such desire, decreed  
That as we angels are, she should be His.  
Dost thou remember one who lay in dark  
And stone-floored cell of convent dank whom oft  
We went to see?

*L.* Thou meanest Albert,\* who  
Was crowned with light and joy ineffable  
After deep gloom? One day, when Time's kind hand  
Had finished tiny hole through the thick wall—

*C.* Often the captive has no friend but Time.

*L.* Albert asleep had dreamed of us.

*C.* Saw us—

He thought he dreamed.

*L.* 'Tis true; and when he oped  
His eyes he smiled although alone, and said,  
I saw the angels, for there lingers yet  
A ray of glory shed from their grand wings;  
And long he lay rejoicing in sunbeam.  
The while the sun shone in his dismal cell  
He felt not cold, nor thirst, hunger, nor grief,  
But when left in old gloom he groped around,  
Feeling the slimy wall to find the bread—  
Frozen and stale—that day before his teeth

---

\* A fancy.

Chattering, full of pain, refused to gnaw.  
Alas! his finger slipped into a hole;  
He knew then that from sun and not from wings  
Had come the ray he had so dearly prized.

*C.* That Lorrimer\* recalls. He, having lived  
In darkness for a year, had a lamp sent  
To him, and was so happy but to look  
At light that he repined no more. He warmed  
His hands and feet thereat: warmth thus acquired  
He seemed to prize more than most men the sun.

*L.* But we forget the woman on the Seine.

*C.* Nay, I do not. My mind was making then  
Comparison with her fair childhood's hours.  
My Jeanne, this girl imprisoned in herself,  
Guarded by constant joy, aspired to climb  
To heaven; but she was clogged by wealth and  
bliss

And beauty rare. One day she found a ray  
Of light.

*L.* I thought she dwelt in light.

*C.* Of earth.

But then she found a ray from Heaven; the Book  
Wherein God proves His love for man was left  
In her lone room; she felt that she must find  
A better life than hers of stagnant joy.  
Years flitted past like larks; though seemingly  
They rose to Heaven, they died upon the earth.  
She married, but the bridal veil concealed  
A thorn.

*L.* Alas! What grief. An old maid's life

---

\* A fancy.



Of loneliness and want of tender care  
Is blest compared to wife in lavish home,  
To whom her husband is a judge or bore,  
Or imbecile.

*N.* Her consort's want  
Of trust and sympathy was fate most hard.  
Each month his mother lay another thorn  
Upon the young wife's paling brow. But Christ  
Was fashioning of them a crown, not such  
As His—the thought were very blasphemous—  
But hard for gay youth to bear cheerfully.  
Jesus was smitten, so was she; disease  
Destroyed the beauty that is of the earth,  
And liable to death.

*L.* Not so. She still  
Is beautiful.

*N.* Yes; but what beauty wears  
She now?

*L.* A holy calm, a loving smile; truly  
They come from the bright skies.

*N.* Her parents, friends,  
And children were removed from her fond heart  
To make more room for God. She bowed in peace,  
And meekly said, 'Tis well. But she, like Christ,  
Was left alone to cry, "My God, why hast  
Thou me forsaken?"

*L.* Will weak man e'er learn  
That never doth our God desert one who  
Has not forsaken Him?

*N.* This she learned not  
Until six years had shrouded her in gloom  
To make her fair; the longer woman is

Shut in from light the fairer she becomes,  
And so—

*L.* The pretty child has changed her play.  
She crowns her mother now.

*N.* Symbolic act

Again.

*L.* Where wingest thou?

*N.* To the dear girl,  
To whisper in her ear these words, "After  
The Cross thou shalt be crowned:" this she'll  
repeat.

Watch, and thou'lt see the cross-gemmed woman  
smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Child.*—Art pleased with me, Mamma, that thou  
dost smile?

*Mother.*—Yes, darling.

*Ch.* Then tell me a story of  
Thy father's home. Tell me of Uncle Paul.\*

*M.* "WHEN BUT A CHILD I LOVED THE GLAD,  
THE TRUE,  
The beautiful; longing for them as things  
Of the sweet Home wherein the Baby smiled.  
And when the stars shone through the parting  
clouds  
All childish joys were to me very dull  
And lifeless things, as is a diadem  
Of earth to angels crowned in the blue skies.  
I every pleasure would have given  
For but a long-craved glimpse beyond the clouds

---

\* Don't know whether she had a brother.

That shrouded home of baby-brother from  
My wistful eyes ; and thus ere I had learned  
To care for toys of earth, I felt the love  
Of Heaven and of God that quells desire  
For giddy mirth. Oft when I lay awake  
At night, I talked to him who sometimes in  
His earthly babyhood had lain upon  
My girlish breast, and who, I doubted not,  
Was then the willing watcher of my rest.  
Often in joy, always in childish grief,  
I softly whispered to cherubic boy  
Who hovered o'er my path, the story of  
Whate'er befell his sister left on this  
Dimmed world to mourn for him until her young  
Bright eyes with bitter tears were filled. I saw  
The angel Death kiss baby-lips into  
A cherub's smile ; but could not weep when I  
Mine softly pressed on the brown eyes closed in  
The happy sleep of early death. I had  
No heart for noisy play, or romping game,  
But fled, like startled fawn, in true alarm  
From childish trespasses, in trembling fear  
That Jesus would not let me dwell with Him  
And baby-brother in the skies. The wiles  
Of playmates' mirth could ne'er beguile from  
dreams  
Of Paradise's sports. The sister's heart,  
With memories of a lost brother filled,  
Was easily consigned to fancies of  
Sweet baby-beauty and of earthly love  
And purity immortalized in bliss.

*Ch.* Thanks for the story ; but—

*M.* Poor child! I quite  
Forgot to whom I talked. Dear, now sing me  
The song I taught to thee last night.

*Child (sings:)*

LOVE FERVENTLY, YE HAPPY ONES OF GOD!  
Heaven's brightest wreaths are twined on our sad  
earth.

Bury dead hopes; but pluck from the green sod  
To grace your hearth blooms of immortal birth:

Love fervently!

Love fervently! The one you love may die,  
Leave you your weighty Cross alone to bear;  
By the bright stars and the gay smiling sky  
God kindly whispers, soon you will be there:

Love fervently.

Love fervently! and although man should change,  
The grief will strengthen and prepare your heart  
To live Up There where nothing can estrange,  
For angels' loves are but of God's a part:

Love fervently. .

Love fervently. St. John hath truly said  
Our "God is Love," and you would be like Him;  
Therefore, love man and Him, Who though once  
dead,

Now wears a crown that never can grow dim:

Love fervently.\*

#### *Act II.*

PASCAL IN EDEN.—A.D. 1662.

*Havile.*—Of what art musing now, Pascal, my  
friend?

---

\* Sung to air "Love Not."

*Pascal.*—I'm thinking of the flowers I cast away  
By the rude brush of philosophic hand :  
Alas ! I cannot touch them any more.

*H.* Thou must be speaking of some joys of  
earth ;  
For there is nothing here thou may'st not touch  
With reverential hand.

*P.* It is of joys  
Of earth. I, a philosopher ! How so ?  
Doth botanist because he's a savant  
Throw from his eager grasp the flowers that charm  
Him most ?

*H.* If he doth so, he is a child ;  
God made the flowers for men to know and love—  
They are for all ; some men He made to look  
With eyes inquisitive at wonders hid  
From common gaze, to watch the sap as it  
In an obedient stream flows on, to view  
By aid of art the wondrous fabric of  
Blossom or leaf, to feel that royal robes  
In their coarse dyes are vulgar things compared  
With dainty textures that His hand hath wrought.  
*Pascal,* I had supposed that thou wert such  
A man—on humble knees to ask to see  
All God hath made.

*P.* Though reverent in thought,  
My acts profaned the beauties and the joys  
Of God's fair earth: aye, what He gave me to  
Expand my heart, contemptuously I  
Smiled on : I scorned the handiwork of God's  
Great love.

*H.* No, *Pascal,* no ! For I have heard

Man's science oweth much unto thy mind ;  
And when in philosophic haunts of earth,  
I've known thy name classed with discoverers  
Of Nature's laws.\*

*P.* Aye ; when no beauty that  
I—modern oracle, forsooth !—dared to  
Call sensuous was there. My actions taught  
The God of all things beautiful and fair,  
Had erred in making man to deeply feel  
And love the same.

*H.* Thou canst have beauty here—  
Enough to satisfy all thy desires.

*P.* And far more glorions than aught below,  
But not the same. The boy who had been shut  
In dungeon dark and cold, and never known  
The joys and privilege of childhood's hours,  
When man, e'en if a king, would always feel  
That something had been taken from his life  
Which could not be restored, and that to him  
A great wrong had been done ; the sphere of  
    life,  
That should be rounded in completeness full,  
Would on its morning-side show sad abyss,  
Peopled with gloomy, e'en if harmless, forms.

*H.* Didst thou thus thrust from thee a part of  
    life ?

*P.* I did, in proud selfism and from want  
Of trust ; though I most mysteries of Heaven  
Appreciate, in all earth's myriads  
Of happy lives there's something that I can

---

\* Pascal first demonstrated the weight of the air.

Not comprehend ; \* rather, the shadow of  
A viewless cloud, and this is sad to one  
Who fain would enter in all he perceives.

*H.* But I have heard a maiden oft repeat  
In her sweet love's defence one thing thou saidst.  
Thou smilest : wouldst know what it is ? As well  
The heart hath as the understanding hath  
Its aphorisms true.

---

DRAMA XIX.

LEONORA DE CASTRO.

*Act I: Scene I.*

1755.

*Leonora.*—I wonder if I cannot sing, mamma?  
Those birds last night made me feel musical.  
I think that I can warble as they sang.

My life was dim and gray  
Like the sea ;  
On it the sun arose,  
Love on me.

My heart had sluggish beat ;  
Moaned the sea  
Till fresh winds waked it up ;  
Love waked me.

---

\* He rebuked a mother for letting her children kiss her.—  
See *Littell's Living Age*, May 19.

My brain cast forth its thoughts,  
Shells the sea;  
I gather shells; my thoughts  
Love's will be.

My days left dry, dead weeds  
Like the sea;  
I gathered its; Love mine—  
Silly he!

Gaily dance richest ships  
On the sea;  
So dance Love's dizzy hours  
Over me.

A fire at sea—

*Mother.*—Why stop so suddenly, my child?  
What cloud  
Is forming in thy heart soon to be spent  
In tears? Why dost thou pause?

*L.* I may not tell.

*M.* It is thy mother asks.

*L.* My mother! Mine!  
Oh, hold me tightly to thy breast! Oh, woe!  
How long may I lie in thine arms?

*M.* Long as  
Thou wilt, sweet one. How strange thou art to-day.

My darling shall lie here long as she wills.

*L.* No! no! That cannot be. Oh, God, have  
mer—



*M.* What is it, precious one? Anita—quick!

*Anita.*—Spasm has she.

*M.* Run for the doctor. Haste!

*Scene II.—Mother, alone.*

I would that I could know what caused such  
change

In my blithe darling's mood. 'Twas very strange.

She said it was the last part of her dream

That pained her so, and that she had not thought

Of it since she awoke until a line

Recalled it; then with giant's power it grasped

Her heart and suddenly it seemed to bring

Her to the verge of death. I dare not ask

Again of what she dreamed; the very thought

Is like a spectre to the trembling thing.

Yet what foreboding phantasy could fright

So fair a flower as mine? The dew of love

Will e'er suffice to water heart so pure

And tractable. I cannot think that such

An one will ever need to breast the storm,

Or, woe is me! suffer day after day,

As I have done, the constant dripping of

Envenomed tongue. Rather, I pray, O God!

Let her die by the lightning's flash than by

The cruel burning of fierce jealousy.

Ah! when I lay a baby in the arms

Of parent fond as I, she never thought

That I could suffer as I do—and live.

Would that I knew that Leonora's life

Is weak as mine is strong, that she will die

Whenever grief o'erwhelms her guileless youth.

*Scene III.*

*In house of Lord Effingham, British Minister to Portugal.*

*Chaplain.*—Where has my Leonora been so long?

*Leonora.*—At home : quite ill from the sad fright  
a dream

Hath given me. Don't shake thy head and look  
Reproachfully, as though thy lessons were  
All lost, and she whom thou hast rescued from  
Old Superstition's chain, had quite forgot  
The calm of an implicit faith in God.

*C.* We "must give milk to babes : " thou hast the  
heart  
Of one, although thy intellect mine oft  
Outwits.

*L.* Thou shamest me.

*C.* Tell me thy dream.

*L.* I fancied we were looking for eclipse  
While the sky was most glorious in stars.  
I left the family, and quite alone  
Roamed in the garden I so love, and as  
I gazed into blue depths above—

*C.* To man  
More fathomless than deepest sea, although  
He strives to sink his leaden brain and cast  
His learning's anchor on the mysteries  
Of God's grand Universe, throwing away  
Faith's compass when he thinks that he has made  
Discovery of a foundation for

New theory, and is philosopher,  
Yet is shipwrecked upon the shoals of vain  
Hypothesis. But thou didst not dream thus.

*L.* No. While I gazed above I saw bright star  
After stars brighter shoot, and once I saw  
Two rush together and then whirl around,  
Delighting me until they disappeared.  
I said that was a world on its last day,  
Embracing in strong, glowing arms its moon  
That both together might extinguished be.

*C.* Doubtless a shooting star may be a sun,  
But all that I have seen were meteors.

*L.* One can't be an astronomer in sleep.  
And then I saw fire-flies like humming-birds  
In size, their bodies colorless, and yet  
From them proceeded rays of light quite like  
Bright rubies and clear emeralds dissolved:  
The red one hovered o'er the green till they  
In floating rainbow mingled charmingly,  
I said—but that I won't tell thee.

*C.* No need.  
Thou dreamedst the young marquis was  
The ruby and thou wert the—

*L.* Green. Well, let  
Me laugh I cannot bear even to thee,  
Best friend! to whisper what came next.—The  
priest

Whom I refused for a confessor came  
And caught the two fire-flies and threw  
Both in a burning star; the ruby one  
Flew off, but the green one was burned. I felt  
The flames. Thinkest thou I can stand—

C. Hush, child!

Fever hadst thou. Sometimes I, too, believe  
In dreams; I do in this. A burning brain  
Begot thy fantasies and well foretold  
Thy illness, caused not by a dream, which was  
Its sign.

L. How sensible thou always art!  
Better mamma had sent for thee than for  
That dried-up specimen labelled M.D.

C. Nice way to talk to me of countryman!

L. After I rose and read the Bible that  
Thou gavest me, and prayed and breakfasted,  
I had forgotten ending of the dream;  
But the fire-flies floated before my brain,  
Emblems of Alvas and of me.

*Scene IV.*

*(Leonora, alone, sings with accompaniment  
of the guitar. The Marquis of Al-  
vas enters unperceived and listens.)*

I'VE A THORN IN MY HEART,  
And oft its piercings dart  
Through my most cheerful mood:  
Then I seek solitude.

Perhaps each woman knows  
One in whom her blood flows,  
Who is as a sharp thorn  
In her heart, night and morn.

And yet all of her pain  
She hides in heart or brain;

Perchance hears what some say  
Against her ev'ry day.

But she must give no sign  
That she has cause to pine,  
Lest she may implicate  
Those to whom cruel Fate

Hath bound her by a tie  
That she cannot lay by;  
Yet she is not bereft  
Of all hope, this is left—

That the thorn which she knows  
Is shadow of Christ's woes,  
That on her life fell down  
From thorn in cruel crown

That on the Cross he wore.  
He feels her heart is sore,  
And He will cure the smart  
When He has lesson taught.

*Marquis.*—A doleful song for such a merry heart.

*Leonora.*—But mine is not. Wilt thou Maria wed?

*M. (laughing.)* Surely my fair betrothed must be  
Distraught—and of all women to suggest  
Maria in thy place! A sorry jest.

*L.* Not one at all. She loves thee more than I.  
Oh, don't reproach me with that burning glance!  
I love thee as a child loves flowers, because  
Thou pleasest me; but well I know that I  
Could not be jealous. Thou hast said that none

Who feel true passion's power are guiltless there.  
Nor could I stoop to do a dirty thing  
To win thy favor, should I lose it now.  
Maria says true love will crawl as low  
As it soars high.

*M. Maria!* Do not speak  
Of her again. Hereafter will her name,  
If on thy lips, provoke my wrath; and know  
I never liked her, for she likes not thee.

*L.* Is it not strange a sister should be turned  
From me because my hand is sought ere hers?

*Scene V.*

*Maria and her Confessor.*

*Maria.*—Oh, holy father, a great secret I  
Shall tell thee now! Know, Leonora is  
A heretic.

*Father.*—Impossible!

*M.* Alas,  
Too true! And I fulfil the duty that  
I owe to parents, brothers, sisters and  
Myself. Until to-day I had not known  
The Synod of Toulouse had passed decree  
That if in any house is found concealed  
A heretic, that house shall be destroyed.  
Thou knowest it is weeks since Le confessed  
Or went to church unless compelled. This morn  
The noble Marquis, her betrothed, and she  
Had a long conversation, when mamma,  
Being unwell, sent me to sit with them.  
I had my hand upon the cord to raise  
The curtain that alone divided me

From them, when hearing my name called I  
stayed

My hand, and 'mid much foolish stuff heard her  
Tell him that he had better far release  
Her and take me, because I was a true,  
Good Roman Catholic and she was not.  
Then he upbraided her because she had  
More faith in English chaplain than in him.

*C.* Aye, there was the offence: the Marquis is  
An infidel, like most of our brave youths  
Who far have travelled and learned more than  
prayers.

*M.* Besides, some say he weds my sister for  
Her property: he is—

*C.* A handsome man.

If Leonora is out of the way  
Her heritage is thine.

*M.* Thou canst not do  
More than consign her to a convent's cell  
To lead a blessed life of peace and prayer?

*C.* The girl I know; she never will recant.  
Thy question comes too late to save her life.

*M.* Will Pompal that allow? He has curtailed  
Power of the Church, the Inquisition has  
Rebuked, and—daring man!—he has expelled  
From Paraguay the Jesuits.

*C.* Yet still

The law is, if a judge acquit one who  
Has heresy embraced, his office, land,  
And property are confiscated: thus  
Three hundred years ago a Synod did  
Secure to the accused a just decree.

*Scene VI.—In the wilds of the Sierra.*

*Ferdinand.*—Marquis, thou art low-spirited. The cause—

*Marquis.* Away! Of serf I made a freeman, not A friend.

*F.* Yet I am one would die for thee.

*M.* Forgive my hastiness, but leave me now Alone.

*F.* Not until I have added to Thy grief. But I know thou wouldst curse me did

I keep from thee e'en the worst news of her.

*M.* (*springing up.*) The worst! They dare not do more than immure Her in the Old Maids' jail.

*F.* They tortured her. . . .  
I was too hasty—he has fainted, like  
My wife when our—

*M.* Knowest thou this?

*F.* Last night  
When I to convent carried wood, I heard  
Such shrieks!—What have I done again? Rouse up  
And be a man, and rescue thy betrothed.

*M.* Yes! If I could with my own life! But I  
Have seen strongest and highest in the land  
Broken like withes by Roman Church. God's  
curse—

*F.* Manuel comes, and like a fury rides.

*Manuel.*—Haste, Marquis! Haste to Lisbon, if  
thou wilt  
See yet thy bride who ought to be.



*M.* The curse into thanksgiving I shall change  
If God will take her from inquisitors.

*Man.* A heroine and angel she has proved  
In presence of their general, who held  
The Ante-court of Hell in prison when  
They took her from the convent as they saw  
That her example might defile the nuns,  
And teach them that obedience to God  
Is higher than that owed to Abbess proud.  
Tortured was she by Torquemada then;  
And when he found she was superior  
To him and all his fiends, her they condemned  
To die with others in few days.

*Scene VII.—In Ambassador's house.*

*(Chaplain and Lord Effingham.)*

*Chaplain.* — Ah, if I had been well enough to-day

To crawl to see her on her way to God!

*Effingham.* — Weaker art thou than she. A  
gaily-dressed

And giddy crowd rose with the sun to feast  
Their eyes on the girl's sufferings. Bishop  
With mitre on his senseless head, a suite  
Of brutes in dress ecclesiastical,  
Workmen and gentlemen, rushed fast to see  
That lovely maiden in the flames. Will she  
From Hades look on them in Tartarus?

*C.* Not she.

*E.* Streets, balconies and windows are  
Filled with fair ladies and their innocents.

The Marquis, with a face like an old man's  
And hands that shook as if he palsy had,  
Strove hard to penetrate the crowd ; although  
Few recognized the gay youth of but two  
Weeks since—such was the anguish of his mien—  
It opened with a silent awe as he  
Thrust right and left his trembling hands.

*Scene VIII.—Plaza of Lisbon.*

NOV. 1, 1755.

*Bishop.*—“ Now, Leonora De Castro, will you  
Retrace your erring steps ? Will you discard  
The thoughts heretical implanted in  
Your youthful mind by son of Belial ?  
Our holy Church is ever lenient  
To erring children, and in mercy deals  
With the repentant who will humbly come  
To her. Will you confess your sin and live ?

*Leonora.*—I can't acknowledge the authority  
Of Church you represent. The faith I now  
Profess is true. There is but ONE who can  
Forgive, and in His mercy do I trust.  
If I am called to die for His dear sake  
I cheerfully will try to bear all pain,  
Knowing the 'light affliction which is but  
For moment here worketh for us a more  
Exceeding and eternal glory there.'

*Bp. (To executioner)* Quick ! Light the fires and  
bind the prisoners.

*(To Leonora)* Obdurate wretch ! This day shall  
your soul writhe

In torments of the damned; but first you shall  
A foretaste of your doom enjoy." Prepare.

*(Leonora staggers; the Marquis rushes forward and catches her.)*

*Marquis.*—Inhuman monster! She is fitter for  
God's Heaven than such as you. If there are in  
His presence any angels she will soon  
Be one.

*Bp.* Ha! My Lord Marquis, ha! These are  
Bold words, and they have sealed your doom.  
*(To soldiers)* Arrest the Marquis of—

*(An earthquake shakes the ground, and in the confusion the Marquis bears Leonora off in his arms.)*

*Act II.—In the air.*

*Khrysilla.*—Calla, why are we summoned now  
by tones  
Of the great One who sits upon the Throne  
Sublime?

*Calla.*—Knowest thou not? Have not we drunk  
Of twice ten million joys since that Voice rang  
Its music, pityingly soft, yet loud,  
Like to the sound of Earth's grand waterfall—

*K.* Earth's waterfall?

*C.* Aye; thou hast not forgot  
The thing on that sad sphere that more than all  
The beauty that it hath reminded me  
Of our own Heaven?

*K.* Never have I been there,  
Nor heard of it.

*C.* Oh, verily! Thou wast  
 In the remotest boundary of our  
 GOD'S Universe when he created this  
 New World. I am rejoiced that I may tell  
 Thee of the Human Nature that He took  
 Upon Himself. Oh, deed more wonderful  
 Than all He else hath done! descending from  
 His Throne——

*K.* Why flyest thou so rapidly?

*C.* I answer now the call that doth alway  
 Assemble those who on the day that men  
 The Lord's Day name (for they count hours, and  
     days,  
 And weeks in that strange world), desire to go  
 In serried ranks to worship in a House  
 Of Prayer.

*K.* And what is that?

*C.* Come! I shall teach  
 Thee much of greater mysteries than those  
 Thou wanderèd'st far to see. But silence now;  
 For angels do not go to church without  
 A thought.

*K.* Calla, one question more, I pray!  
 What strange robe hath the GOD put on?

*C.* Nature  
 Of man.

*K.* Of man! Oh! who is man? What hath  
 He done for GOD that we forgot to do,  
 That He should thus pass by our radiance  
 To stoop to Form which seems unworthy of  
 The Majesty Divine? What hath man done?  
 Oh! Who is he?

*C.* A creature that the GOD  
Did make of dust of earth, and then He breathed  
His Own divinest Life within the form  
That His Own Hands had shaped. ('Twas but  
— His Word  
That fashioned us.) Male and female did He  
Create, and placed them in a Garden of  
Delights, named Paradise. But Satan went  
Into their bower ; and ere long they were cast  
Out of the Eden that is like to ours  
As ring of yonder world \* to halo round  
GOD'S Feet.

*K.* Oh beautiful ! Goldenly bright !  
I had not noticed that fair sphere, around  
Whose beauty there doth hang embracingly  
A circle of strange light that is like faint  
Reflection of the rainbow round the Throne.  
But more of man. I cannot hear enough.

*C.* He would have followed the lost Prince, the  
poor  
Abandoned one ! had not the GOD gone down  
To earth, assumed humanity, taking  
A body of a helpless Babe, lived on  
This world till it had gone around the sun  
Three times and thirty, when His body died  
A sacrifice to save mankind ; for then  
Numbered posterity of the first pair  
More souls than there are crystal streams in  
Heaven.

'Twas thus that the GOD lived and died on Earth.

---

\* There is a ring around the Earth.

*K.* Died? As the flow'rets die in a new sphere  
We visited of late? Calla, I do  
Not understand.

*C.* No more. We are before  
The King.

*K.* Oh see! How kind He is! He knows  
How much I long to hear the rest. Dear LORD,  
He beckons thee to tell me more.

*C.* Then we  
Shall fall behind and as we fly thou wilt  
Hear words that will inflame thy love for Him  
Till it will seem to thee that angels are  
Almost omnipotent,—so great, so far  
Beyond the bounds of all thou yet hast felt,  
Will be thy love and reverence for Him ;—  
Thine indignation first, but soon thy grief  
And pity for poor man.

*K.* Quiver my wings,  
Sharing the expectation of my thoughts  
To hear the wondrous tale.

*Scene II.*

*Krysilla.*—One comes to fly by us. Knowest  
thou him?

*Calla.*—Yes; I have talked with Wiclifoft; he is  
One of the saints who proved Christ's presence with  
His Church e'en when idolatry, that wore  
New names, insidious, began to lift  
Itself again. I noticed that the stars  
As seen from earth, are brighter when the air  
Is cold and pure in wintry dearth than when  
It's redolent of the rich life and scent

Of Summer's soft and fragrant breath. E'en so,  
While age of persecution tried the Church  
Quite radiant was she in purity;  
But when it passed away and kings became  
Her servants, bowing low, some worshipped her,  
Or favor that kings gave, new trials came.  
Satan began to drown man's intellect  
In dream-inspiring exhalations of  
The poetry of truth.

*K.* Of truth? Well, that  
Is just as it should be—just as it is  
With us.

*C.* Ah yes! Because we never can  
Forget we stand in the great presence of  
The GOD; but here they do forget, and think,  
Because good music's heavenly—comes from  
Above, that it is piety. E'en so  
The petrifications grand and beautiful  
Of spirits that adored oft satisfy  
The worshipper; and the cathedral, though  
'Tis just what angels fancy that the House  
Wherein God dwells on earth should be, is oft  
The resting-place of prayer and praise.

*K.* How sad!

*C.* 'Tis so with pictures worthy of the gaze  
Of Seraphim—a few of which might serve  
To fan their ever-burning flame of love  
And happiness, they oft are stumbling-blocks  
O'er which Devotion falls to rise no more.  
But this is not true of all lands; for some  
Have had a Reformation, and the one  
To which we go has left idolatry

Of images and its congenial rites  
 For a faith simpler and more primitive.  
 When in the church I shall point out a pair  
 Who fled from native land and heritage  
 Of wealth, glad to escape with life. On ship  
 Like that thou seest on the sea below  
 Us now, they were made man and wife under  
 The flag of a free land. In England they  
 Have sought and found a very happy home.\*

SEPT. 20, 1870.

*Act III.*

LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE.—A.D. 1795.

Victim of ungodly men,  
 Lay a little boy of ten  
 In a dungeon cold and damp,  
 And his gaoler was a scamp.  
 But three days before his death  
 He was borne out, half by stealth,  
 Into room where some fresh air  
 And bright light made day seem fair.  
 But when night fell he was left  
 Lonely, e'en of nurse bereft:  
 How he passed the nights of woe  
 None but God and angels know.  
 When his last day brightly shone,  
 His one friend† repressed a moan,

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\* All I know of the Marquis and Leonora I read in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1870. The conversations, except that between Leonora and the Bishop, are imaginary, and I have no ground for supposing she had such a sister as Maria. The ecclesiastical references are facts.

† See Beauchesne's Life of Louis XVII.



Hoped the child was not in pain.  
"Yes; but easier my brain;  
Beautiful the music is."  
(Music no ear heard but his;  
He was now to get a crown.)  
"I've heard it e'er since you knelt down,"  
Said the child to Gomin kind.  
"Listen!" Gomin could not find  
Any proofs of angels there  
Unless they were in the fair  
Patient eyes of martyr-child,  
Like his Master, meek and mild.  
"Hark! My mother's voice I hear."  
Then his pain-dimmed eyes grew clear,  
And his lips could almost smile.  
He'd be with her in short while.  
Soon the little face grew sad :  
"Do you think my sister had  
Chance to hear the music sweet  
That my blissful ears did greet?  
It would have done her much good."  
Angels heard and understood  
That the time had surely come  
When they no more would be dumb,  
As they had been, to the boy  
In his nights of sad annoy:  
Now he heard their words of joy.  
His keeper came and took his hand ;  
He had left for fairer land,  
Where no children suffer for  
Crimes that their few years abhor—  
Done ere they had seen the light.

Two years before a child as bright  
 As the boy my knee beside,  
 Was left (when his father died  
 To atone for worse men's sin):  
 Captive sad, he was to win  
 By his patient gentleness,  
 Never answered by caress,  
 Right to be a martyr called.  
 History my taste has palled  
 With horrors, till I think in Hell  
 There is little that can well  
 New be called. God, let me dwell  
 Where demons can no more bear sway!  
 Heaven from earth seems far away—  
 'Twill farther be unless I pray.

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DRAMA XX.

*Act I.*

THE DEATH OF NOVALIS.

A. D. 1801.

I.

GENTLY, gently enter here :  
     Sweetly Novalis sleeps  
     Bathing his spirit in heavenly deeps.  
 Four years ago with many a tear  
     He often prayed for rest.  
     For awhile he is blest ;  
 Wake him not now —  
     Let him hear the angels sing !  
 May God's Spirit endow  
     With life everlasting

Him e'en while he sleeps !  
Though no longer he weeps,  
He secretly sighs for his Love,  
Sophie, lost to him in blue fields above.  
May he sleep long ! Wake him not now.  
He would wake to press on fair Julie's brow  
The kiss that he fain would press upon hers.  
Let him forget—too oft he remembers.

His deceit God forgive !

He thinks he must live ;

So to be happy we'll try

As the gates of the sky

Ope not for his prayers, nor as he thinks, for hers ;  
Though ever his soul his first-love remembers ;  
As a man he will seek for happiness here.

Since he is shut out from the woman most dear

He will try to make up a home upon earth,

Julie's smile an oasis in life's dreary dearth :

Then sometimes at least he may languidly rest,  
Nor think more of her who dwells mid the Blest.

## II.

But she who first loved him !

Oh, where is she now ?

Forgotten her vow ?

Hath she not noted how very dim

Earth's amusements are for him ?

Hath she not seen that grief and despair

Have since she died made their marks on his  
brow ?

That he has wearied of hopeless prayer

That God would let Death seal their vow ?

Yes ; for she often doth round him hover,  
Sometimes she brings to her weary lover  
From Heaven ideas beautiful and fair,  
Which parry pain and gloom and ward off care,  
That he may write them as poetic thoughts ;  
The thoughts that men and children, too, will wish  
To lay up in their earth-worn or fresh hearts  
Among the treasures Age and Youth like best,  
Their inner life to kindle or to nourish,  
Knowing not they came from realms of the Blest.  
And oftentimes to his heart she sings  
Such musical airs a sigh hushes he  
To list the lovely songs she brings ;  
And then unconsciously  
He writes them down  
To mark earth's hours,  
Not knowing they are flowers  
From spirit's crown.

## III.

She hath heard him speak of love  
To another maiden  
And, like a carrier-dove,  
To earth she swiftly flies  
With God's message laden  
To bring him to the skies.

## IV.

Gently, gently enter here !  
Here lies one to angels dear ;  
Sweetly Novalis sleeps  
While a well-known spirit peeps

From the shroud that Death doth wear.  
There is echo in the air  
While plays his brother on harpsichord  
And groweth the vision long and broad,  
As floating beings rare  
Mingle with the notes  
That fall on his dreaming ear,  
As float bright golden motes  
In beam of sunshine clear.  
And this song they begin  
While others enter in :  
“Dream thy last dream,  
We come to bring thee rest ;  
Already o’er thy brow doth gleam  
The golden wings of her thou lovest best.  
Free from sin thou soon wilt be,  
From pain and anguish free,  
Soon Eden thou wilt enter.  
Knowest thou art the centre  
Where meet several Saints’ bliss ?  
On thy lips and on thy brow  
Thou hast felt a Spirit’s kiss ;  
’Tis no dream thou lovest now.  
Waken, poet ! With us roam  
Far above the star-flushed dome.  
By that kiss thou wert set free  
From the bars of clay that held thee.  
’Tis no dream ; Sophie is here ;  
Fly with her to the Father dear.”

## V.

Gently, gently enter here,  
Gladly, without a tear

Sweetly Novalis sleeps;  
 Angel-guard a vigil keeps  
 O'er the sleeper's bed.  
 Ah! Softly tread;  
 Spirits fill the room;  
 It hath not air of gloom.  
 Novalis waketh happily;  
 What thou hop'st for he doth see.

NOTE.—Written after reading some of Carlyle's *Essay on Novalis*. I could not keep back my tears, half by a sense of joy and half by a sense of beauty overcome.

*Act II.*

THE CONSUMPTIVE.—MAY, 1830.

*Scene I.*

(*Amy in her room, sitting at her window :  
 early morning.*)

*Zulee (her Guardian).*—She listens to stage-coach that takes away  
 Whom she esteems as friend ; a lover he.  
 She will have grief enough to bear ere long.  
 Come, red-birds, sing and cheer the girl, and let  
 Her write ; for writing is the Lethe God  
 Provides for those who can't weep much nor talk.

*Amy (writes).*

DISPERSED IS THE MIST;  
 To birds I will list.  
 They speak merrily;  
 "At your call, you see,  
 We come out, O Sun!  
 We're ready for fun ;

We come forth to cheer  
All hearts that know fear ;  
Silly flowers weep  
A while in their sleep,  
For, they think darkness  
Is henceforth their dress.  
Dead, they say, is the sun  
And they are undone.  
If they'll ope their eyes  
There'll be truce to sighs.  
We'll sing merrily ;  
They'll wake cheerily."

\* \* \* \*

I blushed as I heard  
Reproof of a bird,  
Ashamed to think I  
Should thus weep and sigh,  
Refusing to see  
Light beaming on me.  
I dried ev'ry tear  
Determined to cheer,  
And found that the cloud  
That life doth enshroud  
Was in my own eye.  
No longer I sigh ;  
No more shall I fear  
For Edgar so dear.  
See! Brightly above  
Shines sun that I love—  
The sun of our faith.  
'Tis Father who saith,

“Cast all care on me,”  
For I care for thee.

*Scene II.*

*Edgar in a room at Trinity College, Hartford, Sept., 1830.*

E. AS FLOWER WITHOUT PERFUME  
So is life without hope  
Of coming blessedness  
When with pain it must cope,  
As prairie-fires consume  
With exultant success  
And a most cruel mirth  
The flowers of the earth,  
So hath grief had full scope  
To turn to dead ashes  
The bright blossoms of hope  
Whose most brilliant flashes  
Once illumined my path  
Ere I thought of Death's wrath.  
Soon fires of suffering  
Built high mounds of ashes  
Where Fate his teeth gnashes  
And Despair thus doth sing,  
Of the flowers of thy May  
But the dust now remains ;  
And Autumn winds and rains  
Funeral dirges play.

Funeral dirges -- aye ! Well I have faced  
The truth. I know that I must die, and so  
I shall now write to Mr. Warrington.  
God, Father of my “Elder Brother,” make



Him write and bid me come to his sweet home  
To die! Then Amy will be near me, and  
I wish to fit myself for angels' love  
And company by keeping hers.

*Scene III.*

*Amy.*—OH GOD! I DARE NOT SAY 'TIS FATE,  
But I again am just too late  
To yield my spirit to a mate.

My Father, if such was Thy will.  
Teach me to suffer; and soon still  
My restless heart: I pray Thee drill

My pulses till they beat in time  
With Thy degrees, and when they chime  
In unison to better clime.

Remove me, Lord, for here I'm tried  
By grief and loneliness. Oh, guide  
Me home, or else, my Father, hide

Me from life's waves in Thy safe Palm,  
That so I may be strong and calm  
And patient to be as I am.

*(Amy goes to sleep weeping, and at midnight awakens.)*

*A.* NOW WITH A START I WAKEN FROM MY SLEEP,  
A lone tear in my eye, but on my lip  
The smile of scornful pride. Not e'en in dreams  
Must my thoughts dwell on one who never bowed  
His will to all the whims of mine. I am  
A girl, the weaker of the two, therefore,

I must be wooed ere won. But have I not  
Been wooed? 'Tis true I would not let him talk  
Of loving me: perchance he did not love  
As I require, madly, devotedly.  
But what of that? Must I wait for his vows?  
The rose-bud opens to the bee's warm kiss  
Ere he has hummed a madrigal, and thus  
My heart, made by my God to dearly love  
The good, the glad, the beautiful, the true,  
First slightly trembled at a Voice that stirred  
The depths of my lone soul, that waited for  
The master-chord to bid it gently dance  
In harmony. The tones were not too weak,  
For often borne aloft on thought's swift wings,  
They bade my soul awake and mount with them.  
They were not harsh, or I had never learned  
Their tune; but gentle as a cherub's hymn.  
A calm soul, full of aspirations high  
That often floated round the Throne of God;  
A heart, that from the dear St. John had learned  
Its sweet key-note, were wedded in his tones.  
And my young heart, always awake to lays  
Of love and Heaven, leaped up most joyously,  
Not knowing what she did, listened and learned  
The Melody, printed it on her leaves  
And laid it by. Glad hours had come and gone  
And then a dark'ning mist of sorrow rose  
And settled on my life, chilling its flowers;  
The nightingales sing though the fog be dense.  
The Voice I had thought lost in happy days  
Began to murmur as Æolian harp  
In Autumn night after a Summer's rest.

With trembling haste I summoned Memory.  
Bade her re-ope the pages of my heart  
And play the floating music long shut up  
In dark and dusty corner of my brain.  
True to the beautiful within my soul  
She played the very tunes that he had taught  
In by-gone days.

I know not why I wept;  
But a girl's feelings are most curious  
And never can be trained to shrivel up  
To common sense and dull propriety.  
I fell to sleep, lulled by a tender strain  
Of olden times, and dreamed that he was by :  
He sang to me a song of love and joy.  
The tears were in my eyes, I could not see  
That he had clasped my hands and then had drawn  
His arm around my waist, and gently pressed  
The kiss of union on my trembling lips  
That fluttered so I knew not what he did.  
I saw no human form, nor did I feel  
A mortal's kiss.

The God whom I adore  
Had made of two lives one ; for a soft voice  
Had bade me kneel at my dear Saviour's Feet,  
And as we knelt, two children of the Earth,  
Our Father answered us, and in a cloud  
Of music floated we to home above.  
Why is it that as soon as our sweet dreams  
Bear us from Earth some voice must drag us back  
And change our happiness to time-born woes ?  
A short time since my spirit was in bliss,  
But rudely waked from guileless dreams of him

Who led me there, I smile in scorn and say,  
I never loved a man ! 'Tis but a Voice  
That haunts me thus, a vague embodiment  
Of all I love, truth, purity, and beauty.

*Scene IV.*

*Amy (alone) :*

Papa says Edgar's coming here to stay  
A long, long while. Who is so glad as I ?  
I shall practice at once the songs he likes.

*(Sings to her guitar :)*

Love is like a poet's song  
As it smoothly trips along :  
I love a song.

Love is like a fervent kiss,  
What is taken we don't miss :  
I love a kiss.

Love is like a pleasant breeze  
Rocking birds' nests in the trees :  
I love a breeze.

Love is like a gay parterre,  
Full of all things sweet and fair :  
I love sweet flowers.

Love is like the song of wren,  
Welcome to domestic men :  
I love a wren.

Love is like the pure blue sky  
That low storm-clouds doth defy :  
I love the sky.

Love is like my Angel's wings  
 Unseen, while joys on me he flings :  
     I love his wings.

As Love is like all of these  
 Why mayn't it still better please ?  
     I love sweet Love.

Oh! truly my heart is too light to-day  
 And like a feather flies off at each breath  
 Of song. I heard mamma say to papa,  
 Her heart is soft as sponge, and he replied,  
 God grant it never may be turned to flint.  
 Well, if it does 'twill only be to strike  
 A kindred spark out of dear Edgar's brain.

ERST MY HEART WAS LYING  
     In girlhood's soft slumber,  
 While o'er it came flying  
     Sweet thoughts without number.  
 Like clouds on still waters,  
     Calm they lay on my heart :  
 But, like the Fate-Daughters,  
     They were weaving my part.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

COMING? IS HE COMING?  
     But do I wish him here ?  
     I think not. Him I fear.  
 Long-hushed thoughts are humming  
     Conscious of their power—  
     "Having sipped each flower,  
 We're with honey coming."

And I should like to take  
Some fragrant honey-drops ;  
But soon stiff Prudence stops  
My hand ; for the Past's sake  
You'll let the Future sting ?  
Tut ! Tut ! What a fine thing  
Honey and sting to take !

*Scene V.--Edgar and Amy.*

*Amy (sings :)*

FATHER, TO THEE MY EYES I LIFT  
To thank Thee for Thy precious gift—  
The power to warble forth Thy praise .  
In heartfelt, though but childlike lays.  
I'll praise Thee with the little bird  
Whose joyous song at morn is heard.

And as I sing the notes that seem  
Like angels' whispers in a dream  
I draw from Heaven the tones so rare  
That quiet grief and palsy care—  
Sweet echo of the angels' song  
As round Thy brilliant Throne they throng.

And when the beauteous flow'rets wave  
Their gentle heads above my grave  
My silent harp in dust will rest  
Whilst I lie on my Saviour's Breast :  
But when life to my flesh is given,  
Unite the chords that Death hath riven !

*Edgar.*—Thanks for the pretty song, my gentle friend;

Now, Improvisatrice, talk to me.

Hast an idea what Heaven will be?

*A.* A world of evergreens draped with warm  
snow

That will not melt, and there moonlight will stay.

Thou smiles't. I wish that I was wise like thee.

*E.* Thou canst say very foolish things sometimes.

*A.* Alas, too oft!

*E.* Should angels ever wish  
To be as wise as men?

*A.* What meanest thou?

*E.* There's nothing that man ought to know  
and feel

That woman may not learn—but God forbid  
She ever should know all man does!

*A.* Jealous!

Oh, shame! Is God, or art thou, fittest Judge  
Of what her powers should be?

*E.* With Him do I  
Agree, and call presumptuous who dare  
To say she should not use the talents for  
Which she will give account. She has no right  
To "bury in a napkin" any gem  
For fear of fame and scorn and suffering.  
Ah! when she stands by God's Throne it will be  
A poor excuse for talents that were crushed  
Into her silent, timid life, to plead,  
I feared man's dictum, God, more than I hoped  
For Thy "Well done." And so, I pray, keep on  
Thy bright and upward path. I would that I

Could stay to smooth away life's ruggedness  
For thee. Thou needest so much tenderness,  
Such watchful love. What could'st thou do alone?  
Poor little thing! I'm glad to leave thee in  
A downy-covered nest. I think no wind  
Will jostle thee out of thy sheltered nook  
Into the world. Amy, I soon must die: before  
I go I want to tell thee how I love.  
(*Alone*) Why! she has gone! To hide some tears, I  
ween.

Perhaps she never heard that I must die;  
But then she never favored me with sign  
Of love more than she shows to anything  
She passes by. She doth amuse herself  
With all around, with me among the rest.  
Perhaps she ran away to hide a blush.  
I never spoke before of loving her;  
And yet she must have known my heart; but all  
Love her, wherefore, perchance, she thought I was  
But one of all. If I could hope that she  
Would love me ere I go! She is so shy;  
I dare not press the weakling's little hand.  
I know that I shall never see her lips  
Drop on my fevered ones like snow which falls  
Noiseless and pure. Oh, I can feel them now!  
I fancy I am dead, and she stands by  
And quietly reviews my silent love;  
Then her soft tears of pity fall upon  
The clammy sheet that binds me strongly as  
An iron band; she knows I cannot move  
My lips to answer hers, and so she stoops—  
I feel her breath! My own comes swiftly back,



And though she knows it not, it rises up  
To meet her kiss—presses into her life,  
And she is mine! I did not dare to fold  
Her to my living soul; she seemed to be  
Afraid of hearts that beat for her, shrank from  
Their mystery. I could not fright the child  
Out of her unsuspecting trust in me.  
But I am spirit now and she is not  
Afraid of those who cannot make her hear  
Their tales of love; my lips are silent too;  
They cannot her annoy with questionings  
Of love and mystery, so she will let  
Me be her confidant and tell me all  
Her girlish fears and sorrowings; she knows  
My lips will never more tremble to kiss  
Her liquid voice. Perhaps she will show some  
Love when I cannot pour my soul through her  
Most tantalizing eyes, that say, “I love”:  
For when mine answer, “And I more,” she turns  
In sudden tremor and disgust, and looks  
Quite as much love into the air . . . Oh, heart,  
Lie still! she is but passing by—When will  
She come? I wish I had not startled her.  
How sweet it is to fancy I am dead  
And feel her kiss a harbinger of love!  
It is strange faith that tells me she will want  
Me when she thinks I can come back no more.  
I’m confident I shall; for, I believe  
That God will let my spiritual wings  
Oft purify the air that she doth breathe.  
Ah! when the bright dawn of her life is o’er,  
Clouds may arise, and she may be oppressed

By the electric sympathy that drew  
Our hearts into our eyes when first we met.  
And I shall feel her heaviness, and haste  
With God's permission to stir the thick air,  
And rarify with incense from above  
The breath of Earth, reeking with loathsomeness.  
Perhaps when she must suffer 'twill be best  
That near Christ I should stand. Alas! how could  
I bear to see that little form quiver  
With agonies I had no power to ease?  
She is so frail—oh, God, forbid that I  
Should think about the poor child's fragileness!  
Thou wilt be gentle with thine own pet lamb  
Who'll bow her head so meekly for Thy rod,  
Thou wilt not strike too hard. Dear Christ, who  
hast  
Felt all the tortures of humanity,  
Feel for her woe and for my sympathy.  
How strange for her to think that Heaven will be  
Like winter of the year! To me its air  
Seems always blue and redolent of Spring,  
Not sweet, too pure for sense; but, like her breath,  
Sweet if it could be apprehended by  
Ethereal sense. I think I know why she  
Imagined that it would be like warm snow;  
She knows that nothing cold could dwell with God;  
Snow is quite passionless and yet as bright  
And cheering as a maiden's life. Henceforth,  
Her presence will be like a fall of snow,  
Entombing earthly bloom and gorgeousness,  
And in its seeming cold preserving warmth  
And life and happiness for Spring in Heaven.

## Scene VI.

*Amy.*—Edgar, last night I dreamed that on a  
bed

Of roses freshly blown and very sweet  
I lay: pink leaves had fallen on my cheeks  
And lips, and left their beauty soft ere they  
Were blown away. Birds from the trees came  
down

And sang such pleasant ditties in my ear.  
My hair was just the color of gold-cloud  
That wrapped itself into a turban of  
Soft, fleecy folds about my pretty head.  
Oh, I was fair as in my waking hours  
I long to be. Don't look astonished at  
My vanity: are not the angels fair?  
And I would be as beautiful as they.

*E.* Their beauty is within, and penetrates  
The countenance as fragrance doth a flower.  
Beauty like theirs may Amy gain; but I  
Hope e'en in Paradise she will not be  
Much changed. No cloud of gold about the brow  
Of cherub could be beautiful to me  
As are her soft black locks that to her face  
Are what the shadows are in picture bright  
Now sing me a low song that I may sleep  
If it is possible. I had no rest  
Last night; my cough and visions of a shy  
Earth-angel drove off sleep. Take your guitar.

*Amy (sings:)*

MARK HOW O'ER OCEAN'S BREAST  
Rolls the hoar billow's crest!  
Such is his heart's unrest!

Who of love tasteth :  
His nights he wasteth  
To Death he hasteth.

*E.* I don't like that. Here are some words I  
wish

That you would try to sing to the old air  
I am fond of. Perhaps then I might sleep.

*(He takes a paper from his pocket and  
hands it to her.)*

*Amy (sings :)*

REST, SPIRIT, REST !  
For all sins confest,  
Thou soon wilt enter in  
The home where dwells no sin.

Rest, spirit, rest !  
In Jesu's raiment drest,  
Thou hast a right to reign  
Where glories never wane.

Rest, spirit, rest !  
Hie thee to Jesu's breast :  
Happy beneath His wing,  
Thy gayest carol sing.

Rest, spirit, rest !  
In Eden thou'lt be blest ;  
Mind no griefs of the way,  
But often calmly pray.

Rest, spirit, rest !  
No loss should thee molest ;  
No woe can thee betide,  
Thy Brother is thy guide.

Rest, spirit, rest!  
Brother knows what is best;  
List not to griefs of Time,  
But hearken to Faith's chime.

Rest, spirit, rest!  
In Jesu fully blest;  
Angels around thee soar,  
O! canst thou ask for more?

Rest, spirit, rest!  
Mourn no more for the Blest;  
With them thou soon wilt rest,  
Wake with them on Christ's breast.

*Scene VII.*

*(Edgar, writing :)*

I AM GLAD THAT I HAVE LOVED THEE,\*  
Though my bride thou may'st not be;  
For I am more like angels pure,  
Love, since I have been with thee.  
E'en in Eden 'twould be lonely  
If I had no spirit-wife;  
And my star thou'lt be hereafter,  
As thou long hast been in life.

And thine eye will beam the brighter  
When thou standest by God's Throne,  
To think thou hast soothed weary heart  
With thy love's peace-giving tone;

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\* Song to air of "Had I never, never known thee."

With thy holy faith hast lighted,  
Heavy feet that sought the tomb;  
In a heart of earth hast planted  
Flowers of immortal bloom.

I am glad I made thee love me,  
In the spring-time of thy life,  
And before another wooed thee,  
Won thee for my spirit wife.  
They will tell thee I have left thee,  
But thy sweet faith will reply,  
I see fair forms ye cannot see,  
And around me now they fly.

*Amy.*—I have been waiting long to let thee end  
Thy note, and as reward for silence so  
Unusual, request to read what thou  
Hast written.

*Edgar.*—So thou shalt; but not quite yet.

*A.* When then?

*E.* My darling, I must go out on  
A long, long voyage; but be sure I shall  
Come back to take thee to a home that will  
Be granted me by my Best Friend, and which  
I shall delight to deck with all that most  
Pleaseth thine eyes. And if thou hast with thee  
Another friend, he for thy sake shall have  
The "mansion" Christ will let me deck for thee.

*A.* Now thou wilt preach. I don't like that.  
Good-bye.

*E.* Wait but a moment. Thou knowest I wrote  
To Trinity for books and box that I

Left with my chum. To-day a letter came  
Announcing he had gone on a long trip.  
I wrote to Sam Eulee, when he came that  
Back he must send them all to thee. Letters,  
And lock of hair tied with white ribbon thou  
Wilt burn. Cuff-buttons and such trinkets as  
A man may have, thou'lt keep. They will, at  
least,  
Be bright as the dried flowers thou spendest so  
Much time upon.

A. I wish thou couldst go ride  
With me ; then thou wouldst not be quite so blue.

E. Pity me that I can't ; and when thou dost  
Rein in thy horse to rest, write me thy thoughts.

Edgar (*alone*). Oh, it is hard to love as I and  
have

To play the brother and mere friend ! Selfish  
I dare not be ; nor would I try to win  
Her vows. No ! It is hard to love and give  
No sign ; but harder yet 'twould be to see  
Her suffer for my sake. Besides, a ward  
Would but meanly repay a guardian  
For all his kindness to an invalid  
By wrecking his child's happiness. Instead,  
I'll write for her each bright and cheering thought  
I have of the Hereafter. What if she  
Should miss and long for me too much ? My God,  
In my calm hours I am not selfish to  
Desire she should ; but sometimes jealousy  
Consumes my heart, as doth disease my lungs.  
I shall collect my songs, and tie them up  
For her to read and sing when I am deaf.

## I.

## MAIDEN ON EARTH, LOVE IN HEAVEN.

“Weary, weary, weary,  
And tremblingly alone,  
Sighing for sympathy,  
Moan answering a moan,”

Crieth the one that on earth may not be blest,  
As she thinketh of her dead mate and his unbroken  
rest.

“Happy, happy, happy,  
Aye chanting a sweet song,  
Christ’s voice the symphony,  
While throng answereth throng,”  
Shouteth the one who hath first obtained his rest,  
The while he thinketh joyously he lives but to be  
blest.

“Forgotten, forgotten,  
Quite alone, quite alone,  
And loathing living men  
Since Death hath claimed mine own,”  
Shrieketh the one who hath buried her dead Dove,  
As she thinketh envyingly of rest he hath above.

“Thinking, thinking, thinking,  
Of the home of my birth;  
For, therein is sinking  
In grief the loved of earth,”  
Singeth the true one that hath come from the sky,  
That he may cheer away the tear from mortal maid-  
en’s eye.



“Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd!  
We are now together;  
Both living and both dead,  
Joying in each other,”

Chant oft the hearts there lies no veil between;  
Happier, far happier than some loves of earth, I  
ween.

## II.

## CORRUPTIBLE AND INCORRUPTIBLE.

Ye who feed on things of earth,  
Tremblingly await the dearth  
That must come to all who feed  
On meats which corruption breed.

Woman, see your idol now  
At another's footstool bow!  
Turn away hot tears to shed  
O'er a passion scorned and dead.

I? My lover cannot die,  
Nor can his change cause a sigh;  
No! the eyes that beamed for him  
Ne'er for his change tears will dim.

On immortal fruits he feeds;  
Angel-hands supply his needs;  
Drinks he of the crystal streams  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

He who eats “the bread of Life”  
Claims me for his spirit-wife;  
My heart in reality  
Shares his immortality.

## III.

I AM WITH THEE, DEAREST,  
Am ever by thy side ;  
Weep not, sweetest maiden,  
Thinking I have died.  
Each breeze that fans thy cheek,  
Doth wave my rainbow wings ;  
Songs in dreams thou hearest,  
Are those my freed soul sings,

The thoughts, that often hush  
Thy sad sighs of unrest,  
Are whispered in thy ear  
By him thou lovest best.  
God's life to it given,  
My love can never die ;  
It was not touched by Death—  
Translated to the sky.

## IV.

EVERY DREAM OF BLISS THAT BRIGHTENS  
Gloomy girlhood's wild romance,  
Will eternal joys enhance  
When kind death our bodies lightens  
Of this heavy load of clay.  
All pure visions Time hath wrecked,  
All our spirits now project,  
Make pictures in the realms of Day.  
Like the mirage of the sea  
Steadfast on horizon clear,  
Though I'm tossed and shipwreck fear,  
All my dreams Death keeps for me.

## V.

## TELL ME WHERE.\*

WHERE, TELL ME WHERE IS MY LOST LOVER  
ROVING ?

Where dwells the heart that so long was my home ?  
O ! doth he now to an angel-maiden sing ?

How can he will so far from me to roam ?

Where, where is he,  
Who once loved me ?

Dreams of the past, can ye so quickly vanish ?

Fadeth hope so soon into nothingness ?

Can lover in Eden from his heart banish

The maiden who on earth his life did bless ?

Where, where is he,  
Who hath left me ?

Often below is he my footsteps tending,

Guarding my path wherever I may roam ;

Often over me an old Friend is bending ;

Favored my heart, God's and a Spirit home !

Here, here is he,  
Who tendeth me.

Buds of the earth have blossomed Eden's flowers ;

Human love above beameth as the sun ;

Pure souls who wander in the sapphire bowers,

Have changed pale hope for bright fruition.

Here, here is he,  
Who ne'er left me.

---

\* AIR.—“ Where, where is he ? ”

## VI.

I LOVED THEE, DEAR FRIEND OF MY HEART

Aye, sweet, I loved thee dearly!

We did not meet—only to part

On earth so very early;

Nor life, nor death can sever

The hearts then bound together.

Our days together were but few—

A foretaste of the future—

When we in heaven shall renew

Thoughts that now my heart allure

To sigh for thee—thee only;

When I am sad and lonely.

Edgar, my first, my angel love,

Our hearts are bound together;

Though I'm on earth and thou above,

Our souls are one forever.

My heart doth teach me truly

Thou never can'st forget me.

They think that thou hast gone away

And left me very lonely;

But they know not that night and day

Thou art forever with me;

And death will only let me see

The form of him who dwells with me.

## VII.

NOW ETERNAL DAY IS BREAKING \*

Through the clouds that float above,  
Angels from their bosoms shaking

Blossoms of unfathomed love.

And the dewy tears of sorrow

Shrink before the coming sun  
Of the ever-bright'ning morrow

That bath joyously begun.

Bright hopes awaking from their sleep,

Merrily begin to sing;

The hearts, whose wout it is to weep

Tributes of thankfulness now bring.

---

And no more our soul will shrink

From dark evening's shade ;

Grief's dim night is but the link

Of Earth and Heaven God made.

In the darkness we will learn

The songs the angels sing ;

While the stars of evening burn,

Our hearts will offerings bring—

The sacrifice of love,

To Him who reigns above !

---

Grief's night waits a bright to-morrow,

When the love of Christ will shine ;

Darkened minds ere long will borrow

Jesu's righteousness divine.

---

\* Air : " Day again is gently breaking."

Binding the Cross upon each breast,  
 Fear we not the night of grief;  
 Already glimmers in the East  
 Prophet-ray of our release.  
 One by one our friends have left us,  
 Sighing in the darkness drear;  
 Hark! now celestial matins gush  
 Through thickest gloom our hearts to cheer.  
 No more we fear the phantoms  
 That in the darkness glide;  
 For we know each grief that comes  
 A dear Saint walks beside;  
 Hark! on the night air's stillness  
 Breaks music from above,  
 While the Paraclete doth bless  
 The hearts that ever love

On earth to walk beside  
 The Saints\* and Crucified.

(*Amy enters.*)

*E.* What! Hast returned so soon?

*A.* I thought that I

Had left thee long alone.

*E.* But thou didst not  
 Leave me at all. The spirit has two pairs  
 Of eyes. Where is my poem? Thanks.

*A.* Thou canst  
 Not read it; Edgar, Jr., restive was.

(*She reads:*)

I REINED MY HORSE IN ON A GREEN HILLSIDE;  
 Two halves of brook, divided by the road,

---

\* See note on p.

Each to the other love songs did confide ;  
In the o'erhanging trees sweet birds abode ;  
The waving fields of barley and of wheat  
Danced merrily—their grace the music beat.  
The setting sun by fate had been constrained  
To introduce his love—the Day—to Night :  
With jealous pangs his dying heart was pained,  
And he resolved to look so very bright  
That with his rival she would scorn to wed,  
Perchance she might prefer death with the dead.  
Had my Love wooed me with such jealous fire,  
Like Hindoo widow I had shared his pyre.

*E.* Thanks, Amy, for the pretty sonnet. But  
I do not like the closing reference.

What fiends of selfishness were Hindoos, who  
Could calmly die knowing their wives must burn  
Upon their pyre !

*A.* Wouldst thou not like a wife  
To show such love for thee ?

*E.* A thousand no's !

Besides, suttee originated\* in  
Device of cruel husbands to secure  
Themselves from poison-drinks made by their  
wives ;

But it became a fashion, and was thought  
Commendable. Far from a noble man  
Be the desire—though natural—to have  
A woman's life consumed by vain desire  
To follow him through death. But I should like  
One who loved me to follow me in Christ

---

\* Scholars say Suttee originated in the mistake of a letter.

And let imagination soar where'er  
The Spirits roam on blest Hadean shore.

THEY ARE THERE! ALL THERE SO HAPPY, SO  
BLEST!

My parents, brothers, and Jesus are there;  
The friends whom I love are not lost in space,  
Not lost in the boundless realms of my God;  
Not mingling with strangers from spheres afar,  
Like butterflies lost in a garden of  
Flowers, where none could find the ones whom  
they sought.

Oh no! Like those who on Thanksgiving Day  
Assemble at home, together they dwell,  
Living to rival each other in love.

Companions who went are waiting for me,  
Wishing to teach me the lore they have gained.  
I have hastened my studies, learning each day  
Something of interest to keep for them.

A. This is thy faith? Joy inexpressible  
Thus teaching, thus taught! Impatient art thou  
To throw off the flesh that hides them from thee?  
Why dost thou sigh? Tell me some more of this.

E. Abraham, Ruth, Ezekiel I'll know;  
Job and Elijah will be friends of mine;  
David will sing me the songs I love most;  
Isaiah will thrill the celestial hosts;  
Saints Peter and John often will talk of  
The scenes in Christ's life I knew not before.

A. Adam and Eve of Eden will tell me,  
And I shall confess I am glad they ate  
Of the fruit forbidden that I might be



Spared a temptation so pressing. I shall  
Tell them I should rather be one of their seed  
Than an angel created without sin  
By God ; for none but sinners repentant  
Call Jehovah their Brother and Saviour.  
A crucified Lord's worth ages of bliss,  
More than high honors the archangels' know ;  
Although the fair crowns they wear we can't win.  
Pure are they ? I am cleaner by far,  
Bathed in the Blood of Omnipotent Love.

*E.* Herschel and Newton kindly will show me  
New laws of Nature prevailing above.  
Lyell\* and Hitchcock, Bacon and Miller  
Will lecture on studies that I love best  
On earth.

*A.* Dear Keble, Milton, and Herbert,  
The Brownings, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coleridge  
E'en there our dearest companions will be.  
Oh, to be one of that glorious band—  
The blest Spirits of Poets departed !

*E.* Yes. Some hymn now to millions awaiting  
Full bliss when from Paradise fair they may  
Pass up to the Sphere around which revolve  
All suns with their grand, obedient worlds.

*A.* Cranmer, Bede, Taylor, and Wilson will bear  
Their palms in glad hands. Ah ! if but from each  
I may pluck a small leaf I'll prize it more  
Than worldling her jewels ! Edgar, how long

---

\* I know nothing of Prof. Lyell's claims to saintship ; but presume they are as good as Bacon's. The persons whose names are given, were those who gave me most pleasure when the foregoing were written.

In Infants' Department on earth must I  
Wait ere my longed-for promotion will come,  
And I may enter the High School of God?

*E.* Already most of my chosen are there;  
Formed are classes of which I would be one;  
And yet am I too content here to wait  
Because—

(*Voice stifled.*)

*A.* Oh! is it strange that I should wish  
To go hence ere long when thou wilt be with  
My teachers and classmates, the last course to  
Begin?

*Scene VIII.—Six months later.*

(*Amy with Edgar's desk and box, reads the  
songs he left and this note:*)

Darling, thy father promised me I should  
Be buried in thy bed of roses, but  
No mound is to deface it. Only  
A simple cross will mark the spot, and vine  
Can climb and half-hide that. As long as thou  
Rememberest, my resting-place will not  
Neglected be: and if thou shouldst forget  
Me God will take care of my dust. But if  
Thou shouldst live, die unwed, it is my wish  
My ashes may be scattered in thy grave  
That out of my remains may grow the flowers  
I should have tended for thee had I lived.

Thy Lover.

(*After long weeping and silence she ex-  
claims:*)

Why did I not before dare open this?

His sudden death gave me no chance to tell  
Him how I loved and love; for true love hath  
No past. Now I can write again; for I  
Must only wait until my lover comes  
For me, and writing will help pass the time.

I PUT MY WEDDING-RING  
Upon my trembling hand—  
Token my heart doth cling  
To thee confidingly.  
In the blest Spirit Land  
Our love-bound souls will be  
As one immortally.

Ah! with brain-scorching pain  
I saw thy manhood lain  
In the cold, clammy ground;  
I heard the crushing sound  
Of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust."  
I should have died had not God been my trust,  
I knew that He ne'er giveth stroke in vain,  
And would reward me doubly for my pain;  
He having hidden thee awhile from me,  
Would give thee back to me eternally.  
But this calm peace I could not always keep;  
Over a phantom-fear I oft would weep.  
I heard thee speak of one thou deemedst fair,  
And oft she stared at me with triumph's glare.  
For a long time I could not courage gain  
To meet this dark, weird spectre of my brain;  
And thus it gathered strength and daily grew  
To vampire's size, and round me nightly flew

Whene'er I would from the world steal away  
To talk awhile with my dear One, and pray.  
When more suspense I felt I could not bear,  
It was perhaps my zeal, perhaps despair,  
Which made my aching heart dare burst its gyve,  
And with my base fears like a woman strive.  
And then I dared thy shroud away to tear  
To see whose image was deep-graven there—  
It was mine own! Oh Love, we need not part!  
I can live now; for I can talk with thee,  
And not be banned by spectre I may see—  
Before I had been dumb in jealousy.  
My pulses then did joy tumultuously  
To find enshrined my homely semblance there—  
Dearer than hers—if it is not as fair.  
I lay down then—my heart and thine together;  
Hearts are not true that any fear can sever—  
And olden memories did swiftly throng  
To the first evening that I heard thy song.  
Once I thought I had wooed thee back to life  
And was the strong man's happy little wife;  
I quite forgot thy bride's veil was thy shroud.  
Alas! My mortal pulses beat so loud  
In new-found bliss with which my soul was  
    fraught—  
Such joy as in my wild teens thou hadst taught—  
They wakened me to the full sense of one  
Who feels she is immured; like perjured nun  
Who shrieks in convent-wall, I quail  
To hear the beat of my excited heart,  
That I in lone despair had thought  
Another spirit's melancholy wail.

Too long I did not dare to stay with thee  
For fear my wretchedness would madden me;  
But soothingly my Saviour His Hand laid  
Upon my woe: “‘Tis I; be not afraid;’  
In Paradise thou’lt see  
A blessing great in this black agony;  
For, know I work but for Eternity.”  
That what God said was very true I feel,  
And I am sure He will more kindly deal  
With me than I did with myself; for when  
I had a chance of happiness—ah, then!  
I cast thy love aside  
Ere I my heart descried.  
And men can seldom know  
What subtle love lies low,  
Concealed with matchless art  
In woman’s haughty heart.  
Thou in the Spirit-Land  
My heart wilt understand;  
And let it now—it is quite worn out—rest  
On hope of meeting thee on Jesu’s breast.  
I put the wedding-ring on my cold hand,  
So thou wilt know me when the Risen stand  
Around Christ, a rejoicing band.  
Thou seest me now! Thy holy eyes are bright  
With their dear, old love-light  
To think that I have given myself to thee  
Thy bride for aye to be.  
Unseen, but ever near,  
Thou art my guardian here;  
Whether reality or fantasy,  
It matters not; apart we cannot be.

I CARE NOT FOR THE SMILES OF EARTH  
A Spirit smiles on me.

I care not for the pride of birth ;  
A Spirit serveth me,  
And serveth loyally.

I would not mingle with the gay,  
Nor share the joys of youth :  
I would not live again life's May,  
Thank God that it is o'er !  
I have but few years more.

I would not be the ball-room belle  
Man's homage to receive ;  
A Spirit in my heart doth dwell  
That's bliss enough for me :  
What greater could there be ?

I care not for false praise like man's ;  
A Spirit loveth me.  
I do not prize Earth's bridal banns :  
A Spirit weddeth me,  
Weds for Eternity.

I would not have the flowers of Earth  
In a chaplet woven ;  
For they speak of the scenes of mirth  
I have long forsaken—  
I wait till the dead waken.

I do not want the sparkling gems  
That happy maidens wear ;  
I care not for Earth's diadems ;  
I wait the ransomed's crown,  
A crown that hides no thorn.

*Scene IX.*

*(Amy is looking at a miniature of Edgar.)*

OH! MY HEAD IS BURNING

And throbbing fast with pain,  
For my eyes are turning  
To picture that has lain  
Before me—but not gazed upon  
For fear my tears should fall thereon.

Eyes of ocean's blue,  
Soft hair of dark brown hue  
No longer in this frame  
Shall mock me tauntingly.  
This painted one is not the same  
That in the clouds I see.

Unlike the pictures seem ;  
These eyes with grief shaded,  
Those beam with joyful theme.  
Golden tint hath faded  
That hovered o'er the real hair—  
But still I see a halo there ;

In my dreams brighter now  
It floats round spirit-brow  
And casts a beam on me  
That I hail gratefully.  
Look up! My love is still most fair—  
But truest portrait floats in air.

*(Amy lays aside the miniature and sits  
down by her music-box.)*

I DRAW MY CHAIR CLOSE TO THEE, GENTLE FRIEND,  
That thou may'st play and soothe the troubled  
waves

Which dash so heavily against my heart,  
That ere long they must cease, or the frail bark  
Will be wrecked on the shore of agony,  
Nor ever sail again on life's rough sea,  
Or dance with playful glee upon the waves  
When they give back the bright sun's glowing kiss  
In answering smiles.

Friend, play my favorite,  
And long-hushed echoes will resound within  
The darkest caverns of my heavy heart,  
Hung with the stalactites of joys which were  
Too beautiful to fade as flowers of Earth,  
And so Death touched them not; but scornfully  
Time smiled at his unwonted tenderness,  
And laid on them his icy hand and went  
Away. His work was done; he cannot touch  
Them more, and thus they hang as beautiful  
As brightest flowers of earth, immortal as  
The girlish heart which time has petrified,  
Immortalized.

The pride of womanhood  
Yields to the memory of girlhood's hours,  
And some weak tears begin to fall, although  
The dread of woman's scorn will let them come  
But stealthily and at long intervals:  
Yet still they fall.

Again I am a girl,  
A happy one, and dreams of olden times  
Mingle with thy sweet tones as breath of flowers  
With the glad songs of birds that build their nests  
Beneath the flow'rets' smile.

What! so soon hushed!



Nay, gentle friend, thou art not kind to soothe  
Me into dreams, and then abruptly cease  
Thy lullaby.

Alas! my trifling skill  
Cannot arrange the springs that harmonize  
With air of Earth, and so I leave thy side,  
Thou faithless one! And leave without a sigh;  
Long have I known that thou art all of Earth.  
Deluded Fancy, now go back where thou  
Art wont to dwell: each moment helps to form  
The stalactites that will adorn the halls  
Of immortality.

Guide well the hours,  
That no unseemly ornaments deface  
The heart where angels are expected guests.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW OFTEN DO I LONG TO LIE  
By Edgar's side  
In the cold ground!  
The wintry winds that round him fly  
My laughter chide:  
His winding-sheet wraps me around.  
Now my life-blood hath lost its heat;  
A clay-cold hand is on my heart;  
It cannot beat.  
I died on that bright Summer day  
That Edgar felt Death's poisoned dart.  
Ah! he and I together in the coffin lay;  
Together joined the phantom-band,  
And all my life I'll bear Death's brand.  
Edgar and I rode side by side in the black hearse;  
I did not live to realize the primal curse

Till earth fell on his coffin-lid—on his alone ;  
Then I knew all, but did not mourn.  
But I arose to learn the woe  
That the dead-living know.  
For many days I did as those who walk in  
sleep,  
Who have most horrid dreams, but have no power  
to weep,  
And cannot open their lips to shriek or mourn,  
And know not whether they have passed life's  
bourne ;  
Whether they live on earth, or dream below :  
Such for a while my silent woe.  
On happy nights I dreamed that my heart broke,  
I finding unexpected rest from cruel yoke  
Of fierce despair.  
One day I wandered forth, not caring where ;  
I stumbled o'er his grave, and then awoke.  
Oh, that I could again have slept,  
Or into Edgar's coffin crept !  
For any horrid dreams are bliss  
If they are but compared to this.  
Long time I lay with burning head  
O'er his heart now so cold and dead.  
From my bosom I drew a lock of hair,  
And thought of that I had not kept.  
Must worms sport where  
My fingers had played  
Ere death over him crept ?  
Had his beauty decayed ?  
Was there no power on earth to save  
From a loathsome, hideous grave ?

Dead lips I kissed the prey of a worm !  
I shuddered till my limp nerves grew firm  
Then I got up and went away  
To laugh and talk with other men ;  
But I knew ne'er to live again.  
All real things unreal seem ;  
And I live but when I can dream.  
Sun, moon, and stars are buried in a tomb,  
And midnight-darkness wraps the earth in gloom.  
But I will laugh, and dance, and sing, and play  
As well as any madman may.

SOON IN GLAD PROCESSION WE  
Shall climb the celestial heights  
Our great Father's face to see.  
How many glorious sights  
Hath Heaven reserved for me !

Soon I am coming, Darling,  
And I hope that I may bring  
The sad memories of earth  
That will lasting joys engirth.  
Safe then in our home above,  
List'ning to thy words of love.  
Thee I shall remind of times  
When on earth thou calledst me cold.  
Our hearts will play blissful chimes  
Of remembrances of old.

\* \* \* \*

THE WAY IS VERY LONG ;  
The road is rough and dark.

And him, whose arm was strong  
To hold my weakness up  
My God hath shut within the ark,  
And I am left alone  
To drain life's bitter cup.  
No, not alone; there is no moan  
To which Christ's ear is deaf:  
His arm is ne'er "too short to save."

He never would have sent this grief  
But for the strange "need be"  
That Love must bend above a grave  
To learn its immortality.

Yes; Love and Death my path must cross  
That I may learn by earthly loss  
To value joys of the safe Land;  
And when is given sweet command

To him I ever love,  
"Go, bring her spirit now above,"  
I'll feel how sweet

A thing it is to lie  
Quietly down to die—

How joyous 'tis to greet  
Through all Eternity  
Love that no more may flee  
Away from me!

Bitter the tears this night I shed  
Thinking my lover with the dead—  
Oh, vain absurdity! For, I  
Know Christians do not die;  
Their bodies wait 'neath coffin-lid;  
But I am sure their life is hid  
Only from our flesh-shrouded eyes  
Away, away all selfish woe!

I would not draw him from the skies  
To share my life below.  
No: rather let him draw me hence  
From foolish pleasures, joys of sense,  
To share with him beyond the sky  
The life and love that cannot die.

*(Amy after in vain trying to look at a  
book of engravings, lays it down and  
writes:)*

LIKE WATER A HARD ROCK, SAD REGRET  
Wears away heart that all glee doth fret.  
Beauty and joy and love are but one;  
Alas! alas! I with all have done.  
All joy but remindeth me of him  
So even my joy is blurred and dim.  
With his eyes chiefly I saw earth bright  
And his eyes now are fast-closed in night.  
Closed? His eyes closed! Never! No, never!  
Brighter than stars are they forever,  
God grant me the faith to know that they  
Who worship Him are happy always!  
Earthly bliss I will think of no more;  
Only will strive to love and adore  
The Lord of all Who died on the Cross  
And blest in Him no more feel my loss.

*Scene X.*

*(Amy's soliloquy in early morning.)*

My room! Ah! these are pleasant words to me.  
In Summer it is cool and dainty place—

Sweet flowers and matting that reflects the light  
 And shadows dim artistically quite ;  
 Curtains like snow-drifts, making me feel cool.  
 (The Winter ones more comfortable are ;  
 They have lost tint, ashes of roses once :  
 Now, like my life, they're richest when the light  
 Comes from within and tells a fireside tale.)

When I have been a long time suffering,  
 And the pain passes languidly away,  
 I ope my eyes that they may fall upon  
 Some pleasant thought. I turn them now first to  
 The dark-brown cross whose base by lichens hid  
 Upon a fungus-bracket stands ; lichens  
 And fungi draw their being from decay ;  
 'Tis well the cross should seem to grow from them.  
 Upon it hangs a crown of thorns, torn from  
 A wild sweetbrier ; the cross within my heart  
 Bears a like crown—better that thorns should stay  
 Than roses never bloom.

Beneath this sad  
 And fitting symbol hangs a wreath of green ;  
 Within it sits a girl fresh as a breeze  
 Just blowing from the woods ; pictures like this  
 I love as some their children love.

\* \* \* \*

Between

The two is scene at sea ; if I could sketch  
 I should paint fiends in the black waves that bear  
 Their human freight into the hungry depths ;  
 And where the dark cloud breaks in light I'd  
 paint

Angels who willingly would hurry out  
 And in with rescued souls: the ship I should  
 Engulf—all save two spars, and they should form  
 A cross.

And next upon my washstand is  
 Bohemian glass, like my life, dark or bright  
 According to the light.

\* \* \* \* \*

One temple throbs

So painfully I turn to let it rest;  
 The other must throb some while I feed on  
 More types of inner life. And now I see  
 The snowy angel that aye looks at me.  
 Ah, if I could but see the form that it  
 Prefigures here! 'Tis a slim wire that holds  
 It back from spreading its white wings upon  
 My breast; a slighter thread of life may hold  
 Me from its archetype.

My head aches more;

I turn and gaze upon a painted cross,  
 From which strange hands tear rudely down the  
 Lord

Of Life: the Master did not rest upon  
 Nor glory in his Cross: shall I in mine?  
 When His became a bed for sleep then He  
 Was taken down and laid away in dark  
 And chilling solitude. Did He rest there?  
 Oh no! But, self-forgetful, went to give  
 Comfort and certain hope to shadowed souls.  
 Would I could do in my low sphere as He  
 In higher one! Both skies and lake are blue.

A moulded head of the meek Virgin in  
 A gilded case is commentary on  
 A phase of man's depravity.

Casket

Of papier mache, in brilliant flowers,  
 Not fragrant like the ones that fade—ah me!  
 No more holds ornament for neck or wrist;  
 My jewels now are other things than these.  
 A corn-husk basket filled with amber smoke \*  
 And flowers holds red grosbeak; but for such  
       things

I care not much in days like these. Upon  
 My dressing-table stand some fragile toys  
 Dainty in blue and gilt; the bottles now  
 Are redolent of memories. A friend  
 Crotcheted white cover of a cushion blue.  
 Fair Innocence, a dead joy folded to  
 Her breast, keeps ward o'er all.

A dying plant

'Mid living mistletoe droops from a shell  
 Of nacre, o'er a cross of Autumn leaves,  
 Yet sunbeams fall on immortelles as well.  
 But o'er my mantlepiece are my best things.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

A St. John with his cross is on the right,  
 And on the left the face that I love best.  
 Ah! meaningly below this I have placed  
 (Dearest of all my pretty things) a Head  
 Of Christ cut clear in marble cold and calm.  
 Oft have I kissed the lips and brow! How oft  
 Have held it in the moonlight till I dared

---

\* From the smoke-tree.



To scorn the eighteen hundred years that held  
 Me from His sepulchre. I know that He,  
 Who made the clouds and stars to whisper of  
 His love, smiles on a fancy that can make  
 Of weary woman child well pleased.

One cares

Not if I love a face that looks like him,  
 Nor does deride to see my trembling lip  
 Held to a brow like his; nor does my Lord  
 Count as idolatry a love for bust  
 Which is as pure as a babe's dream.

*Scene XI.*

*Barrar.*—Recallest thou the night that we flew  
 round

The earth after we had seen Amy at  
 Her lover's grave? And how at certain spot  
 We saw the brilliant stars that form a cross?

*Zulee.*—Aye; and thou left'st me with the wise  
 intent

To visit constellation so superb.

*B.* But thy heart was too full of sympathy  
 For Amy to permit thee to leave her;  
 And I have sought thee now to hear about  
 Thy ward.

*Z.* Wouldst like to visit her?

*B.* At once.

*(Amy's room.)*

She is not here; but there is something thou  
 Canst see. In her affliction she has read  
 Naught but her Bible, Prayer Book, Christian Year,  
 Sacra Privata and Harbaugh's three books

About our world. Whilst reading in the last,  
Thoughts sometimes come in a poetic guise,  
And then she writes them down and quaintly calls  
Them Harbaugh's children, for she says, she knows  
Not which ideas are her own, which his.  
Here are the scraps still lying in her books.

## HARBAUGH'S CHILDREN.

## I.

I THOUGHT MY LOVE'S LIFE THE SWEETEST  
That I had ever known ;  
There is no music left on earth  
Sweet as his who hath flown.

His heart was but the instrument  
On which God's Spirit played ;  
I should the glory give to Him  
Who its sweet music made.

## II.

IF I MAY AWAKE WITH THEE  
I shall go to sleep in pain,  
Knowing that there is for me  
In the skies immortal gain.

"Not a straw" care I for all  
Griefs and troubles that may be ;  
Faster, thicker let them fall—  
Sooner of them I'll be free.

## III.

AH ! "NO MAN CAN SEE GOD AND LIVE ;"  
No : surely I should try to die.

Could I but clasp Him by the knees  
I'd pray Him not to mount the sky  
Until my spirit He would ease  
Of its sad weight of sinful clay,  
And bear me to an endless day.

## IV.

"TIS NOT A CROWN OF EARTH  
For which I often sigh ;  
'Tis not in search of mirth  
I strain my longing eye.

The honor that I crave  
Is more than golden crown—  
A passage through the grave  
At Christ's feet to sit down.

Gladly, heart, thou wilt beat  
If but permission's mine  
To sit at Jesu's feet,  
Mary of Home Divine.

## V.

FAIR "CASTLES IN THE AIR" I AM ALWAYS BUILD-  
ING ;

And ever since I was a very little child  
'Twas my wont to build them, then to watch them  
falling—

What a foolish, foolish child thus to be beguiled !

Yet now I build them more beautiful than ever,  
Though founded on the earth unto Heaven reaching,  
Now they can fall to the sad earth never, never !  
For hopes that they are built on hath God been  
teaching.

## VI.

I SHALL GROW LIKE WHAT I LOVE;  
Father, set my heart above  
Sloth and crime and low desire;  
Yearly raise my standard higher.  
Let me daily think of Thee  
Till with Thee I "one" may be.  
Highest love and purity  
Perfect is, God, but in Thee.

## VII.

I PRAYED TO GOD THAT HE WOULD BLESS  
The one I think of most,  
Believed that he would grant my prayer—  
Faith was my girlish boast.  
My Bible then I oped to see  
Whom God considers blest;  
With quiv'ring eyelids I perceived  
That they are those at rest.  
Now I know Christ heard my request  
Since He has blest my Love;  
No more on earth He needs my prayer  
Answered in full above.

## VIII.

I WOULD THAT I COULD ADD "THE WIDOW'S MITE"  
Unto the bliss of God!  
How gladly would I battle for the Right  
Could I but know my Lord  
Is looking on, is waiting at the goal  
To crown me with Truth's crown.  
And He is looking on; rouse thee, my soul!  
Thy Maker hath come down

From His high Throne to watch thy war with sin;  
Angels on Him attend,  
Regarding thee to see if thou canst win  
The title of "God's friend."

*Scene XII.*

(*Amy alone.*)

When life seems dark and only death is what  
I crave, Why can't I die? Death, are you deaf?

(*She writes :*)

## WHY DEATH TAKES THE FAIREST.

Hasten to come for me, Darling !  
I want to hear the angels sing,  
Jesus knows that I am lonely ;  
He knows I have loved thee only ;  
Tell Him I pine and sigh for home ;  
Tell Him that joy to me is foam  
Of fathomless and bitter sea  
Of never-ceasing misery.  
How can we part? We who are one?  
Joys and loves of life abandon  
The worn-out life that waits for thee,  
Why com'st thou so lingeringly?  
Canst forget that I am waiting?  
Why eternal bliss belating,  
Doth slow Death tarry on the way?  
Ah! Is my heart too weak a prey  
To excite his love of conquest?  
Bright are the flowers upon his breast;  
Will he never a sere one cull?  
Alas! my eyes are far too dull;

My set smile is too sad for him,  
Or too much like his visage grim.  
He will have eyes that are brightest,  
And the hearts that are the lightest ;  
He will happiest lives make dim ;  
Ah ! Too much have I courted him.  
Life's burdens I will learn to bear,  
Again will dance like maidens fair ;  
While my dumb heart breaks I will smile,  
And strive with zest youths to beguile.  
Then to the soul that shrinks in dread  
At his light, rapid, sudden tread  
He will come and lay his hand,  
Adding another to the band  
Of shrinking and reluctant dead,  
Nor mind those who would go instead.

Cease, poor heart, such vain repinings ;  
For grief and death the Saviour brings.  
He dims eyes that are the brightest,  
And stills hearts that are the lightest,  
Hushes the gayest laughs of earth  
Not because HE's foe to mirth :  
Spirits that know least repining,  
Hearts that need the least refining  
From desolating pangs to save  
Buries He in an early grave :  
Because they are by far too fair  
For proud, vain wealth's corroding care ;  
Too pure for earth to pain and blight  
With spectre-griefs of sorrow's night,  
With tears restrained, that burn the brain,  
With hidden sins that leave a stain

Which would soon soil their beauty bright,  
And so impede their upward flight.

\* \* \* \*

Saviour, now my heart can thank Thee.  
Well I know, above awaits me  
Sunshine of my love's to-morrow ;  
Faith shall now its brightness borrow.  
The sins of earth can never touch  
One whom I love, perhaps, too much.  
I first liked him for the beauty  
Of his noble life of duty :  
I know he is awaiting me  
In his immortal purity.

*Scene XIII.*

"Merry, merry Christmas," the children cry  
As the young madcaps rush merrily by ;  
And as we echo all their kind wishes  
We're almost smothered with gifts and kisses.  
Awhile I share in the general joy,  
Expressing delight at book and at toy.  
The bright eyes dazzle my sight for a while  
And faded away is *his* phantom-smile ;  
Merry childhood's sweet laugh so stuns my ear  
For a time his low voice I do not hear.  
A sad face, Christmas is very treason ;  
An aching heart by no means a reason  
Why I should be like an envious cloud  
Any one's pittance of light to enshroud.  
So I steal away to my quiet room  
That quite alone I may think of the gloom

With which the last Christmas hovered o'er him :  
And—shall I confess it?—my eyes are dim.

\* \* \* \*

FOR THY SOOTHING PRESENCE

I, wearied, am longing,  
As though 'twere defense  
From worldly thoughts, thronging  
My busy woman's brain  
To shut out woman's pain.

\* \* \* \*

Will not thy earth-freed spirit tend  
The lonely vigils of the one  
Who never had another friend  
To undo what the world had done?

WHY I LONG FOR DEATH.

Thou, God, hast given all that I could ask,  
As happy flowers in the bright sunshine bask,  
So have I in Thy goodness manifold;  
In looking back upon my life I find  
The glow of health, the privilege of wealth,  
The educated mind all granted me  
By Thy kind care: few blessings earth can give  
Of which I say, I know them not; and all  
Thy benisons to Thee doth bind. But like  
The Californian gold, these gifts were found  
In mud or dust which ever to them clings,  
For in my heart the sad plague-spot of sin  
Is base alloy to whate'er may be near.  
How often in my childhood have I ground  
My teeth in agony, tormented by  
The Devil's power that scathed my wilful heart



Ere I had learned Whose grace can conquer guilt.  
And even now so much my spirit hates  
All that is hideous, I writhe beneath  
The pressure of inwoven sin until  
I long to lay my wearied head down on  
The clay-cold pillow of the sinless grave.  
Ah! "Earth to earth" is the glad, welcome sound  
Proclaiming earth's sins are no more. Dead!  
Dead!

The falling of the clods oft sings the sufferer  
Now rests forevermore; the warrior  
Lays down his arms triumphantly and wears  
Wreath of the conqueror, while unstained flowers  
Of purity now grace the Ransomed's sleep.  
Tears are without the coffin-lid, a smile  
Within that God and angels see. Alas!  
Great troubles must befall novitiates  
Of Heaven. There's one whose purest pleasure  
dates

From the black hour when in the agony  
Of severing heart-strings, first was given  
A glimpse beyond the clouds of earth into  
The purer blue where the loved spirit's eyes  
Were lingeringly watching the frail girl,  
Who to his cold corpse clung as if she thought  
A lover's heart could ever stay beneath  
The hands that answered not her trembling touch.  
Ah, foolish girl! Love's immortality  
Is thine: thou gavest heart of sin and care  
For one of purity and peace, a form  
Of clay for one of seraph-beauty. Guard  
Most jealously for him thou lov'st thy fresh,

Sweet purity. Thy weary sighs but hush  
 And thou wilt hear the voice so dear  
 Mingling with song of cherubim and seraphim.

\* \* \* \*

### I.

AH, MY HEART IS DREARY, DREARY!  
 And I—I am so weary, weary!  
 All without is gloomy and chill;  
 My chamber is cold although I am ill,  
 Filled with cold air and furniture dumb;  
 There's no living thing to me will come,  
 Even my dear canary hath fled,  
 And my gay little kitten is dead.  
 These immortelles but mock the frail flowers  
 That brightened the Summer's fleeting hours.  
 This wreath of fast-fading Autumn leaves  
 Throws shadows over the heart that grieves,  
 Like it, for joys all crumpled and torn,  
 Leaving it its longer life to mourn.  
 This cross bids me remember that all  
 The griefs that my darkened life befall  
 Are needful to purge my heart of dross—  
 Sad comfort this, oh, my mournful cross!  
 For more than all, I weary of sin,  
 Of evil that lurks my heart within.  
 My God, 'tis a bitter cross to bear  
 The weight of life till its "wear and tear"  
 Will close the scene of trouble and sin,  
 And none be better that I have been.

### II.

Oh Father, ope Heaven to take me in!  
 Pray, leave me here no longer to sin!

I shall never do anything for Thee  
 But praise Thee in Eternity.  
 Father, Thou seest the tears that flow  
 Swiftly, yet cannot wash out my woe.  
 Dost Thou not pity Thy desolate child?  
 Take me before I be more defiled  
 To the land of rest where I "would be."  
 Father, I want Paradise to see;  
 I wish to exchange cold hearts of earth  
 For friendships of angelical birth;  
 I want to go where I cannot sin—  
 To dwell where my Friend so long hath been.  
 Father, may not I soon suffer all  
 The troubles and sins that must befall  
 My lonely heart in its guilt-stained life?  
 Swifter the arrows shorter the strife;  
 The sensitive hearts the soonest break;  
 The heads that with pain oftenest ache  
 Will soonest on Jesu's breast awake.

FEB. 13.

Now, Father, I am ashamed of this  
 Impatience to taste of heavenly bliss.  
 Why should I mourn for joys Angel hath  
 When my life may have an aftermath?

OF TIMES A TONE OF MELODY

Falls on my ear;  
*He* is not here,  
 So discord strangles harmony.  
 The sounding of the churchyard spade  
 Is symphony  
 Of misery

That my poor heart hath ever made;  
In vain earth's sweetest melody  
Since my love died,  
Went where I may not yet abide.

\* \* \* \*

I SEE A SIGHT YOU CANNOT SEE:  
O'er the dark vale there streams for me  
The light of trailing garments left  
By those of whom I am bereft.  
Death's River I fear not to cross;  
O'er its rough stones there grows a moss  
Which joys decayed have spread for me,  
That my worn feet may not be torn  
When I shall leave woes life has borne.  
I see upon the other shore  
Those I love best and many more;  
They beckon me to cross to them  
And in his hand one holds a gem.  
I know it, 'tis the love I scorned  
When to cold pride my heart I pawned:  
He has redeemed what I thought lost  
To give to me when I have crossed.  
His well-known tones cry, "Darling, haste!  
Our future home with flowers I've graced;  
The Saviour here will turn to wine  
The cup of gall which now is thine;  
I am at God's high court thy friend  
And often plead with Him to send  
Some blessing to my favored one.  
I know that when thy work is done  
I may pluck flowers that Christ will give  
To crown thee when he bids thee, 'Live.'

Take heart and work fast while thou may'st;  
More gems wilt win if long thou stay'st.  
Didst thou e'er think tears thou hast shed  
Will gleam like gems when thou art dead?

*Scene XIV.*

*(Several years have passed since Edgar's death, and Amy has left home and tried to banish her life-long sorrow by change of scene, and subsequently by writing; the following shows with what success a woman cultivates forgetfulness:)*

*Amy.*—STILL AGAIN! THESE TEARS AGAIN!

I had thought they all were dried;  
That I, like other women  
Could soon banish when I tried  
The strange, phantom-like power  
Of my past life's sweetest hour.  
Darling! O my darling one!  
Doth a memory of me  
Like a spectral, veiled nun  
Flutter in Eternity  
E'er across thy pathway bright?  
Or, lurks there in pictured bowers  
A remembrance of earth's night  
And of its sad, cloistered hours?  
Oft I deem my thoughts have lost  
The dark shades thy dying crost  
O'er their erst unblemished joy,  
That henceforth naught can annoy.

Oft I tire of being slave  
To a memory and grave;  
Weary of my spirit's lot,  
Haunting, ghost-like, but one spot,  
Tortured by the waving light  
Of ignis fatuus too bright  
That my fancy still misleads  
Over flowery-seeming meads,  
But to sink it in despair—  
Finding that thou art not there.  
Then I sit and try to weep  
Where thy cast-off garments sleep.  
I, who have grown stoical,  
Feeling so indifferent,  
Suddenly my tears let fall  
When thinking of enjoyment  
To which my first years were prone  
When we loved so buoyantly.  
Now, alas! I am alone  
Ever reft of sympathy:  
Thus I bear a double Cross,  
Memory of thee and loss.  
Dearest, dost thou loathe my pen?  
I should have been thine again,  
Of my death-dimmed thoughts been quit  
If it had not been for it.  
For I cannot groan and sigh;  
But when I must speak or die  
Straightway to my pen I flee—  
With it talk so long to thee  
That I feel thou art with me,  
Sitting by my side again.  
Often dost thou guide my pen:

Then I rise with spirits calm ;  
O'er the Cross there waves the palm.

*(Amy throws down her pencil, and reads  
Byron's "Manfred;" then writes on  
the fly-leaf, "Manfred's Spirit yields  
to mine after I had sung three stan-  
zas with him.")*

EVER A MAGIC VOICE SHALL BLESS  
Thy heart in joy, in grief no less ;  
For ransomed spirit in the air  
Hovers around thee bright and fair,  
And in the wind there is a voice  
Calling upon thee to rejoice.  
Oh ! oft to thee shall night bring down  
The softest rays from my bright crown,  
While darkest day shall have a sun  
As dear to thee as love to nun.

From thy bright smile I did distill  
An essence which my heart doth fill ;  
From thine own heart I made to flow  
A joy and peace thou didst not know ;  
From thine own smile I snatched the bird  
Whose song in darkness oft was heard ;  
From thine own lip I drew the charm  
That on earth shielded me from harm ;  
In proving all the blessings known,  
Save God's, the greatest was thine own.

But all thy shrinking, timid love  
I learned not till I soared above ;

For, when on earth, thy mocking smile  
 Was oft a too successful wile ;  
 I could not read eyes turned from me,  
 Thine innocent hypocrisy.  
 Ah, would that I had known it when  
 I sought thee 'mid the haunts of men !  
 For happiness as known on earth  
 Differs from that of heavenly birth.

A Father 'twas who poured the "vial"  
 That doth devote thee to this trial.  
 A heedless slumber shall not be  
 Ever a true love's destiny.  
 When thy death-angel hovers near  
 Close by his side shall I appear.  
 Lo ! my spell now works around thee  
 And my deathless love hath bound thee.  
 I throw my spell o'er heart and brain ;  
 In hope of bliss forget earth's pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE JOYS THAT FROM THY PRESENCE FELL  
 Like music dripping from green leaves,  
 In maiden-land yet hold a spell  
 Which hushes sighs my bosom heaves.  
 I did not need to see the bird  
 Which lured my eyes from grosser forms ;  
 It is enough that I have heard  
 Echo of songs which memory warms.  
 What though the nest be cold and still,  
 The young forever flown away ?  
 Its sight can yet the bosom thrill  
 With tenderness which is of May.



And so my hours, that once were filled  
 With progeny of love and hope,  
 Are musical, though time hath stilled  
 The true heart after which I grope.

\* \* \* \* \*

SHALL I SEE HIM, O MY FATHER!  
 Oh, see him so very soon!  
 Not in the "dark valley" lying,  
 But throned in a cloudless noon?  
 Shall I mount up to him straightway,  
 And not have to enter tomb?  
 Oh, my Saviour, if this be true  
 Short will seem these days of gloom.  
 Long the time I've waited for him,  
 Thinking he'll come when I die:  
 Now it seems soon as I see him  
 With him to Thee I must fly.  
 What shall I care for the Body,  
 Stiff and cold, deserted, pale?  
 I shall be above the "Valley"  
 Where no evil can assail.

\* \* \* \* \*

A GOLDEN SUNSET OFT BRINGS RAIN;  
 A golden youth brings woman pain;  
 But when the rain is o'er there'll be  
 A softer light on land and sea.  
 Thus, when hot tears I cease to shed  
 A halo will enwreath the bed  
 O'er which will hover angels fair  
 As brilliant as the sunlit air:  
 And in that light I'll float above  
 The cold sleep and the tears of love.

## DRAMA XXI.

## H E R D E R.\*

A.D. 1803.

*Act I.*

*Lobula.*—Ah, how my heart in all its depths  
pities

Poor man! And much I wonder God doth not  
Without delay bring all the grand minds home.

*Clarice.*—Oh, no! I love to watch the struggles  
which

The true soul hath with flesh. I think we are  
More thankful for our Essence when we see  
How grand it is in man. It is so much  
Like David, battling with and conquering  
Goliath by a higher Power. But what,  
Sweet messenger, hast lately seen on earth—  
Where I hear thou hast been—to stir up such  
A wish?

*L.* Thou know'st the Herder whom I love  
And told thee of. Alas! He pines through day  
And night quite listlessly; and like a blind,  
Old man, he stretches out the worn powers of  
His mind, striving to grasp a giant-thought.

*C.* I well remember what thou saidst of him.  
His nerves, impoverished by constant strain  
To fill the orders of his active brain,  
Have failed in contest with the sinews of  
His soul, disdainful of the body's needs.

---

\* Written while reading De Quincey's Essay, Phil. Wri.,  
Vol. ii.

*L.* How can a man—however silly he—  
 Suppose the body and the soul but one ?  
 Such lives as Herder's ought to prove to him  
 Dissimilar in nature are the two.  
 His nerves are like the shattered strings of harp  
 Which twang in dissonance ; his spirit like  
 The air that doth the music make, whose power  
 Naught can impair. The shivered chords will  
 soon

Be laid away for a long rest, and when  
 Again the Maker of the instrument  
 Will bring it forth to give fresh joy,  
 The strings will be attuned to air that can  
 Not snap the tensest ones in twain.

*C.* Thinkest

The spirit is the cause of what the nerves  
 Of intellectual and high-strung men,  
 Like Herder, have to bear ?

*L.* Aye ; verily.

It keeps the body, as a cruel lord  
 His vassal—to obey, not caring how  
 Slave pants and suffers, so his will be done.  
 Spirit, imperious, oft terrifies,  
 Or else cajoles the body to bear more  
 Than common men think possible. Poets  
 Especially do this ; the slaves who sing  
 Ofttimes forget the lash. Herder once went  
 To Dresden for a change ; his worn  
 Nerves rallied there, obedient to fresh  
 Delight of spirit young, in library  
 Well-stored with grand, old tomes of ages past,  
 Which roused their weariness, as dream of war

Will stir to restlessness a wounded brave.  
How Herder panted to be well again  
That he might master the great minds that live  
For centuries in much-prized books!

*C.* He thought  
Not then he soon with strength which could not be  
Impaired, would read the very men who left  
These volumes floating on the sea of time  
As waifs for those who strand on a like voyage.

*L.* The worthy souls, thou mean'st. Alas, not  
all  
Who have earth's short-lived immortality  
Achieved, will he and kindred minds meet here!

*C.* Of thoughts known to our bliss the saddest  
this ;  
Too many brilliant men, Faith's compass lost,  
Have been wrecked on the shoals that wilfully  
They ran against, to show how skilfully  
They could steer craft where others had gone down  
Like fools, like fate. But as wrecked voyager  
Commits to keeping of the buoyant waves  
His Journal and accounts of what to him  
Seemed the most wonderful in the new lands  
He has explored, so men of intellect,  
Wrecked by their passions or their faithlessness,  
Have left in treasured manuscripts their views  
Of changeful life, and what they found its best  
And worst.

*L.* But one man in earth's lifetime can  
Not learn all that lost minds have left, nor e'en  
The half of those most worthy to be conned.

*C.* Nay, verily. But thou forgettest that

To store away such thoughts are many heads  
Who'll happy be to interchange all through  
Eternity.

*L.* How Herder will enjoy  
Communion with great souls. And he will flash  
Upon them brilliantly, unconscious all  
The while of light he gives, yearning to grasp  
And to incorporate into himself  
Each new and beautiful idea. Ah!  
'Twas but a short while since he said in tones  
That Earth should not forget, "Oh, if some  
grand,  
Original and spiritual thought  
Would but come unto me—no matter whence—  
I in a moment should be well!" And yet,  
So weak the outer man, he cannot bear  
The food that he desires.

*C.* But may he soon  
Be well as we!

*L.* He will: God strengthen him  
To fight with Death for the last victory!  
A grand idea doth come to him now,  
Wafting itself slowly but steadily  
From God's white, bow-spanned Throne.

*C.* And when it flashes on his soul he will  
Be strong forevermore.

*L.* But that is not  
What now he wants. He would get well to do  
On earth his work. "Ah, that I had but time!  
Time! Time!" So saith he frequently: while he  
Lies helpless quite and feels that all his grand,  
Glorious thoughts will to the world be lost.

*C.* A needless fear. A grand thought lost! And  
tell

Me where could it be lost? Oh! where in all  
The universe could it pass out and not  
Flow into other spirit-life? Doth not  
God know better than he of what Earth hath  
Most need? And what conceptions fittest are  
To be revealed first in Eternity?

*L.* Yet none the less with the delusion he  
Torments himself. Works to which he gave birth  
Belong to those who his companionship  
Most prize, angels and men who know him best.

*Scene II.*

*Malan.*—A noble spirit will come home ere  
night

Hath spread the canopy of sleep o'er earth,  
Her beauty, joy, her suffering and sin.  
Lobula hath just come from Germany,  
And says that Herder rests as calmly now  
As when he first was lulled to sleep on breast  
Of mother fond.

*Clarice.*—Oh, I am glad! Dost thou  
Remember, Sweet, the eve he calmly sat  
Thinking his holy thoughts, like twilight, half  
Of light from Heaven and half of shades of earth?  
The sound of church-bell fell upon his ear—  
He gently drew a sigh as a grand strain  
To his heart came—winged with the vigor of  
A golden Past—

*M.* The days when God was praised

In the soft light which fell from tinted glass,  
Praised by the murmured trills of music glad  
That man had learned from rippling of the sea,  
Praised by the white-robed choristers who seemed  
To float as easily in perfumed air  
As if their chanting swayed their gracefulness.

*C.* I recollect that Herder sighed to know  
That those sweet joys could come no more.\*

*M.* Not that  
He wished old Superstition to be throned  
Again, but that he fain would have the truth  
As beautifully served as falsity.  
By which gate will he enter Paradise?

*C.* Poets and prophets by the sapphire gate ascend.

*M.* Let us haste there. I wish to see  
A poet's looks when he finds grandest dreams  
Fade into mistiness before the glow  
Of gorgeousness and great sublimity  
That bathes the soul that has escaped from death.  
He'll prize this softened brilliancy much more  
Than most men do. Deeper his thrill of bliss  
When strains of songs, lovingly rapturous,  
Fill all the perfumed, brightly-tinted air,  
While angel choristers welcome a mate.

*C.* Often has Herder longed to speak with us.  
I asked Jehovah once if I might pour  
A thought into his brain. He said I must

---

\* When I wrote this I knew naught of ritualistic questions: in many English churches I realized this dream of early days. Rome has no chorister boys that I know of who chant as do the Anglican.

Not carry Heaven to him ; for ere long he  
Should come to Paradise ; but to please me  
He let me guide his pen once, and thus trace  
A sentiment that would be prized by him.

*Act II.*

SHELLEY.

*Mazza.*—Dost thou not often pity pettiness  
Of a man's mind—like bird which hops upon  
The beach and comprehends the sea?  
What if a wiser whisper in his ear,  
Thou silly one! Air is thy element.  
Presum'st because thou skimnest o'er the sea  
And sometimes dip'st thy wings in the clear wave,  
Thou knowest of its mysteries, its depths,  
Its caverns, coral reefs, its priceless pearls,  
And other precious things? Fanciest thou  
That thou canst comprehend cause of its wrecks?  
Lo! suddenly have gone down many forms  
Of manly strength and virgin loveliness.  
Suppose the bird replies, I understand  
All mysteries that be, and what I may  
Not well explain is naught. Corpses are in  
The sea, thou say'st: I can believe it not.  
Why should a body drown when it can fly?  
Thou laughest? Ha! Then drown me if thou  
canst;  
But if—philosophy is built on ifs—  
Corpses there are beneath the waves,  
Then thy God is a despot grim, nor will  
I worship Him. And if there be a God



How wretched He will be when I withhold  
My meed of needed praise. If such should be  
The silly bird's reply, how like 'twould be  
To reasoning of those whose souls live in  
Their petty brains and in their narrow world  
Of common sense and earthliness, yet dare  
With impious wing to brush the mysteries  
Of Providence. Imposing grandeur of  
A man, fit heritor of all the worst  
Philosophies of Heathendom and lust!  
He cannot count the sand by the sea-side,  
Nor make a handful of the same, yet he  
Expects to sound unfathomable depths.

*Hulah.*—Where we would pause in silence and in  
awe

The infidel dives in and perishes  
Imagine little bird thou spakest of  
Tries to explore sea-caverns' mysteries;  
Then would it be like man who dares to prate  
About the dispensations of the LORD.  
Both man and bird must perish for their pride,  
And add their fates to earth's sad mysteries,  
Warnings for all who seek to follow them  
To pause, or share the insignificance  
Of burial unhonored and unknown  
Except to demons hideous, who'll shriek  
Above their graves.

*M.* The bird would scorn the man  
Who warned it not to leave its element,  
But trust to faith, nor dare to scoff at old,  
Dim records which proclaim the nature of  
The sea and of the secrets GOD hath hid.

*H.* Art thinking now of any one man, Love?

*M.* Of Shelley, whom the Lord endowed with  
more

Than common gift of genius true. Alas,  
That feeling what he was he could not learn  
That he was nothing more! I watched a girl  
Who seized a volume of his poetry  
With wild youth's eagerness for brilliant things.  
'Twas evident imagination trod the air  
On the light rhythm of his splendid verse;  
Her fancy was as wild and childish, too.  
Gems she found here and there, bound them  
Around her heart, then challenged admiration of  
The world. But I perceived that on each spot  
The jewels touched there was a speck of dust;  
And if she gathers many more, ere long  
The dust she will have got from Shelley's words  
Will cover o'er the purity of Faith  
And leave her grovelling after—herself.

*Act III.*

CHARLES LAMB.

*Kalleta.*—A hero will come home quite soon.

Let us

Rejoice.

*Larla.*—And hallelujahs sing. But who  
Is he?

*K.* Charles Lamb.

*L.* The one I weakling thought?  
Then tell me how he has a hero grown.  
He seemed as pure, although I feared as soft  
As a snow-flake; and so I judged that he

Would as unnoticed be—a child among  
The pure, unnoticed in the throng.

*K.* Alas!

Such throng is not so large that he would have  
Been lost e'en to the eye of man. But I  
Accept similitude thou gav'st: snow-flake  
Was he in truth. He shrank from vulgar touch ;\*  
But those who have a microscopic eye  
Perceived the sparkling crystals of a weird  
Phenomenon, almost fantastic in  
Its humorous dance. And as the snow-flake can  
Not touch the earth without imbibing some  
Impurity, so was it with poor Lamb.

*L.* What heroism boasteth he ?

*K.* He ? None.

*L.* Thou said'st he hero was.

*K.* And so he is—

His heroism is to know no self—  
The heroism most like that of Christ.  
Not in bright armor are such souls as his  
Incased ; he wore a comic mask to hide  
The tears that would have pained his friends.

There were

No trumpets to screech "Here he comes!" but  
smiles

And merry jesting greeted him. Hope raised  
Her head and Hatred shrunk away: his power  
Was this—he hid no selfishness within.

"Of human helps and leaning-places I  
Am jealous now ; religion I want much,"

---

\* I don't mean that Lamb felt anything human to be vulgar ; but he was reserved.

I heard him say. Oh, there is naught he wrote  
As beautiful as was his daily life!  
Once he exclaimed, "I am afraid there is  
Dishonesty in any pleasure I  
Take without her." He spoke of Sister who  
Was ever "on the brink of lunacy."  
It seemed to me it was his love and faith  
That would not let her rave in frenzy oft.  
Fiends felt and shrank from interference with  
A love so beautiful.

*L.* Worthy was she  
Of his devotion?

*K.* Yes. Poor, aching heart!

*L.* Why dost thou pity her?

*K.* Some demons thought  
To mark his family with brand of Hell:  
One entered in the citadel of thought  
Of Mary Lamb, and in her frenzy she  
Her mother slew, her father wounded too.  
But Christ, who had from Mary Magdalene  
Cast seven devils out, had given her  
A brother, who, as far as mortal can,  
Would be to her what He had been to one  
Of Jewish lineage. My hero snatched  
The fatal knife from maniac's brave hand:  
Its shadow ever after fell upon  
His brow; and as he let the murderer see  
It not, it was his badge of martyrdom.  
He dedicated life to sacrifice  
Of cheerfulness.

*L.* Is cheerfulness, think'st thou,  
A sacrifice?

*K.* To those who suffer, yes.

Easy is it to be resigned and sad ;  
 But God's peculiar grace is given to  
 The one who suffers and is glad. There was  
 A little thing that touched me deeply once.  
 I glory in the victory when man  
 The struggle cannot see. But a few days  
 After the maniac's knife had severed him  
 From boyhood and spontaneous glee, he sat  
 Down to a cheerless meal. Something recalled  
 His sister forcibly ; he thought he could  
 Not eat : natures like his enjoy some kinds  
 Of grief if they can nurse it their own way,  
 But shrink from wear and tear of common things.  
 "Such weakness I must rise above," he said,  
 And choked down self.

*L.* I should almost dare call  
 A sacrament the meal (that nauseates  
 The heart crammed full of woe) which unobserved  
 Is swallowed painfully, because it will  
 Bring strength for use of others, and will help  
 The unsuspected victim to take care  
 Of self.

*K.* About this time he wrote, "And I  
 Have something more to do than feel."

*L.* 'Tis well that a kind Father often gives  
 Some blessed work to combat with great grief,  
 And knit together rashly-sundered life.

*K.* He had a pittance of a hundred pounds,  
 And he was two-and-twenty when he brought  
 To hopeless home a mad companion for  
 His daily life ; he seated her beside

His fire, and golden hopes of youth flew out  
The door: he would not ask a wife to keep  
Asylum for the crazed; of course, he could  
Do anything—

*L.* But make a woman sad.

*K.* He had thought, if a wife he ever won, her feet  
Must fall on roses' leaves. Unselfish men  
Think only they are made for pain and toil.

*L.* Then had he loved a maid and hoped to have  
A wife?

*K.* As such men love and hope.  
Among the pleasant fields she lived, and to  
The heat and dust of town he turned, and none  
Knew that he left his heart behind.

*L.* God knew;  
Therefore no need of other sympathy.  
To sister, then, he sacrificed his life.

*K.* How could she have borne life but for her  
prop?  
If they set out for pleasure-trip, she put  
"Straight waistcoat in their trunk." 'Twas she  
who felt

The coming woe, prepared her brother for  
His duty hard. Weeping they went along  
The quiet path that led to hospital;  
And when the door was shut, he was the one  
Who needed pity most. But demons have  
Fled far from Lamb's calm home; and Mary is,  
When mad, not frantic as at first, but still  
Her weakened brain gives way at intervals.

Then at  
The Court a lady fine she deems herself;

And, like revolving stereoscope,\* her mind  
Portrays things most diverse, but pictures all.  
Poor thing! She'll need imagination now  
To make her life endurable, when he,  
Who made his heart a holocaust for her,  
Ascends in the sad fragrance of his life  
To God.

*L.* Imagination she needs not,  
If she has strength of will to face the truth.  
She'll make her present background to her past,  
And blest perspective of Eternity.

*Act IV.*

THE HAPPY OLD MAID.

AMALIE SIEVERING.

*Scene I.*

*Zelma.*—Lorice, wilt go with me to visit Kal?

*Lorice.*—Not now, beloved; I a mission have.  
I have seen little child, ugly, diseased,  
And left to grow up like a weed, at will.  
Too often is she disagreeable,  
Too seldom calls forth love of those around—  
Her face not fair enough. Within there is  
The splendid nature that I see. I go  
To ask the GOD if I may be as friend  
And mother to the motherless.

*Z.* I wish

thee joy of mission so beneficent.

---

\* Had Dary invented the stereoscope in Lamb's lifetime?

*Scene II.—Several years have elapsed.*

*(As the Angel enters Amalie's room, she exclaims :)*

COLD WITHOUT, COLD WITHIN,  
Everything cold in this world of sin!  
Oh, how my heart shivers!  
Every nerve quivers  
As the wind shrieks imitations of airs  
Sung by birds it hath killed.  
To desolate lives no wonder it bears  
Shrill echoes that sound like groans of the  
    dead;  
Or, that well it is skilled  
To taunt with remorse souls whence hope hath  
    fled.

*(Lorice whispers thoughts to her, and after  
a while Amalie says :)*

HUSH, HEART! I LAID YOU DOWN TO SLEEP,  
And laughed to think earth-worms would creep  
Among the faded flowers of yore,  
Mock immortelles I dared adore.  
I do not choose you shall wake now,  
And wreath fresh roses for my brow;  
I've passed my teens, am an old maid:  
Better lie still where you are laid.  
The heart that's stillest suffers least;  
Stagnation cometh after feast.  
Tut! I am not a poet, as Burns was.  
But as he drowned his sensibility  
In loathsome drinks, mine I shall drown in my  
Own way. I shall write poetry on hearts.



*Scene III.*

*Lorice.*—Zelma, rememberest that I told thee  
Of Amalie?

*Zelma.*—The lonely child whose friend  
Thou sought'st to be?

*L.* And Sieveking the name  
She bears. Jesus hath touched the heart of one  
Of her own kind, and to the childless now  
My Amalie is child; is good, and true  
To all the instincts of a daughter's heart.  
In my wild-flower thou wouldst not recognize  
The weed of old; by guiding younger hearts  
She is in training now for noble life.  
She carveth her pure thoughts upon the soul,  
And mouldeth well the plastic mind of youth.  
A "happy old maid" is the name assumed  
By my once slighted and unlovely child.  
How much I like to read the thoughts she pens  
In the friend-journal of her inner life.  
I shall give a sweet specimen of them:  
"I must take care in all the ardor of  
My occupation" (teaching she means here),  
"That I do not forget the lovingness  
With which it should be carried on; for love  
Than knowledge is more necessary to  
Childhood's soft heart." I wish thou could'st have  
seen

How, Christ-like, she lay down the longed-for crown  
Of womanhood—the wife's and mother's right  
To be the first in others' hearts; instead  
The GOD decrees hundreds shall call her blessed  
And own her more to them than mother or

Than children of their own. She found the clue  
To happiness, and in renouncing joy  
For a brief time, has made it ecstasy  
That will begin with death and last for aye.  
She wrote, "I used to dream that one day in  
The eye of all the world I should do some  
Great thing; but now I know that is not in  
My power; with double faithfulness I'll try  
To do the duties of a common life."

Z. Common! Ah, would from her example that  
It might be so!

*Scene IV.*

*(Amalie, in the house she has opened as an  
asylum, comforts an orphan who has  
taken refuge with her.)*

LAY THY HEAD ON MY BREAST,  
Child, to whom naught's denied!  
On my affection rest,  
And let thy fancies glide  
As guileless and as free  
As fairy shells that float  
Upon a tranquil sea;  
I, in a steadier boat  
Shall gently glide along  
Enjoying all the mirth  
That makes the weary strong.  
My Father at my birth  
Prepared me for my fate;  
He made me coldly calm  
To linger at joy's gate  
And hearken to the psalm

That loved ones sing within  
The walls I may not climb.  
Weary of tears and sin,  
I calmly pass the time  
Enjoying as I may  
Blessings God giveth me—  
Treasuring all things gay,  
Nor least, my darling, thee.  
While thy path lies along  
The road that I must tread,  
I scarcely wish thee strong;  
I like to give thee bread,  
I like to pour the wine  
That God hath given me  
Into a heart like thine.  
But, know I owe to thee  
More than I can repay;  
The blossoms thy dear hand  
Have scattered on my way  
Perfume the barren land  
That stretches low and long  
Far as my eyes can reach.  
Then cheer me with thy song  
Until I tread the beach  
My Angel's footprints mark—  
That bordereth Death's sea—  
And launch my ransomed bark  
On God's Eternity.

*Lorice.*—A special mission Amalie early  
Selected for herself; that is, to bring  
Old maids into esteem—not that they are

Contemned by those whose good opinion is  
Worth seeking for, but that a woman should  
Do what she can to make all of her sex  
Respected as they ought to be. 'Tis God's  
Decree that many shall be wedded to  
Only His Son ; some have too much respect  
For a pure woman's life to wed, as does  
Majority, for fashion, wealth, or home,  
Or not to be old maids.

*Zelma.*—All those who live  
As self-forgetfully as she, honored  
Will be in that world—and in this much more.

*L.* Something she published, too, but what she  
writes  
On angels' memories is better far.

*Z.* Tell more ; for I would add my mite unto  
Her fame.

*L.* A pestilence once visited  
The city where she dwelt, and she there laid  
Her life down at its feet, to be, if God  
Saw fit, a willing sacrifice ; but He  
Did not ; He has more work for her to do.  
She called upon the women for their help ;  
Not one obeyed the summons dread, nor that  
Of Jesu's dying representatives.

*Z.* Shame ! Shame upon their heartlessness, and  
praise  
To her, the noble old maid Amalie !

*L.* Yes. Hundreds of us angels welcomed  
her  
In dreary hospitals with music sweet,  
Unheard by sufferers.

*Z.* But when the plague  
Was stayed, her life monotonous, did not  
She weary of the old maid's cross?

*L.* She says,  
"I always feel so strong and fresh now I  
Have got into my proper element;  
My joy is great as any little child's."

*Z.* Because she has a child's simplicity.

*L.* Can that be true of one who has such great  
And varied experience?

*Z.* A child's  
Simplicity of heart and aim to do  
Each moment task her Father sets.

*L.* She said,  
"It is indeed a blessing thus to have  
One's daily work a daily joy."

*Z.* And so  
To make fresh pleasure for the angels day  
By day. Oh, Christ must love her very much.

*L.* I go to fan her with my wing now while  
With fever parched she lies on her plain couch  
Of lowly state.

*Z.* She lies in queenly state,  
Angels her chamberlains.

*L.* And soon the Lord  
Of Life on her will wait to set her free  
From earthly coils. And even after death  
Her sympathy for her poor friends extends.  
She has a fancy to be buried as  
A pauper, thus to make the mourning poor  
Content with their friends' obsequies. But yet  
Best lesson that she leaves is this: whoso

Will happy be has but to work for good  
Of others' lives, forgetful of her own.  
Few women are less scantily endowed  
Than Amalie; no charms of person; but  
Moderate share of mind; no tendency  
To universal love uplifted her  
Above the world. A common woman she  
Began an old maid's life; crowned saint  
She cometh now to wed eternal joy;  
Greeted she will be by the children she  
Hath sent to Paradise. Compare this Maid  
With mothers who will send their children's souls  
To hell.

Z. I think her one who long will wait  
Beside the jasper gate to welcome those  
Who follow where she led, and treading in  
Her steps will gain her home to grace her bliss.

*Scene V.*

A.D. 1859.

*(Amalie's household watch around her  
corpse and sing:)*

WE SHALL SEE HER AGAIN!  
Not long will she roam  
The blue fields of Hades untended by us:  
We shall soon be at Home.

We shall see her again  
More fresh and more fair  
Than she was when she cast off raiment of clay,  
Leaving us to despair.

We shall see her again  
In garments of light!  
Her grave-clothes transformed into vesture of air,  
Chaste, but goldenly bright.

We shall see her again,  
Once more press her hand,  
Her noble heart beating our own close beside  
In angelical band.

We shall see her again,  
Stay with her alway;  
Oh, joy too transporting for mortals to bear!  
Father, hasten the day!

*Act V.*

THE PANTHEIST.

*Scene I.*

*(Mervila in Clara's room — reads her  
Journal open on a table, and says:)*

Do human beings know the favor that  
They often do us spiritual ones  
By writing inner life out in a book,  
Which we peruse with interest, as they  
Would read the diary of darling child?

*(M. reads from Clara's Journal:)*

PASSY, FRANCE, FEBRUARY 3, 1867.

GOD GIVES US EYES,  
And gives us light enough for us to see;  
And then to gaze upon, He daily gives  
Us things that our eyes prize.

He gave me heart that loves most fervently  
 Each beauteous thing that lives ;  
 A mind that likes to wander through Genius's  
                   maze

And sympathize with its erratic ways.  
 Surely there is on earth some blessèd spot  
 Where the world's buzzing din can enter not,  
 And in that home Genius and Piety together live.  
 O ! Is there not a Christ-like man my heart to  
                   move ?

One who would worthy prove  
 Of all the love and reverence that I could give ?  
 But such an one for me would never care ;  
 I have no beauty rare  
 That might confine  
 To my dim self his fancy's roving wing.  
 No ; on this earth I am content to droop and pine  
 A little while ; then Death will come for me.  
 But cheer up, heart, and gladly sing :  
 Beauty, love, genius, sympathy,  
 In Heaven thine will be.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

APRIL 8.

I AM ALONE, AND HOME-SICK IN MY HEART ;  
 The sweet birds sing upon the green-clad boughs ;  
 But now my soul doth not—as is its wont—  
 Mingle its praises with their cheerful songs,  
 And rising through the air enter the courts  
 Of God. Alas ! within my longing mind  
 Their glee no echo finds ; but hidden dove  
 Enters the silent chambers of my soul ;



And I can mourn with him, not for a friend  
Whom I have loved and miss, but for a heart  
That would be like my own. I wish for one  
Whose pulse will ever throb to mine. Whene'er  
A cloud of beauty in the sky doth fill  
My soul with dreams of love and bliss, may he  
Not be a leaden weight upon my thoughts  
To pull them down to earth; but rather may  
Both souls, as one, commingle in the clond  
Till they are lost in Heaven.

And whensoever  
With childish joy I fondly kneel to kiss  
A gentle flower that woos my eager love,  
May he stoop down to pluck the blossom, not  
For my sake, but its own.

And when God speaks  
In thunder-tones, may we hear Him with love  
And reverence, and kneeling low, commune  
With Him.

And I would have my husband sigh  
With me when pity claims the tribute of  
My tears. And when aught wrong may fill my  
soul

With indignation high, thus calling forth  
The feelings I cannot control, may he  
Not sneer and call me "foolish child," but feel  
With me; or, if that cannot be, may he  
Take my hand gently in his own and in  
Persuasive accent of a loving heart  
Convince me I am wrong. Oh, how I long  
For sympathy of one true, noble life!  
A man that God doth love! With such an one

And with Our Father's smile, I could bear all  
The ills that He appoints to purify.

*Scene II.*

*Alfred Clark.*—May I ask what book you were  
reading when  
I interrupted you?

*C.* "Charles Anchester."

*A.* A charming work; but not quite so much to  
My taste as "Counterparts."

*C.* I've read to where  
Cerinthia dies, and leaves poor Anastase.  
He loved her, but not as Seraphiel did,  
Therefore he will not mourn for her as long.  
I like old bachelors—

*A.* Thank you.

*C.* Is it  
True that I see a man who dares proclaim  
Himself old bachelor? I was about  
To say Seraphiel is my favorite,  
And I am glad he will not marry. But  
Why do you smile?

*A.* Are you sure he will be  
More faithful than poor Anastase?

*C.* Of course:  
However sweet and red a rose may be,  
White lilies sweeter are; most fragrant flower  
Has e'er the deepest heart. At noon you see  
Stars in a well, not in a rivulet;  
Therefore Seraphiel's love deeper than that  
Of Anastase.

*A.* Odor of flowers is but

The wailing breath that sighs in answer to  
 The sweet breeze wooing. Oh! That me reminds—  
 A friend of mine wishes advice that you  
 Can better give than I. What stone is best  
 For a betrothal-ring? An amethyst?

*C.* No; for it fades; therefore, it would not be  
 A pleasant prophecy.

*A.* I think that pearls,  
 Shut up and unobserved in their dark shells,  
 Are emblems of domestic love—

*C.* Device  
 To hide as prettily as may be what  
 Offends. And in troth-ring they tarnish soon.

*A.* When woman grows accustomed to new toy  
 She does not care to keep it clean and fresh.

*C.* Because the one who gave it with long kiss,  
 Ceases caresses of whom he is sure  
 Is his possession.

*A.* And so loses her.  
 Strange when he knows of his progenitors'  
 Experience, he should feel so secure!

### *Scene III.*

*(As Mervila flies out of Clara's room he  
 meets another angel.)*

*Mervila.*—Golora, hail! Art thou a guardian?

*Golora.*—I have to watch a man whose earth  
 career

Would make me anxious had not I attained  
 By Word Divine a view from height of 'Thought,  
 Whence overlooking all that lies between—  
 Mire, sand, floods, deserts, death—I saw him on

A height as grand as mine, though not like mine,  
Flown instantaneously upon; but up  
Which he had crawled, leaped, floundered, panted to.  
The home, which should have been cradle for  
Heaven,

Was rocked by rude dissensions of those who  
Watched over it. His nurse was wilfulness;  
His tutor wealth at his command, and he  
Was trained for life's hard fight by sweetmeats of  
Taste, touch, smell, sight, and ears.

*M.* Ah! How was such  
Lad to be disciplined for Christian race?

*G.* By lawlessness that wearied of itself;  
By crude desire for what he could not say.

*M.* Where is he now?

*G.* In Paris, draining life's  
Hot cup of pleasure to the dregs, making  
Wry mouths at sediments that his clear eyes  
Perceive, wishing some one would make it worth  
His while to dash it to the ground. Fastidious  
In act and principle, no overt deed  
Of sin hath roused contempt of self. He smiles  
In loathing scorn on God's lost sheep, who strive  
To make his passions pages to uplift  
Their draggled skirts to wealth and style. Not he  
The man to soil his dainty hands by smirch  
Of lust. His tender feet, that pick their way  
Through vulgar show and coarse luxuriance,  
By instinct turn from Jardins Mabilles and  
Such viaducts o'er poverty and crime  
To Hell. The smell of strong drinks and of coarse  
Perfumes would quickly nauseate; his taste

Would sicken at satiety. His ears  
Refuse to be made scavengers for words  
Obscene. His senses all are Sybarites.

*M.* Less then the injury he will sustain  
In Paris, syren-city of the world—  
The fairest show the Devil yet hath made  
Of flowers on muck. Sewer of Fashion is  
The Pompeii of present age. But there  
Are trespasses as delicate as vase  
Of crystal, breathing perfume rare that will  
Inebriate man's brain, his senses steep  
In opiate of poetry; and some  
Induce hasheesh-like dreams of picture-world.  
And has the man—what shall I call thy ward?  
*G.* Alfred.

*M.* Has he no faith? Knows he no church?

*G.* Faith is activity of heart and brain.  
Can man who never handled oar, control  
His bark if tossed on angry waves, or guide  
It up stream though there is no wind?  
And of the Church he knows enough to sneer,  
But not enough to comprehend: he is  
A Pantheist.

*M.* A new name to my ears.

*G.* It signifies creature poetical, who seeks  
For roots of seaweeds (that have none) \* but  
don't  
Concern himself about the roots of oaks  
He stumbles o'er; and when he falls, instead

---

\* The roots of many, if not all, seaweeds serve only as objects of attachment, and are not the sources of nourishment.

Of getting up and asking why he could  
 Not stand, he turns upon his back, looks at  
 The clouds, discourses of the stars, of laws  
 That guide them in their transcendental dance;  
 He apes philosopher's humility  
 By saying with Egyptian tone, What is  
 Beyond my hands I shall not touch, rather  
 Shall turn upon my side and gather flowers  
 That hold the Deity in scraps; and so  
 He makes patchwork of charming phrases, which  
 He calls a system of divinity.\*

*M.* Then Satan will not send his preaching friars  
 Of lies to offer him indulgences.

*G.* No need. There is refreshing poetry  
 In Pantheism many minds cannot  
 Resist, and so some Christians have baptized  
 It, taking for their text, "Whom ye adore  
 In ignorance declare we unto you." †

*M.* Where then its harm?

*G.* It is irrational.

If God is all then evil uncreate  
 Is He. If He is in Niagara,  
 In the same sense is He in cess-pool vile.  
 Spinoza says, "Beside God there is naught,  
 And we no other substance can conceive."  
 Hegel affirms that "in man God comes to  
 Self-consciousness."

*M.* Oh, blasphemy absurd!

Then Judas was a conscious god, and so

\* I never heard of a Pantheist having such a system.

† Acts xvii. 23. My application has no foundation  
 among writers that I know of.

Caligula was right to be his own  
 High priest and offer incense to himself:  
 Caligula was Hegel's antitype.

*G.* The German says that the development  
 Of the great Universe is God Himself  
 Developing—

*M.* In stones, in mire, in sand,  
 In fierce wolf, slimy snail, in poison-plants.

*G.* He farther says, "The Spirit Absolute  
 (First\*) knows itself in man."

*M.* And man who makes  
 A crying-doll thus learns to know himself  
 In his rare work!

*G.* "Man knows the absolute."

*M.* Absolute foolishness. Philosophers  
 Of present age try to convince the world  
 It can't know more than it can see and touch,  
 And therefore should let God alone. I have  
 In India met Pantheism—have I not?

*G.* Aye, and in China. It came from  
 Man's teeming brain when it produced twin-births,  
 Rare singing-birds and snakes, nightshade and  
 grapes.

In slime of river Nile, where rice grew best,  
 Floated the crocodile; and man—wise man!  
 Adored the reptile as a god, and ate  
 The rice without a thought. Why exercise  
 His brain on what the fellahs sowed and used? †  
 God is in all.

\* Word inserted or altered to suit the rhythm.

† As the Egyptians worshipped onions, perhaps they  
 did rice.

M. Divine then are the fleas  
That bite, and stinging-nettles on the ground.  
Is doctrine of the Trinity more hard  
To understand? 'Tis easier to think  
Of God-man as Atonement on the Cross,  
Than that the vermin in a dirty head  
Is one with God. Had not neglected dirt,  
Refuse of learning, been by self-conceit  
And idleness left to accumulate  
Within the mind, such vermin-thoughts had not  
Been generated there. Poor man! Out of  
His brain he spins idea that he makes  
Tight rope for metaphysics to dance on,  
And when humility (his balance-pole)  
He drops, he falls and raises dust that makes  
Men shut their eyes till he can mount again.

*Scene IV.*

*(Clara in Paris.)*

LIKE INFANT TOSSED UPON THE WAVE,  
Or little child in vast dark cave,

O Lord, am I!

Christ, I am helpless: hear my prayer,  
Nor let me sink into despair:

Wilt hear my cry?

What do I want? I cannot say,  
But feel I need it ev'ry day;

Lord, Thou dost know.

Pity my lifeless misery

Pity my heart's stupidity—

Its fires are low.



I feel my life is not complete;  
There's too much calm, too little heat.

I want to be  
Drawn out of books and out of self  
What good is it to give my wealth  
To charity?

I need a heart woe cannot daunt,  
That's tolerant of crime and cant  
And selfishness:

Too prone am I these to despise,  
I cannot look with angels' eyes,  
Pity and bless.

If aught is beautiful or grand  
I homage pay with soul and hand:  
But Thou hast served  
The loathsome victims of foul sin;  
Oh, for the purity within  
That Thy heart nerved!

Saviour, would what I cannot ask  
From my false life now tear the mask  
Of dreary mome?  
But I fear I must suffer when  
I ope my sealed-up heart again  
To be love's home.

I guard the past so jealously  
The present brings small good to me.  
Rest hardly won

Is very sweet; I fear to feel;  
I have no prayer for woe or weal—  
“Thy will be done!”

*Mervila.*—Poor maid of earth! She loves and  
knows not why  
She is so restless; but it is because  
The one she loves treats her faith with feigned scorn.  
Ah! Will the holy age of martyrdom  
Never be o’er?

*Oleen.*—It cannot be while earth  
Is subject to the curse of sin and woe.  
The martyrs die now, not as they did first,  
Only for love of God; Satan has changed  
His tactics now, and laughs at truth; smiles more  
Than arrows wound.

*M.* But they are not so hard  
To bear, nor do they try the spirit quite so much.  
Physical ages, tough in nerve and strong  
Of bone, physical tortures have endured;  
But ages intellectual, weakened  
In nerve, of slighter frame, are mentally  
More strong, and so are called upon to brave  
The laugh of empty pates, the pity feigned  
Of minds well filled with only earthly lore.

*O.* And does the man whom Clara loves treat her  
With scorn?

*M.* Rather adores her as a god.  
But still he ridicules her faith because  
His instinct teaches him it is a wall  
Of adamant between their hearts. Would’st like,  
*Oleen*, to see her lover? Come with me.

*Scene V.**Alfred (writes:)*

APRIL FANCIES COME AND GO;  
 True love lasts through weal and woe;  
 Blooming hidden under snow  
 Fair as when Spring breezes blow.

Yes, we labor but in vain  
 To escape from silent pain,  
 Though a mortal eye mayn't see  
 Any sign of mystery.

Flowers may bloom on Alpine crest;  
 Smiles gleam over time-chilled breast,  
 And no stranger e'er may know  
 Of volcanic fires below.

So, to the false world I seem  
 Cold and thoughtless of the dream  
 That now fills my secret hours  
 With love's fair celestial flowers.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

And when she whispered my plain name, her  
 voice

Was like a tinted melody, most like  
 The azure music of the flute. I was  
 New-named, was rebaptized in love's fresh dew—  
 And this time by my patron-saint.

*Scene VI.**Clara (alone:)*

IT IS NOT SO TO BE. "THY WILL BE DONE!"  
 Again I sit down by Hope's setting sun

And watch the clouds of eve come slowly up,  
And nerve my hand to stretch for bitter cup.  
I could have been so blest, if Thou hadst willed,—  
I ask not why Thou hast refused. Faith stilled  
My wailing heart to listen for the chime  
Of angels' wings in the now near night-time;  
Soon I shall watch the stars shine in Thy sky  
And not be lonely when I feel Thee nigh.

*(As Clara is writing, a servant enters  
with a bouquet and book sent by  
Alfred.)*

And so he has forgiven my rebuff.  
'Twas but a moment since I thought God willed  
Me to estrange him from the heart that is  
Now consecrate to a life-work. Alas!  
I thought that sorrow had so frozen o'er  
My heart that e'en the most impulsive love  
Would but amuse my eye as skaters cut  
Rare figures on the ice. Seated in calm  
And recollected mood I let one draw  
Me where he would, till unexpectedly  
We came to a weak place and both fell in.  
I laughed at first, but soon was fain to stand  
Before hot fire of conscience, and now I  
Must smart for childish self-forgetfulness.  
Father, for days my heart has been o'er full  
Of prayer. Is it a Christian, or is it  
More selfish interest that keeps me near  
Thy footstool? For true conversation I  
Have had—rare treat indeed! Therefore have I  
Been led to let my soul expose itself;

And he has seized on it and wound me in  
Cords woven by self-revelations ; and  
I, weary of long self-restraint, have let  
Him turn me as his humor was. Would not  
I be well ridiculed if men could see  
Yearnings unsatisfied of this old maid's  
Young heart ? But how can it be helped ?  
The heart  
Cannot grow old to order. I am young  
As when nineteen. Is that my fault ? I am  
Incessantly telling myself how old  
I am. People shall not discover that  
I am ridiculous. But, truly I  
Am not ; for the absurdity is theirs,  
Attributing to the immortal soul  
The years and burden of the flesh, which in  
My case is but apparent burden, for  
I'm physically strong and well, as are  
Few girls who wait at midnight on pallid  
Terpsichore. O Father, give me but  
One human heart that can discover for  
Itself the fresh impressionable youth  
Of mine ! Father, I hunger ; when thy child  
"Asks bread, wilt give a stone ?"

This is his hour

For rising. Holy Spirit, make him pray !  
Still Thou his longings, that have ne'er been  
stilled.

Oh, "Man of Sorrows !" satisfy the thirst  
That he so vainly tries to quench by draught  
From "cup of water" I hold to his lips.  
In this metropolis of civilized

But dirty heathendom, is a lost sheep ;  
And I believe Thou hast sent me to seek  
His soul. I've found it, Saviour ; but it will  
Not follow me. "Thou Who takest away  
Sins of the world, grant him Thy peace!" But do  
Not let me be like silly sheep that go  
Wherever other leads.

*(After a pause Clara writes :)*

I AM AS LONELY AS A BABE  
Just come into this world ;  
The angels are about me ; but  
Their wings are not unfurled  
Within my sight.  
Too bright a light  
Shuts unaccustomed eyes, so I  
See naught but narrow wall ;  
And when my spirit longs for food  
On stranger it must call :  
No mother nigh  
Knows babe or I.  
And yet it is maternal lover  
That over us doth hover.  
Why with a Spirit should I be  
As shy as with a lover ?  
My Mother dear,  
Kiss me ! Come near !

*Scene VII.*

*(When Alfred enters Clara is singing :)*

FOR HIM WHOSE LOVE IS DEAD  
Only the past remains

Unless the present adds  
For him its load of pains.

*Alfred.*—Pray, pardon me! I am too blue to-day  
To hear the other verse. Will you sing this?

*Clara (sings:)*

AS THE SEA-WAVES  
Hollow sea-caves,  
So Love hath rounded  
The heart where resounded  
True passion's soft voice.  
With thoughts most choice  
Now adorn your retreat  
Till for you it is meet,  
As the sea-waves  
In the sea-caves  
Hang pretty sea-weeds  
Where anemonè breeds  
Her beautiful brood  
In midst of its food.

*C.* Are not anemonès fit types of love?  
They look so soft and delicate that one  
Is quite afraid to touch lest he should harm  
The fragile beauty. But let him then ask  
Its victims what they think of its soft arms.

*A.* Please sing a lullaby for restless heart.

*C. (sings:)*

SLEEPING, I DREAMED, LOVE, DREAMED, LOVE, OF  
THEE,  
As thou wert bright, Love, when glad with me;

On me was beaming joy of thine eyes,  
Sweet smiles coquetting with sweeter sighs ;  
And as thy voice, Love, fell on mine ear  
Dreamed I that angels and Heaven were near.

Waking, I thought, Love, of thee in the grave,  
Would I had died, Love, thy life to save !  
Sightless thy dry eyes locked in deep sleep ;  
O'er lip and brow, Love, earth-worms now creep ;  
Hushed is the voice once low, sweet, and clear :  
Now I may weep, Love, thou art not near.

Dreaming, again, Love, I am with thee,  
Night and Death ever banished from me ;  
Bluer eyes beaming joy more intense—  
No more remembered my old offence.  
My God said, Love, with thee I might dwell  
My tear-washed pillow a glad farewell ! \*

*A.* Thanks ! many thanks ! I am myself again.  
You sang a fiend to sleep and he will dream  
He is an angel, at least, while you sing.  
Who wrote that song ? A man, I know. There is  
One thing that woman cannot do. She can't  
Write love-songs.

*C.* She would rather feel than sing.  
But what I sang was only simple rhyme  
That any girl might write. I think that you  
Were dreaming, too.

*A.* I must confess I did

---

\* Words set to the old air " Sleeping, I dreamed, Love."



Not hear all of the words ; but my heart heard  
Every note you sang, and it sang too.

*C.* I am surprised to hear one who has read  
As much as you, say women cannot write  
Love-songs. I heard you say few men could write  
Such songs as Ingelow's.

*A.* Quite true. But when  
A woman writes of love I think of stars—  
Brilliant, but can't be touched : or of the moon—  
Never two nights the same in the same place :  
Or of lamp-light, domestic, pleasant, but  
Not inspiring : or of gas-light.

*C.* Spare me.  
You would prefer the blaze that Byron kindled with  
The stuff that he called love.

*A.* Bah ! No. I could  
Not read Don Juan, for my palate was  
Not made to relish antimonial wine ;  
And the Corsair and Giaour—I should as soon  
Call Roman candles comets, as to class  
Them with love-poems.

*C.* Greatest poem of  
The Age, we both think, is "Aurora Leigh."

*A.* Yet is there not more of the heat of love  
In sweet "Lucile," or in "The Princess," than  
In it?

*C.* But Mrs. Hemans?

*A.* Woman whom  
I loved more than another of her sex.

*C.* Why speak in the past tense? Has glorious  
Christine Rossetti, or my favorite,  
Jean Ingelow, now proved her rival?

A. No.

C. Then why do you love Hemans less?

A. I don't.

But I have a new volume found, and on  
My knees open fresh page each day.

C. Will not

You show me book that has such marvellous  
Effect upon your knees?

A. Not unless you  
Will enter in my "closet" and let me  
Shut fast the door, bar out the world. But to  
Return to charge I made against your sex.  
Did ever poetess make you spring to  
Your feet and press your tingling hands upon  
Your heart lest it should burst its bonds of  
flesh?

Or, did you ever shut your eyes lest you  
Should faint at pictures women drew?

C. No: but

With their love poems in my hand I have  
Fallen on humble knees and laid my head  
Upon Christ's Feet; or have wiped off the tears  
That dimmed the earth, and with a firmer heart  
Re-lifted burden of a common life.

A. That they can preach I do not doubt;  
Women are famous preachers, as I know.

C. Why can't

They write of love?

A. Well-worded is that phrase.  
Write of—yes, that is it!—they write of love  
As they would write of Pleiades or Mars.  
Men—if they write true love-songs—do not talk

Of it; they photograph, unconsciously  
Perhaps, the very flames that burn their brains.

*C.* And oft the cinders that are left.

*A.* Yes; but  
I do not soil my hands with them. 'Tis well  
Enough to be burned in the fire which they  
Have kindled in my heart, that is a glass  
To draw down hottest rays; but when I used  
To tire of playing with hot coals I turned  
To cooler pastime; now, alas! it is  
No use to turn from poem or from song  
Another wrote. I can't escape from what  
Fate writes upon my heart. When women learn  
To feel love they may then love poems write.

*C.* And do you mean to say that women can  
Not feel love as men can?

*A.* Let the birds hear  
And answer you. Only the males can sing.

*C.* Because they need accomplishments to win  
The females' hearts; but the male birds can love—

*A.* Without being sung or talked into it.  
The females twitter prettily about  
Their nests, and women can write cradle-songs.

*C.* I understand; men are as far above  
Women as both outrank dumb beasts; for love  
Is highest faculty of noblest mind.  
I am amazed at, disappointed in you.

*A.* Why?

*C.* I thought that you were more than half  
A man in intellect, and so above  
The petty judgments feebler men would pass  
Upon my sex.

A. Not I, but God—as you  
Would say — has made you, women, what you  
are.

But I don't mean it as reproach to stars  
When I say that the fire in this black stove  
Warms sooner ; and, in fact, I used to think  
It was advantage to your sex to be  
Icy to us. To study women with  
A telescopic eye was pastime I  
Was fond of—once. I never could have so  
Amused myself if then my studies had  
Blazed up in passionate response to what  
In me was idle curiosity.  
I dare say Herschel liked a stove as well  
As I ; but I presume that he was not  
Very desirous to have Venus heat  
His lenses when he studied her.

C. Never

Again shall I feel quite at ease with you.  
You need not look surprised or hurt. It is  
A pity when dissecting-knife is held  
Above an unsuspecting heart, that it  
Should suddenly start up to conscious life.  
Oh, what a fool I was ! Never to man,  
Or woman either, have I e'er allowed  
Myself to be so natural. Often,  
When you have gone I've wondered how you  
had  
The power to draw me out ; indeed, I have  
Peered into some recesses of my life  
For the first time, when you held foolish me  
In leading-strings.

(While Clara was speaking, Alfred, much agitated, walked to a window ; now he turns.)

A. Miss More, would you believe

My oath ?

C. It is insulting to a man

To ask an oath, and yours would me offend.

A. Then, as a gentleman—Miss More, look in  
My eyes! I solemnly affirm that I  
Could no more heartlessly dissect your heart  
And mind than you could actually use  
Dissecting-knife upon your father's corpse.

*Scene VIII.*

Clara.—Would you seek immortality of fame?  
What boots fame to a man who doth surmise  
That all minds may become extinct? If on  
The stream of time your name should float, 'twould  
be  
To leap from brain to brain, like twig on brook  
From stone to stone, and leave no trace. But you  
Believe there is a God ; be wise and seek  
True immortality with Him. Serve Him,  
And He your service never will forget.  
Perhaps you think that pardon I should beg  
For such plain speech.

Alfred.—Apology from you  
To me! I thought that it was understood  
That you and I spoke soul to soul. At least,  
These last four days that you would not admit  
Me to your presence, I felt like polyp

Which a fell knife had cut in two ; one half  
Thrust out its tentacles for wonted food ;  
The other died. May my anxiety  
Procure for me right of remonstrance ? For,  
As it appears to me, the righteous law  
Of wise self-preservation justifies  
My interference. Great my fear that you  
Study and think too much. Why do you so ?

*C.* I'm trying to prepare myself for some  
Society superior to aught  
I yet have known—of which I hope ere long  
I may be part.

*A.* You won't leave Paris soon ?

*C.* I can't say when.

*A.* You will be kind enough  
To let me know when you will start ; for I  
Shall ask permission soon to follow you.  
Don't be disturbed : not as a lover I  
Shall you pursue ; but you have given me  
Distaste for company where you are not ;  
And even when I my own company—

*C.* To me it matters little when papa  
Is ready to leave here. I have no home,  
No country now ; but, as you know, I am  
Quite happy, ever finding something to  
Enjoy and learn—

*A.* And new chance to do good.  
Then the society of which you spoke  
Is here ?

*C.* In Eden, and none can hide there.  
Here, when I feel too ignorant for those  
Who would converse with me, I sometimes seek

Refuge in silence, and so cover up  
My ignorance.

A. Do you? I've wondered at  
Questions you asked on any subject which  
Was new to you. I have conjectured you  
Paraded ignorance (as others would  
Their learning) as a penance self-enforced,  
For your superiority to those  
You would instruct in some important theme  
Of higher lore. I know you are so learned  
In things most people know but little of,  
That you can dare to show the world there are  
Some topics that you have not touched.

C. You throw  
Snow-balls at me and they look soft; but oft  
Conceal hard stones which hurt me very much.  
I beg you won't make me again your butt;  
I cannot see the fun of it. As for  
Not making a pretence to know all things,  
I should be sorry to be taken for  
A fool. I have a great distaste for those  
Who say, "Oh yes!" with a most knowing air,  
To some remark they had not known, nor thought  
Of till that hour.

A. How you do hate all sham!  
I read this morning an idea of  
Goethe that made me think of you. At least,  
Admit that I am generous to give  
You weapons.

C. Great is your desire to do  
Me good, and make me worthier of your  
Companionship.

A. Thanks. (*Ironically.*)

C. What did Goethe say?

A. "I hope that I may be permitted to  
Worship Him Who was great enough, after  
Creation of a thousand kinds of life,  
To make one more—Man—who comprises all."

C. You said that next to Shakespeare Goethe is  
Your favorite.

A. He was; but now I think  
His women are not models; I was like  
A crudely educated artist, who  
Takes fashion-plates with their small waists and  
their

Inspid faces for his models till  
He loves a real woman, or until  
He sees a Grecian statue. Nor can I  
Regard the German's heroes as the true  
Ideals of a man. Neither can I  
At present quite appreciate the views  
Of love he held. When a man learns to play  
On organ, he less taste for fiddle has.

C. The violin—

A. I beg your pardon. I  
Did not speak of the violin. Goethe  
Is a great writer; but can he be found  
In "light that never was on sea or land?"  
His shadow always is distinct enough;  
But I have passed from world of shadows to  
One of realities.

C. So, then, you put  
Imagination high above the world  
Of sense?



A. And over other functions of  
The intellect. A dog can recollect;  
A chimney-swallow reason; only man  
Imagine what he cannot see or hear.

C. Thank you for that idea. I have hope  
That you will be consistent, and award  
To Faith her proper sphere. You smile.

A. Do I?

Did not Novalis fly where Goethe could  
Not crawl?

C. Heine—

A. Oh, bah! The tangible  
Was to him a snail's-house, and where he passed  
He left a slimy trail; he had the taste  
To walk among the flowers, although he could  
Not tell fungus from rose. He Dervish was;  
Goethe was seer. He said, "Men will become  
More clever and acute; not better. I  
Foresee the time when God in them will have  
No joy, but will break up all things" (to make  
All new.\*) He was quite sure all is planned to  
This end.

*Scene IX.*

*(Clara at the window.)*

HOW VERY GLORIOUS THE MIDNIGHT SKY!  
The angels sweep it with their star-gemmed robes  
Most gracefully. I know clouds cannot stay  
Where spirits smile their joy triumphantly;  
The genial splendor of their rainbow wings

---

\* Words inserted to suit the rhythm

Disperses ere they meet all vapors that  
 Would blur the floor of Heaven. Hasten, bright  
 ones!

My spirit now will try to mount to you.  
 Together we shall seek "the King of kings."

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Oh, I am almost home! Soon I shall gain  
 The goal of my beclouded pilgrimage.  
 Hark! Hark! I hear celestial music, feel  
 The breath of cherubs on my cooling brow.  
 Why should my poor soul quail? The Saviour's  
 hand

My hand has tightly clasped to guide me through.  
 The Valley men call dark—as if the Vale  
 Through which a glad soul, clad in Jesu's robe,  
 Passes each hour, could lose radiance left  
 By trailing garments there! . . . .

Again, my thoughts

Are harshly grasped by memory's stern power,  
 And my soul of its peace again bereft—  
 An eagle pinioned in an iron cage!  
 My weakling heart, that lives within a breast  
 Of mortal birth, folding its wounded wings,  
 Falls back to the sad earth, victim to one  
 Who aims unerringly. I strive to pierce  
 The darkness that now hides the distant spot  
 Where first he took my hand and said, Good-bye.  
 Since then, the magnetism of his tone  
 And mind have forced my spirit lovingly  
 To seek him in the busy haunts of men;  
 But oftener when he is quite alone,  
 The starry sky his canopy; no walls

But brilliant clouds to bound the gaze that well  
I know must seek the things I love, mountain  
And stream, deep woods and flowery glen. But

now

Through midnight-maze of thought—I see him  
kneel,

Praying that God will His deep truths reveal.

Then comes the pride of intellect, the scorn

That proud minds feel when told that they must  
lay

Their learning down at the Christ's feet, become  
As docile as a child and learn of Him.

And dares he to deny the truths that God

Has not yet to his satisfaction proved?

Ah! now in agony too great for tears,

I leave him to his madness, haste to God

And ask for the proud man a boon that He

Hath said he never would refuse—the grace

That makes the foolish man who has gazed on

The brilliancy of Reason until it

Has dazzled and then blinded him, see 'tis

Gross darkness that enshrouds his mind. It seems

To him so bright because he is so far

From God: as the night glows when day has shut

His eye—when there's no sun men worship stars.

God, show Thyself! Then will he learn what none

But He who made all things can ever tell

To a short-sighted man, who cannot pierce

The clouds that hide God's Throne from earth, to

rob

Heaven of its mysteries.

Then, like the man

Blind from his gloomy birth, he will in faith  
Perceive what is revealed of things he can  
Not see, and will believe the truths that he  
Cannot explain, and call Thee, "Mighty God,"  
And "Prince of Peace," Man crucified for him!  
My newly-wakened eye pierces the walls  
Of that blest house where first I spoke to him,  
And learned too surely Memory and he  
Would never part. My spirit for his calls;  
But there is only darkness where he was.  
And yet to me that darkness is most dear;  
It fills the corner where I sat with him  
Last time: he is not there. I shall love it.  
Oh joy! It takes his form. How grandly speaks  
The soul in that calm eye, with earthly love  
Living and warm, chastened by intellect!  
Darkness is not where his bright spirit is.  
I am oppressed by the vibrations of  
The trembling air, that strives to emulate  
His noble tones, but fails and answers in  
Low, saddened sighs. O catch his tones, fond heart!  
And they will echo in thy darkened cells  
In after years, speaking most tenderly  
Of visions of the past.

God, hold my soul  
Within the hollow of Thy Hand and keep  
Me true to Thee. I dare not give myself  
To one who steadfastly denies a God,  
Except as far as the caricatures  
Drawn by man's hand reveal Him to the world.  
God, send an angel to pour balmy sleep  
On my hot, swollen eyes!

## Scene X.

*Alfred.*—I shall believe naught I can't comprehend.

*Clara.*—Then you do not believe that I can move  
My finger, for the how you cannot know.

*A.* Will electric medium and muscle make—

*C.* A metaphysical hodge-podge ; but can  
You tell what in my brain is carried to  
The arm ? and how it—the unknown—moves on ?

*A.* Like words on telegraphic wires.

*C.* But you  
Can't say how they are sent. Why would not rope  
Answer as well as wire ? Most wonderful  
Is electricity ; and no man can  
Explain how the magnetic needle works.

*A.* A scientific man differs from one  
Who is an ignoramus, in his power  
To hide his ignorance by knowing phrase.  
He treats the facts he is familiar with  
As does a girl the rags she works into  
Fine dolls, and sets them up and grandly talks  
By rules that she has learned, and then exclaims,  
What clever children these of mine !

*C.* Quite true ;  
I understand the inner life as well  
As you the brain and heart. You touch a nerve  
Perhaps (How do you touch it ?) in my brain—  
Electric mechanism, as I think—  
And straight the imperceptible sends to  
The heart hot blood and quick. Then rushes it  
Back to the head ; I blush.

*A.* To me a blush  
Is song perceptible to list'ning heart.  
But it is true no one knows how we blush.

*C.* You cannot comprehend my spirit at  
Your side; then is it reasonable to  
Expect to fathom GOD? You plant a seed  
Of wheat; out of that tiny grain comes tens  
Of thousands—how?

*A.* Sun, rain, and metals in  
The soil—

*C.* Are words. You understand the growth  
Of wheat: “evolve it out of consciousness,”  
And when you feed me on your wheaten bread,  
I shall let you evolve for me a god  
Out of your consciousness.

*A.* Imagination is  
The highest faculty. That can conceive  
The growth of plants and the connection **which**  
Exists between body and mind, much as  
Musician when his hands are folded hears  
The harmony that he imagines and  
Will write for you to play. So writers in  
The grandest of all books of poetry  
Conceived the psalms and hymns to which men  
preach.

Beethoven was inspired and so was John.

*C.* St. John and all of the Apostles were  
Men ignorant of what our school-boys know.  
Of millions of the latter never one  
(Nor man) has written aught to be compared  
With the New Testament.

*A.* Perhaps Burns is

The nearest parallel. Read "Man was made  
To mourn."

*C.* Aye, read it, and then Gospel of  
St. John, chapters fourteenth to seventeenth.

*A.* John was a mystic ; for he taught that  
Three

Persons are One and One Person is Three.

*C.* Indeed he never wrote nonsense like that.  
He taught the Trinity—that there are three  
Persons in God and God is One. Are not  
You also three in one ?

*A.* Not I, indeed !

*C.* Body, spirit, and mind distinct, and yet  
The three form but one man.

*Scene XI.*

*Alfred (alone.)*

Heart, wilt thou fall in love ? I fear  
I ask the question rather late. Thou art  
Like child in Puritanic household reared,  
Who, when he bursts from mother's apron-strings,  
Runs riot. I have kept, thee, heart, too close.  
Thou art like the balloon I saw last week ;  
Monsieur Flammarion apostrophized  
It ere he gave himself to its mad care.  
He said, "Inert and formless thing that I  
Can trample under foot, my perfect slave,  
I am about to give thee life that thou  
My sovereign mayst become. Thee I shall make  
Yet greater than myself, and shall give up  
Myself to thy (most gracious\*) majesty ;

---

\* Words inserted to suit the rhythm.

And to thy element, my kingdom, shalt  
Thou bear. Thou shalt fly to the regions of  
Tempests and storms, and I shall be obliged  
To follow thee; thy plaything I shall be;  
Thou shalt do what thou wilt with me." He  
knew

All, yet, transported by his ardent zeal,  
Inflated his balloon and soared aloft.  
Thus do I now. The world turns round; the  
clouds

Shoot downwards aimlessly; valleys are filled;  
High hills are levelled to the ground. Is it  
Not so, my heart? And only thou and I  
Are steadfast and intent upon one aim.  
Man of the world I was; now it recedes  
And leaves me childlike at a woman's feet.  
She visits **cloudland**, and straightway the clouds,  
Rosy and golden, breathing youthful breeze  
Upon my glowing cheek, wrap me in dreams  
And waft me to my "castles in the air."  
The low desires of fashionable life  
Are filled by avalanche that passion tears  
From icy birthplace to o'erwhelm whate'er  
Obstructs its path. No wonder, heart, that thou  
Dost laugh and mock at question I asked but  
A minute since—if thou wouldst fall in love?  
But are we not invigorated here  
As no wine ever strengthened us below?  
I can almost believe that angels are.  
Why not? This time last year I had been as  
Incredulous about a Clara as  
I am just now of angels that she knows.



Why should there not be spirits if they were  
 Created but to wait on such as she ?  
 M. Flammarion when he was high  
 Enough floated between the azure dome  
 Of heaven and green concave of earth, and I  
 Thus seem to float between the heaven of  
 Her purity and earthliness of my  
 Own love. I am not giddy—no! I leave  
 Sick dizziness to men who stand on height  
 Of earthly passion and gaze in Hell's depths.  
 My nature is sublimed: would Clara but  
 Consent to enter my domain and take  
 Me—king of all that I have met and passed—  
 To be her slave, I would give ether to  
 Her until she participated in  
 My love sublime; then my strong arms would  
 crush  
 Her being into mine and we should fall  
 Asleep and wake up nevermore. Tut! Tut!  
 My o'erwrought dream has wakened me. How  
 know  
 I that there is eternal sleep ?

*Scene XII.*

*Clara (writes :)*

SOFTLY, SPIRITS! VERY SOFTLY  
 Fold your gentle arms about me!  
 Hovering o'er sea of Death  
 Draw I bliss-pervaded breath.  
 Cooling zephyrs flow around me  
 Mingling with mist from the sea

Where I know sleep all my treasures;  
Yet my spirit's wings beat measures  
Of a holy ecstasy  
That she is no longer free:  
For magnetic eyes have charmed me,  
Lifted me before I knew it  
Where the loved and loving flit  
In a perfumed sea of mist—  
Where love's sunbeams roses kissed.  
No will had I to resist,  
For there was no warning made  
Of aught I should be afraid.  
So I let him hold my eyes;  
But I had not a surmise  
That my spirit, which grief made  
Crouch upon the earth, down-weighed  
By the pressure of despair,  
E'er could rise to what is fair.  
Does the iron in the earth  
Know a magnet can give birth  
To a world of flowers and birds,  
Meadows green and lowing herds?  
Let a strong hand throw away  
Overloading earth and clay,  
And a magnet hold above!

Eyes magnetic, strong in love,  
Firm in hope, now hang above  
Troubled depths of Death's deep sea  
And I rise obediently.  
Softly, Spirits! very softly  
Fold your gentle arms about me!

For I tremble o'er Death's sea  
Underneath my love and me.

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Clara writes on a sheet of note paper :)*

COME IN.

'Tis Jesus Who bids thee come in :  
Leave outside thy woe and thy sin ;  
Seek refuge where mine long has been.  
The Saviour took me in the ark  
Long ere sorrow's night fell chill and dark.  
Dear Friend, come with me and embark  
For Eden, that no serpent's trail  
Can mark, and where Love may avail  
To create a home that can't fail  
E'en when last fires devour the earth ;  
We shall safely walk in the New Birth ;  
Nor shall regret earth's perished mirth.

*(She tears up the foregoing and begins to weep.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

I must come back to thee, my Journal, now ;  
For writing calms my brain as a fresh breeze  
A clouded sky. Thank God that I can write !

OH, MY SOUL IS THRILLING

With hope that will not die ;

And my eyes are filling

From fountains that low lie

The hidden life within—

As rivers come from springs

That in earth's depths begin,

Or shadows from bright wings.

I know not when began  
Emotions that I feel ;  
But since I love a man  
I know I need to kneel.  
So, peasant passing o'er  
Snow-buried Alpine peak  
E'en when he dares not speak,  
Stops sometimes to adore  
At the Madonna's shrine.  
O God, I cannot tell  
Into man's ear—but Thine !  
I love—alas ! not well.  
I dare not speak, for fear  
Truth's avalanche may fall  
Upon my soul : a near  
To love's sweet is its gall.

*Scene XIII*

*(Clara in her room.)*

Christ, "Out of mouths of babes and sucklings  
hast  
Thou praise perfected." Why not out of mine ?  
My heart is babe, content to lie upon  
Thy breast, my mind is suckling, nourished by  
Thy Word. If martyr's faith for many could  
Avail, Lord, why not mine for one ? Because  
'Tis not so strong ? O Father, 'tis as strong  
As it may be ; but Thou canst strengthen it.  
Up to my present knowledge I believe.  
Increase my love, and make faith realize

No sparrow\* falls unseen by Thee, dear Lord.  
Who was It, then, who threw me in the path  
Of first man who has roused my intellect  
By casting sunlight on my heart. But he  
Is Pantheist. "Lord, open thou my lips."  
Sermons he scorns; but most devoutly scans  
My words and looks. Alfred, for whom I pray,  
Is scientific man, and I am but  
A fisher in the waters where he dives  
And brings up from their depths lore new to me,  
Quite wonderful, aye, and most beautiful,  
When I have washed off slime, and sand, and parts  
Of rotten bodies that adhere to it.  
But he is infidel, O Father! that  
It is which hurts me so, and I believe  
It hurts Thy Lovingness, dear Crucified.  
Satan suggests that many prayers sent up  
In faith to Thee unanswered are, and some  
Were for the dead or the dead Past, that can't  
Be answered now. Yet how know I but when  
I get to Heaven I may perceive they were?  
And that it was only because I looked  
On the wrong side I did not see how God  
Had carried out my own designs—my prayers  
Perfected far more beautifully than  
I had dared hope? The little child, who has  
Been promised birthday party six months hence,  
Oft says the time will never come, and can't  
Be made to understand why he should wait.  
I long for "faith that mountains can remove."

---

\* St. Matthew x. 29.

Yes, but mine is "like mustard-seed," says Doubt.  
True; but the mustard-seed produces vine,\*  
In which faith's birds may sing and build their  
    nests.

If with me, who have sinned in stronger light,  
Thou hast not patience lost, why should I fear  
Thou hast with one against whom all perverse  
Influences have blown like desert sand  
That heaps itself upon a temple which  
Is uninhabited? Fallacious phrase!  
His soul was always temple of true God  
Although he worshipped one whom he knew not.

*Scene XIV.*

*Clara.*—I know you are a classic scholar. Did  
You e'er contrast the pure morality  
And sentiments refined of St. Paul with  
Those of vile Juvenal, or Horace, or  
Any of the first writers of that age?  
And then compare the God and Saviour of  
St. Paul with classic deities, and say  
Whence comes the difference if it lies not  
In nature of God manifest in Flesh  
Contrasted with the gods and goddesses,  
Offspring of minds impure and hearts that loved  
To see their worst faults magnified in those  
To whom they therefore willing homage paid.

*Alfred.*—The Bible is a fine mythology,  
Well merits study given classics rare.

*C.* You hurt me so.

---

\* St. Mark iv. 32.

A. Then I shall not speak in  
This strain again. We'll talk of what we can  
Agree upon. Forget what I have said.

C. That I cannot.

A. Alas! Nor can I, now;  
I've gone too far to stop.

*(Absently, as if looking in his heart: then  
to her:)*

Miss More, you'll read  
Some books of mine?

C. If you will read those that  
I'll lend to you.

A. I will. 'Twill be a bore;  
But as I challenged, you have right to set  
The terms. Bah! But your books will be a bore.  
And are you not afraid some seeds from mine  
May spring up in your brain and crowd out Faith?

C. No. For the ground of my mind is o'ersown  
With violets—scentless and wild—but quite  
Tenacious of birth-rights; while your mind was  
Too barren of humility, and so  
There was enough space for all kinds of seeds;  
And some were innocent and very fine,  
And some grew to be beautiful, but they  
Were adders' tongues. Your intellect is still  
Rich ground, unsown with spiritual seeds  
And therefore free and open to all new  
Ideas, whether they will germinate  
In life or death.

A. But death to me is naught.

*C.* Blindness is naught to babe at mother's breast.

Oh, inconsistency! You vaunt the power  
Of Reason over Faith, yet are content  
To hold that yours will die like a poor dog's.  
Highest philosophies (like that of Kant)  
Such skepticism as yours would destroy,  
For Kant proclaims Reason is powerless  
To guide the soul beyond the paths that sense  
Can designate.

*A.* Is that his theory?

*C.* Profoundest mind is like a well-trained child;  
What is the former but a child well trained  
By studies and by discipline of life?  
Kant says that Reason must annihilate  
A shallow unbelief as well in God  
As in itself, and will restore Faith to  
Its throne.

*A.* What are chief objects of that Faith?

*C.* First God, then immortality.

*A.* But did

Not he confess he could not demonstrate  
Being of God.

*C.* He did, and with the same  
Cool subtlety of intellect asserts  
That you His non-existence cannot prove.

*A.* That clinches pride of argument and me  
Confounds. For sooth I said that I would not  
Believe what never could be proved, and yet  
I can't disprove there is a God, Who was  
Jehovah to the Jews, to Christians is  
Emmanuel. Why raise you thankful eyes?



Do you forget that when you pass blue sky  
You enter a black void ?

*C.* But shall not stay  
Therein. I shall pass on to regions of  
The stars.

*A.* You are poetical.

*C.* Am not  
I true to what astronomy doth teach ?  
Tyndall \* may climb on earthly mountain-top  
Beyond fair fleecy clouds and azure air,  
And there may stay in search of science till  
She freezes him to death. Newton at his  
Good pleasure quietly sits down to learn  
What science can reveal when he assists  
Her utterance with eye and ear of faith ;  
He penetrates beyond the indigo  
And death-compelling atmosphere of earth,  
Into an empyrean where gold suns  
And worlds dance in sublimest rhythm to  
A simple law of God.

*A.* My priestess, don't  
Get lost star-gazing, and forget that Kant  
Is present theme.

*C.* He says, the fact that he  
Is conscious of the moral law is thing  
Against which infidels have nothing to  
Do battle with. And Pantheism finds  
No more respect at Schlegel's hands. He says,  
(Remember, I do not) that it is quite

---

\* I hope this reference to Mr. Tyndall is not impertinent ;  
he is only a representative man to my mind, and a favorite  
writer.

Destructive of the moral sense, and is  
Productive of indifference to right  
And wrong.

A. Whew! Think of Christian going to  
Such German infidels for weapons to  
Fight the "good fight" of Truth!

C. Because you can't  
Say they were prejudiced in favor of  
Revealèd truths, and that they feared to use  
Their reason in the war 'twixt God and man.

A. Your faith is so secure.

C. Firm now, because  
It has been battered like a bird in storm  
At sea until it took safe refuge in  
Christ's Ark.

A. I, with great Sophocles, exclaim,  
"Oh, that my lot might lead me to the path. . .  
Which august laws ordain, which had their birth  
In highest Heaven!"

C. And that a heathen said?  
Can quote more of his writings? for I know  
Him not at all.

A. I shall, although I give  
You a new stone to fling at me. He adds,  
"Neither did race of mortal man beget  
Those laws, nor shall oblivion lay them down  
To sleep. In them the power of God is great,  
And grows not old." \*

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\* As quoted Mr. M. Arnold, in a number of the *Living Age*.

*Scene XV.**Alfred (alone :)*

This woman to me represents the dawn.  
After my youth had passed in one glad day,  
Like Adam's first in Paradise, I fell  
Asleep, weary of glare importunate  
That hurt my spirit's eyes. I was a man,  
Was tired of ball and balls, of marbles and  
Of feast, and lay down listlessly, spoiled child  
Of luxury and self-indulgence—bah !  
Better than worldling's emptiness of mind,  
His flightiness of heart was reticent  
And learned skepticism. While the long  
Night lasted I had most hideous dreams of  
Chaos wherein my soul was lost ; this gave  
No more concern than if a pebble fell  
From my limp hand. Sometimes I wearied of  
The darkness, roused and trimmed a lamp left to  
Me by long-buried ancestors, and sought  
In old philosophies for a new truth.  
Ofttimes my dreams were frightful, but again  
Chained fancy burst her metaphysic bonds  
And looked for former life ; but in new guise,  
Knowing the old could not replace the new  
Unless I could become a boy again—  
The last thing that I consciously would do.  
With toys and flirts, with fables and with dance  
I'd done. Like sculptor of past times, I made  
A woman for myself—no Venus, nor  
Minerva, Mary Ann, nor Blanche. I called

For Eve, wise and immaculate. Then smiled  
In queer self-pity at last whim, and trimmed  
Old Learning's lamp; pressed fancy down  
In new Pandora-box, and turned to things  
Of sight and touch; became a scientist.  
Still, the night lasted; though I could not sleep,  
I ceased to feel impatience with the world;  
Was satisfied with heaps of facts by which  
I demonstrated changeless laws. I was  
Content to be a man, because I learned.  
But gradually counter-light dawned on  
My soul. I knew not clearly whether lamp  
More brightly burned, or whether a new beam  
Fell on worn page of old humanity.  
I turned and knew my Eve. Another day  
Had dawned. I felt like Adam when he saw  
The first sunrise. My soul awoke; my heart  
Began to carol like the early birds.  
My Eve, unconscious that she was the dawn,  
Healed my sick mind with healthy beam. We  
lived.

*Scene XVI.*

*Clara (alone:)*

O LORD, MY GOD! I AM SO WEAK AND WEE;  
Life's winds blow o'er me, and reluctantly  
I am swept here and there, but have no power  
To stand or walk on; I bend like a flower.  
Help me to stand, O Lord! Thou wilt alone—  
For those who cherish me to Thee have flown.  
Then patient be with me, nor heed my falls;  
I am so feeble that e'en Love appeals;

I fear to grasp it lest I should mistake  
 A figment of my brain for its namesake.  
 Too many women wed not what they see,  
 But a delusive, baseless fantasy.  
 Besides, my life is consecrate to Thee;  
 I will not wed unless Thou givest me  
 Away as fathers do. I'm in Thy Hands;  
 And waiting for Thy Word, my spirit stands,  
 Ready to take a "Sister's" heavy load  
 And walk alone and burdened on life's road,  
 But glancing furtively at easy lot,  
 Where gentle hands would cool my forehead  
 hot

With piercing pain begot by memory.  
 And one has shown how sweet his sympathy;  
 Perchance, he'd lure me by love's wistful tale  
 To shut my wakeful eyes to spectres pale,  
 That ever clasp their hands my heart around,  
 Until it sometimes feels it must rebound  
 Into life's joyous ways, or else lie down  
 To its last sleep, forgotten woman's crown.  
 I shrink from either wife's or "sister's" lot:  
 Could I remain as now? O Father! not  
 Rebellious am I to the fate I see;  
 But ere an orphan, Jesus strengthen me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is it a sad necessity to give  
 Him up? It may not be. I shall write Christ  
 Another prayer: she who knocked oft and  
 did  
 Not tire was heard at last. May not I be?

(Writes again:)

OF MY SUFFERING HEART

The "holy of holies," my God, is Thine;  
But I think earthly love should have its part—  
The second place in my lone temple-heart.  
Yea, love should abide in the holy place  
Until it drives thence all feelings more base.

(Throws down paper and pencil.)

I cannot write. I'll go in the next room  
And see if my piano cannot bring .  
Me a sweet dream while I lie on the breast  
Of music, as I used to lie upon  
The bosom of mamma when I was sad.

(Clara turns over her music and sings  
"The Rose-bush.")

Although that is so very beautiful,  
It does not satisfy. It should end thus:

COLD-DRAPED IN SNOW STANDS "THE ROSE-BUSH  
FAIR;"

But ruby wings melt the clear blue air,  
While bows in anguish a widowed form:  
The one she loved had wrought her harm.  
And the years glide by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another grave by the "rose-bush fair,"  
Another spirit in blue mid-air!  
Two wing their way to their Father's Breast,  
With true love's eternal rapture blest.  
And the years stand still.

(*Alfred has prevented the servant's announcing him; she now opens the door.*)

A. Your tones are like the dew that falls upon  
A wilted flower, and it revives although  
The hour be dark.

C. Good evening. Had I known  
That you were near I had not chosen song  
So sad.

A. You've covered Death's gaunt form with  
flowers,  
And in Death's-head have put a scroll on which  
Is written poetry. How strange this is!

C. Death is but a continuation of  
This life. Disease or accident throws wide  
The gate, and we pass to the other side  
To realize all we have questioned here.  
The islander longs for wide continent;  
Death sends life-boat to bear him o'er rough waves  
To haven of delight, and he shrinks back  
Enamored of the company of toads  
And water-snakes, and shuts his stupid ears  
To dulcet warblings on the far-off shore.

, *Scene XVII.*

*Clara (reading a letter from Alfred:)*

Miss More, by bearer of this note please send  
Me back those books of Infidelity  
I lent to you last week. I feel as if  
I had spread arsenic on cake to make  
A child eat it and die.

Well, that was not

The word I meant to write—but let it be!  
You wish to know what has come over me?  
Last night I came back from Marseilles, and in  
The carriage with me was a being of  
Your sex (you cannot help her sex), and she  
Had two sweet children, boy and girl, who talked  
About good fairies, and the mother smiled.  
Then the boy to his sister said, “Maurice  
Told me some stories prettier than these;”  
And he gave childish version of what Church  
Of Rome tells of Cecilia; then I thought,  
Prettier are the Church’s fairy-tales  
Than are the world’s. The mother turned with  
sneer

And ridiculed her son, and said she was  
Ashamed that he should try to teach a girl  
Such stuff. The little dear lifted her eyes  
(Were they your color, that I thought of you?)  
And said, “My good mamma, it is unkind  
To tell me that Jean’s story is not true;  
I had made up my mind that I should sing  
To angels when I am afraid at night.”  
Another lady begged the mother not  
To try to take the light out of the world  
In which her children lived, and added, with  
A sigh, “I know a man who did the same,  
And when his son committed suicide  
He left a note in which he said, As there  
Is no God in the Heaven to help a man  
Who is disgusted with the world, I shall  
Lie down and sleep for aye.” But then began  
The horrid creature who a mother is,



To argue infidelity, and she,  
Knowing I am an unbeliever, called  
On me to help her argument; but not  
Until she had disgusted me with Paine,  
And Rousseau, and Voltaire. My answer was  
To take the little girl upon my knee  
(I should have liked to kiss her eyes, but felt  
Unworthy). I said, "Dear child, I know  
That there are angels, for I have seen one."  
She clapped her hands and cried, "Show him to  
me."

"She will not let me see her wings because  
When I was little I was naughty, and  
Said that there were no angels; but if you  
Will but believe there are, some day when you  
Are in Bois du Boulogne, I shall take there  
A lady who has seen their wings and talked  
With them, and she will tell you what they said."  
Were my eyes angry that the mother blushed  
When I put her child in her lap, and said,  
"Madam, I do not know whether God wrote  
The Bible; but surely He the children made"?  
Miss More, there never was iconoclast  
So despicable as the man who strives to hurl  
A woman from the pedestal of faith  
And piety into the dust about  
His feet, that he may lift her up and hold  
Her on a level with his heart. I wish  
I could believe that I might elevate  
My spirit to your height; but as I can't,  
Oh, shine on me as the sun shines upon  
The blind, who feels, although he cannot see!

What, if you are mistaken? So, of old  
Were the astrologers, who spent their nights  
Communing with the stars. Surely they were  
Superior to men who revelled through  
The hours of darkness. I'm no reveller;  
But scientific books seem gas-lights now.

Respectfully,

ALFRED CLARK.

*Scene XVIII.*

*Alfred (alone.)*

I must be cautious with her for a while, or else  
The tender plant of woman's confidence  
Will wither to the root, and, I fear, die.  
Thus woolly snow covers but to protect  
The flowers that otherwise harsh winds would kill.  
If both survive until the afternoon  
Of life, perhaps, love's sun may suddenly  
Flash forth and melt the snow, and overflow  
Her being with an avalanche of hot,  
Remorseless passion that she can't resist.  
Enough of such palavering, fool-heart!  
I'll look a hero in the face, and try  
To catch his spirit. Where is Corneille's Cid?

*(After reading a short while, he writes on  
a fly-leaf:)*

"MY SWEETEST HOPE IS TO LOSE HOPE:"

Guizot condemns this thought.

I think he would not, had he known

The mischief hope hath wrought.

Oft one, till he exhausts his strength,  
High mountain seeks to climb;  
Loses, perchance, a limb, as he  
Has lost his hope and time.

'Twould have been better had he had  
No hope of scaling height;  
'Tis better to give up a deed  
For which we have not might.

So, since I love, hope tortures me,  
Inciting to rash deed;  
My greatest wish is to lose hope  
That love no more may bleed

On pilgrimages where hope leads,  
And mind's powers have no scope  
I'd rest now, if I had no guide;  
"My hope is to lose hope."

Bah! That is poetry. I do not wish  
To lose the one hope—for old age—that is  
To cheat the intervening years. To cheat?  
I fear that will be all. At any rate,  
I should not like to see the sun put out  
Because I know that I can never reach  
To it. Not for the pleasures of a man  
Of fashion would I give up secret that  
Will be an altar in my heart when to  
Man's eye it will seem but a ruined fane.

*Scene XIX.*

*Alfred.*—God answers prayer, you say. What a great God  
To change His high decrees to please—

*Clara.*—His child,  
A spoiled one, too; much has He favored me.

*A.* I scarcely should presume to try to change  
Your sentiments; for fickle you are not.

*C.* Are my ears deaf to argument? Or, would  
You hint that obstinacy more befits  
A God than condescension?

*A.* I believe  
That all things are predestinated and  
Governed by changeless Laws.

*C.* Your Deity  
Is slave caught in inextricable coils  
That he unwittingly hath spun. If such  
Was my idea of the God I could  
Not worship Him. Indeed I should myself  
Be far more powerful than he, because  
I can transgress eternal Laws; and you  
Say He cannot. A paralytic God  
Could not inspire me with much love; but Kant  
Was willing to concede that there is no  
Sufficient reason to deny that there  
Have been true miracles. Miraculous  
To me are many metaphysic books,  
For they oft set aside natural laws  
Of reason and experience. Some men  
When led by argument nearly to God,  
Will crab-fish sidewise, backwards, any way

But forwards honestly, if they may plunge  
 Into a hole in which His glory can  
 Not penetrate.

*A.* 'Tis not dishonesty,  
 But their humility which keeps men back  
 From God.

*C.* Are skeptics, then, less proud than  
 those  
 Men who believe? Read Fichte and St. Paul,  
 And, by-the-by, compare the doctrine of  
 The Trinity with "Science of Knowledge,"  
 And see which asks the most credulity,  
 And which is the most hard to comprehend.  
 I can believe when a God speaks although  
 I cannot understand; but when man speaks  
 I can't believe till I can comprehend  
 That his incomprehensibility  
 Is not inherent in his argument.

*A.* In the last statement you are right;  
 But in the first I question if you are.

*C.* If I were blind should I be wise to say  
 There are not seven colors in the bow  
 Because I could see none? Where I am blind,  
 Being quite dazzled by excess of light,  
 St. Paul hath gazed with open eyes.

*A.* So has  
 Spinoza, whom I spent the last night with.  
 His mind is a great light and is divine,  
 Being, as he has taught, a part of God.

*C.* You are unjust. You know Spinoza would  
 Not, as you have just done, confound the part  
 As a part, with the whole *as* the whole. For

None can more clearly mark the boundary  
Between the Deity and man.

*A.* And do  
You really suppose you can change God  
By prayer?

*C.* Not quite this. But did you believe  
that you  
Could change the mind of your wise governor,  
When you petitioned him to save a man  
Condemned to die?

*A.* The voice of mercy might  
Be heard, though justice had decreed his fate.

*C.* Am I too credulous to think God is  
As tender-hearted as your Seymour is?  
If I offended you I should pray you  
To pardon me. The nature of your mind  
I should not change; my altered attitude  
To you would bring about the answer of  
My prayer. That God should be inferior  
To you I can't admit. How strange that you,  
Who have such admiration for great minds  
And noble lives, should shut your heart to Christ!

*A.* Not Socrates, nor other worthy of  
The past or present can compare with Him.  
The Jews had made Him King had He not felt  
Great Caesar His inferior. Had He  
But used the power—let it be what it might—  
That acted on imagination of  
The sick, and cured their ills—

*C.* And acted quite  
As powerfully on the dead—

*A.* Whatever was

The power, none who accepts the facts  
 Of history can doubt, that had He used  
 His influence to put a diadem  
 Upon His Head He had not later worn  
 A crown of thorns. With Rousseau I exclaim,  
 "He was a god"—fit god for Pantheist.

*C.* Was not His constant "interference with  
 The Laws of Nature" when He cured the blind  
 And maimed, below the dignity of God?

*A.* You cannot think it was.

*C.* I have heard you  
 And other Pantheists assert as much,  
 When One Unseen thinks He may exercise  
 The right, that any man may have, to change  
 An instrument He made.

*A.* No: we deny  
 That the Invisible descends to earth, for we  
 Profess to deal with only facts.

*C.* With facts  
 That you can see, hear, smell, or taste; but what  
 Of other facts—as real, though they are  
 Not tangible—of thought and heart? Can your  
 Poor Positive Philosophy give me  
 A positive reply to questions such  
 As, Why do I love poetry? Why do  
 You hate a toad, that to my mind suggests  
 A pleasant thought of shaded lane at home?  
 Why is blue soothing to my eye, while yours  
 Craves red? All these are facts, and what you call  
 Philosophy takes no note of them and  
 Their like. Wise men! fit to dress dolls and set  
 Them up to suit your taste; but not to guide

Sweet children, whose most positive demands  
Are for imagination, trust, and love.  
You deal with facts; then take a frightened  
child  
And tell him there is nothing in the dark;  
He will not heed; but deal with him as God  
Hath done with me—let angels fill the blank,  
And he will go to sleep, not fret nor fear.

*Scene XX.*

*Clara's Vigil.*

Stern duty bids me close my eyes  
And rest, for I need sleep to night;  
Therefore, afar from me it flies,  
True despot, wanton in its flight.  
I'm punished that my tears rebel—  
For very much I long to weep;  
And yet I try my woe to quell  
Till I can meekly go to sleep.  
Upon my brain hot torpor lies,  
And my heart hears footsteps of Fate.  
Ah, how the salt tears pain my eyes,  
Slowly falling with mystic weight,  
Fearing to touch my cold, cold hand  
That in the darkness is stretched out  
Vainly towards the Better Land  
From this fog-realm of sin and doubt!  
Oh, for the winsome visions bright  
I have had of heavenly things!  
Could they but come to me this night  
Uprising like rejoicing wings



Of my Guardian most holy,  
 Joying in their own reflection  
 And fraught with celestial glory ;  
 Filling me with warm affection  
 For all beings pure and holy,  
 My soul, with aspirations grand,  
 Would rise to mingle with the throng  
 That cometh from the Spirits' land  
 Crowding out sin and pain and wrong.  
 And my sore heart, with stillèd longing,  
 Hushed by pleasing expectation  
 Of an endless, cloudless morning,  
 Might find some alleviation  
 For its unexpressèd sighing  
 That very soon it may go hence  
 To a sphere above us lying,  
 That it may come in glory thence,  
 Furnished with subtle influence,  
 To act upon my dear one's thoughts—  
 Draw them to the celestial shore  
 Where sensitive and gentle hearts  
 For friend's sin will weep nevermore ;  
 Suspicion, pride and anger dead,  
 Their cherished secrets may be read  
 And understood for evermore.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I LOOKED UPON HIS TRANQUIL FACE,  
 Thought-shaded, as by veil of lace  
 Which could not hide his heart from me,  
 Although he deemed I could not see.  
 My spirits fell, presaging dim  
 Enchantment, as though cloister-hymn—

Meant only for the singer's ear  
 And the deaf heart upon the bier—  
 Wafted to me by wings of night  
 Had raised my soul to mystic height.  
 It was as if dim candles burned  
 Round my heart, that in cold trance yearned  
 To comfort him who mourned for me—  
 Love feels much others cannot see.  
 But I dared not to let him know  
 The life which burned with smouldered glow.  
 So, my heart simulated death  
 Although it heard his heaving breath;  
 Alas! so dead it seemed to be  
 He groaned and went away from me.

*Scene XXI..*

*Clara.*—I wonder now how many angels are  
 In this small room.

*Alfred.*—Just one: no more.

*C.* I feel

Quite sure that more are here. Do you suppose  
 That you have none?

*A.* I have one, and I want  
 No more.

*C.* Do not you wish that they would make  
 Themselves now visible?

*A.* Mine is; but knows  
 Not that she is an angel well revealed.

*C.* Oh pshaw! I was not joking. Truly I spoke  
 Of what I often think. We are quite sure  
 The holy angels have in keeping all  
 Who are dear to the Lord.

A. Why did He wait

So long ere He sent mine to me? Believe  
Me that I should have been far different  
From what I am if I had known you long.  
Did you e'er fancy yourself priestess to  
A heathen goddess when the world was full  
Of poetry, and credulous as youth  
In love for the first time?

C. No. I have said

I should have scorned such drunken brutes as  
Mars

And Bacchus; Jupiter was monster vile,  
Who had his birth in dirty brains, was shaped  
By vengeful hands; but I conjecture that  
I should have worshipped sun, moon, stars. Do  
you

Presume the world had ever more of faith  
And poetry than it has now? To me  
There is no false religion half as full  
Of poetry and beauty as the true;  
Compare our common poets with the great  
Bards of the classic age, and you will see  
A truer love for nature now than then.  
Of the most superstitious heathen take  
Those fullest of credulity, and see  
If they have faith like saints of modern age.

A. I should have ridiculed opinions such  
As those a year ago; but I have found  
A mystic and a saint. Valerian  
Am I; Cecilia you; and I believe.

C. Why will you always mock me when I am  
In earnest?

*A.* Mock! Mock you!

*C.* You treat me as  
A little girl who tells about her dolls;  
You would not hurt my feelings for the world.

*A.* Did you e'er estimate the reverence  
That man feels for a child? I could adore  
The Babe of Bethlehem; and, as I am  
True man, there is naught like contempt for  
one

Who stands on pinnacle from whence I fell.  
Now may I answer question that you asked?—  
Whether the old religions had more faith  
And poetry than has the new? I must  
Confess, its beauty I suspected not  
Until I found it well daguerreotyped  
In you; now dare I hope its poetry  
I yet may learn: translations of no kind  
Do I appreciate; originals  
Or none for me!

*C.* I do not catch your thought.

*A.* The epic Jesus traced on hearts of men  
The modern priests translate according to  
The fashions that prevail where they abide;  
But the original they cannot read.  
You can—

*C.* Forbear! Do not add blasphemy  
To slander of the men I reverence  
Next to my God.

*A.* At present I am in  
The state of priest of Dian, who can well  
Believe her mysteries, because I learned  
Them in the moonlight of her presence fair:

Whether there is a Jove who may be prowed  
To boast of fatherhood, concerns me not.  
Diana is my goddess, and rewards  
By making herself visible in you.

*C.* Extravagance like yours I never heard.  
Is such your temperament?

*A.* You may decide.  
I wish I was as strong and self-contained  
As you.

*C.* If I seem strong, it is not that  
I am; but I am upborne on the Heart  
Of One Who is in Himself strength. You call  
My nature self-contained. As is the sea  
That dashes o'er its bounds to be thrown back,  
Loud murmuring, leaving quite desolate  
And dry the sandy shore. But One then says  
To restless waves of passion, that scorn leash  
Held by man's hand—"Peace! Peace! Be still!"

No more  
The billows rage, my passions cease to fume.

*A.* 'Tis strange that one as old in years and  
thought  
Should talk so childishly. Do you believe  
That Jove concerns himself about your tears?

*C.* No. I believe, nay, I will say, I know  
That God the Crucified loves me, and sees  
My tears and feels each human echo of  
The sighs He breathed in sad Gethsemane.  
I shall be in my dotage when I am  
Too old to kneel at Father's Feet, and hope  
To lie on mother's breast.

*A.* And do you then

Expect to see her when you lie close-sealed  
In casket strong, and she in hers is dust?

*C.* I lie in grave? Not I! Nor lies she there.  
To-night I shall throw off this dress, and ere  
Again I put it on it will be cleansed  
And fresh. So when my body lies down in  
The ground for earth's last sleep I shall await  
A body purified and strong and fresh.

*A.* But when it has decayed—oh, hateful thought!  
I cannot tolerate it, my beloved!  
If I had power like God's, or if He loved  
You as I love, your tender form would be  
Embalmed by nature's hand, nor know decay.

*C.* Then, when my breath had flown, my body  
would  
Be raree-show for children to point at  
With an inquiring gaze. The forethought of  
My Father pleaseth more—better be dust  
And soil for flowers than mummy, though I were  
Then fair. And if I was preserved in flesh,  
So all would be—the maimed and the deformed;  
And earth would be only foul nightmare's quest.

*A.* If I were God, you should not die at all.

*C.* Thank God you are not God to keep me here  
When I shall be decrepit, tired of life;  
And you as old and gray, and bent and cross!

*A.* But we would not grow old.

*C.* We are not young  
At present; yet I should not grateful be  
To you for youth restored.

*A.* I would not have  
You younger than you are. I am not boy

To want a doll, nor e'en pet bird ; nor youth  
 To sigh for a Euphrosyne, about  
 Whose witless path I'd scatter flowers. We would  
 Be ever as we are.

*C.* Think yet again ;  
 And if you are of the same mind at end  
 Of these five months, write that wish out  
 And lay it up and read it five years hence.

*A.* What wish, then, shall I make for you ?

*C.* That God  
 Will keep my womanhood as happy as  
 My girlhood and my babyhood, and that  
 My old age may be quite as short as to  
 Him seemeth good. I cannot understand  
 Why some prefer age and decrepitude  
 To immortality and fadeless health ;  
 Bleared eyes and full of rheum, to eagle-gaze ;  
 A limping gait and crutch, to buoyant wings ;  
 Dull ears, that scarcely recognize  
 The dearest voice, to sounds of harmony  
 And love.

*A.* Enthusiast, you make me sad.  
 A childish heart like yours should never feel  
 The many woes that you have had to bear ;  
 If your God were the God of your enthused  
 Imagination, would He have let you  
 Know such agonies as rend strong hearts in twain ?

*C.* They necessary were to training for  
 The seat I crave, low at His feet.

*A.* I would  
 I had been trained for life as you have been !  
 A character like yours to my mind is

Sublime as strange. My parents nurtured me  
To pamper self; and till I knew you I  
Had scarcely thought save what was worthy of  
My manhood, and how best I could exalt  
My character and elevate my mind.  
Unto myself I was my god; I was  
To high self-culture devotee; adored  
With Goethe and more modern men of same  
Unselfish school, only ideal that  
I—and they too, perhaps—had set before  
My eyes as splendid goal; but when  
You came my character seemed mire by your  
Sweet purity, my philosophic calm  
A stoicism foolish as inert.  
In short, all the hard-bought results  
Of manhood's discipline became as naught  
Weighed in cool balance with your—  
C. Piety.

If I have made impression such as you  
Portray, it is only because you see  
In me reflection turbid, very faint  
Of what the Saviour hath made me long for.  
I am like little maid who went to serve  
In house of Naaman; a noble lord,  
Mighty in battle; but a leper was  
He none the less, and he was heathen, too.  
The girl was Jew, and to her mistress said,  
“Would God my lord were with our Prophet in  
Samaria! He would recover him  
Of his (vile)\* leprosy.” Naaman heard

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\* Word inserted or altered to suit the rhythm.



Her words, and to her owed his cure. Know you  
The remedy?

*A.* I don't.

*C.* Elisha bade

Him bathe in Jordan and he should be cleansed.

*A.* He mocked the mighty lord.

*C.* So he said; but

His servants argued well, "If the wise man  
Had bid thee do some mighty thing, would'st thou  
Not have complied? Much rather, therefore, when  
He saith to thee, Wash and be clean." Then he  
Obeyed, and "his flesh came again like flesh  
Of little child." Do not you see what I,  
A simple maid of Christ, would do for you?

*A.* What?

*C.* I would have you bathe in Jesu's Blood  
The heart for which He longs, and bow your head  
To sacramental wave of righteousness.

*A.* You did not let me finish what I had  
Begun—confession of my selfish life.  
I shall now; for your absolution I  
Desire if you will set me penance true.  
My aspirations noble once appeared;  
But now I realize that they are wings  
Of ostrich, competent to help me on  
A worldly path of sense, but impotent  
To raise my spirit to companionship  
Of your aspiring flight o'er joys of sense.  
To me you are not so much woman as  
An influence. I do not ask your hand;  
I only crave to breathe your words, and sun  
My heart, long frozen to the core, in your

Most spiritual presence. Do not spurn  
 Me, Lazarus, who ask not once to gain  
 A foothold in your heart. I only beg  
 To lie low at your feet and eat the crumbs  
 That from your lips may fall. My beautiful!—  
 Why do you smile so scornfully?

*C.* Sadly and in self-pity; for I had  
 Supposed that I had found a real friend:  
 Tut! You are but a beau. And so, do not  
 Expect me to pick up the pretty *words*  
 You let fall at my feet; at *you* I will  
 Not sneer.

*A.* Why not?

*C.* Because I pray for you,  
 Rashly I spoke, for I offence had given.

*A.* Offence. Oh, woman! At the foolstool  
 of

Your God, do you ne'er turn your eyes away  
 From vision that you have called up? Thus I  
 Have done. Can pain offended seem?

*C.* You were not made for visionary, so  
 You play that part ungracefully. Let us  
 Return to theme more suitable.

*A.* Not till

I make you understand that I am quite  
 Incapable of flattering, at least,  
 The women of your class. I say that you  
 Are beautiful—not to the artist's eye,  
 But to the poet's sense; and though I can  
 Not write grand rhymes, I can read poetry;  
 And you are my Aurora Leigh, although  
 I am not Romney, nor desire to be.

To me you are a poem visible.

A tear!

C. You've seen it, then? So, now I dare  
To speak.

A. Do not; because your voice is choked.  
Do not while that bright spark is in your eye.

C. You are—

A. Don't go! Don't be afraid of me.  
I shan't presume to play the lover, so  
Sit down again.

C. Not to be ridiculed.  
Good-bye. I'm going to the Louvre. Excuse  
My leaving you.

A. May I not walk with you?

C. I beg your pardon. Not to-day.

*Scene XXII.*

*(Alfred's soliloquy, as he leaves the Hotel.)*

I promised not to play the lover. 'Tis  
Not likely that a man with broken back  
Will ask for partner in a dance. But what  
A fool to startle her from the most sweet  
Simplicity of mutual confidence!  
While I talked to her as man would to man—  
If he could find one pure as womanhood—  
She talked to me as she to woman would,  
If she could find one like her and unlike.  
Oh, foolish heart, my secret to betray! That tear!  
It puzzles me. Did my words move her so?  
And if they did, then why? At least, one thing  
Is clear. She would not listen patiently

If I should woo ; but that I dare not do.  
Did not I make a vow, when I stood by  
The grave of my last brother's child, I would  
Not do what father did—beget a lot  
Of children to drag painfully through few  
But weighty years, and prematurely die,  
Worn out with curse bequeathed by one who can  
Call foul corruption his twin-sister? Bah!  
My brothers' seed died in weak infancy;  
With me shall die the penalty of sin.  
No child shall curse me for the legacy  
That I should likely leave. Let my accursed  
Grandfather's bestiality and its  
Attendant woes, be buried with my bones.  
But that pure child, with her grand intellect,  
O God!—so I have been with her till I  
Have caught her words. I would there was a  
God  
Who would concern Himself with our affairs!  
For if there was, He might find out a way  
To strengthen me for sacrifice of all  
That short life gives to mortal man, for sake  
Of dreaded progeny.

*Scene XXIII.*

*(Clara's soliloquy as she lies awake.)*

If I should listen to my hungry heart  
And let it take the bread love offers it,  
Should I a better Christian be as well  
As I might be a happier woman, Lord?  
Am I more self-sustained than Adam was?

I'm lonely in my Paradise; for wealth  
Hath shut me in from work and penury.  
But the heart droops because life's glowing sun  
Hath dried the dew of earthly years; the mind  
Invigorated can refresh itself:  
But oh, the heart, my God! Well, it is Thine;  
Do with it as Thou wilt. I murmur not.  
And his heart? When we each can give just what  
The other wants, shall I be niggardly  
Because I'm shy? If he was thirsty and  
Should beg a cup of water, I should haste  
To bear it to his eager lip; only  
The spirit's thirst will I ignore. Why so?  
Only the body perishes, forgets  
Its thirst: the heart that's shrivelled here may not  
Revive until the Resurrection-morn.  
Then, Saviour, call us both to Thee, and lay  
Our hands together in Thy Hand, and smile  
And say, Poor things! I well remember that  
Ye are of dust and so I sprinkle you  
With dew of heavenly love.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOFTLY BREATHES THE ZEPHYR OF THE DAWNING  
DAY

O'er my dream-flushed temples, and I wake to pray.  
Bless me, O my Father! as Thou wouldst a child  
Who would ask for nothing that can be defiled.  
Yet a silent longing hides low in my heart;  
Like the early birds in love I'd have a part.  
Like the dewy flowers that wait the coming sun  
And will sleep contentedly, when his day is done,

So, my spirit, freshened by the dews of sleep,  
Waiteth sun that dries up tears in eyes that weep.  
Give me love, O Father! Wilt Thou not let me  
Be a silent thought to lead one unto Thee?  
Through blind science-mazes, through historic  
doubt.

Let the sweet Within guard from the Without.  
Then, like birds and flowers, when our day is done,  
We shall sleep in peace till Thou art our Sun.

*Scene XXIV.*

*Clara.*—Did you not get a note, informing you  
That I could not go to the Luxembourg  
To-day?

*Alfred.*—No. But I wonder if there is  
Mistake. I have been puzzled to guess why  
Two poems have been sent to me; for they  
Are on a subject that the writer and  
I feel quite differently on. I have  
Them in my pocket, and with your good leave  
Shall read them now. I fancy that you may  
Feel sympathy with them.

*C.* Religious, then?  
For I remember that you claimed we felt  
Alike on other themes.

*A.* Except one; that  
I feel is sacred to you as dead love,  
And so have never dared to touch upon—  
As we have been victorious I can't.

*C.* My country! Read the poems then, or let  
Me take them to my room.

*A.* Pardon, if I

Decline to give them up until I have  
 Now satisfied suspicion that has been  
 Aroused. Do you write poetry as well  
 As live it?

C. Read, if you will not let me.

*Alfred (reads :)*

THE END.

*(As soon as Alfred reads the title, Clara  
 flushes, but sets her lips firmly, re-  
 solved not to betray herself.)*

Great God! I, who have borne most  
 Pangs that shiver mortal hearts,  
 Mourned to think mine could not burst,  
 But was strengthened by pain's darts,  
 I, at last, have found despair:  
 God! O God! Where art Thou? Where?

Dost Thou only seem to sleep  
 While we bear our slavery?  
 Carest not although men weep  
 In despair of being free?  
 Sleepest Thou, O God! Dost sleep  
 While Hate's serpents o'er us creep?

I've no country, North or South;  
 Shackled e'en in thought am I;  
 Great despair hath shut my mouth;  
 Scarcely now to Thee I cry.  
 I'm not countryman of slaves;  
 My confrères are in their graves.

Yes; my country's 'neath the sod;  
Broken-hearted I still live.  
Lost are some friends, some with God;  
Yet I still have life to give:  
But I wear a clanking chain  
On my heart and on my brain.

Ah! I gave my dearest one—  
Better far if I had died—  
Sinful heart! God's will was done:  
Think what HE hath spared his pride.  
Could he have borne what I bear?  
Could he, like me, life-chains wear?

Cause he loved deserters banned;  
Treachery its heart ate out;  
Ship of state with heroes manned  
Is wrecked now, without a doubt,  
That few to the end were true—  
Pity, God, those noble few!

May they have more strength than I!  
May they learn to live like men!  
As for me, henceforth I lie  
But to dream; no war again  
Shall awake hope to be free—  
Men are made for slavery.

Hundred years cannot produce  
Armies like those we have lost.  
For what good? That foul abuse  
By unworthy men is tossed,



As bonfires by conquered slaves,  
Drinking, dancing o'er their graves!

Noblest one in dungeon lies,  
But his ransomed soul is free:

DAVIS, as a man, defies

Lincoln to equality.

History them both will draw  
While men read in silent awe

Of God's ways that seem so strange.

Tut! I am ashamed to blame

God, because men's spirits change;

Better thank Him for the fame

Of each who died to be free!

God, I pray Thee, pity me.

TUSCALOOSA, AUG. 3, 1865.

C. The poet is unjust; but I shall not  
Discuss a friend's words with an enemy.

A. An enemy, Miss More! I once bore arms  
In face of day; but never weapon wore  
Concealed, and I have sheathed my sword. There is  
No man whom I revere more than I do  
Your General Lee. In proof whereof I shall  
Send you a poem written on his death,  
And which I cut from paper and have kept.  
In truth it lies now in my pistol-box:  
I put it there with feeling somewhat like  
That which prompts men to hang a conquered flag  
In a cathedral, not to boast of, but  
As being noblest trophy they have won.  
I have another poem here to read.

C. I do not care to hear another in  
That strain ; and it offends my heart to hear  
An officer—

A. Pray do not wound me by  
A hasty speech. If you could realize  
How long your words reverberate in me,  
You would be generous. Please, only hear  
The other poem that I hold ; it is  
Not of the dreadful War, that I loathe quite  
As much as you can hate.

C. Read if you will.

*Alfred (reads :)*

THE VERY NAME OF SEA  
Is pleasant unto me !  
Speak of the Sea, I feel  
As one to whom repeal  
From care and horror comes.  
Awhile the sullen drums  
Are like hideous dream  
From which a jewelled gleam  
Has waked me to rejoice.  
As Norse maid wed Morris  
To see him melt away  
In glaring heat of day,  
Mocking her weary feet,  
My spirit bounds to meet  
The spirit of the Sea  
As though I still were free.  
The shackles seem to fall  
From the heart they appal ;

And I dream like a youth  
Who scorns the woe of truth ;  
But suddenly I wake,  
For my thoughts answer make  
To beating of the drum  
As from dim caverns come  
The echoes of the shout  
It hoped was well shut out.  
Ah, to die by the Sea,  
Dreaming that I am free !

*(As he reads the last line, Clara hastily rises, and escapes through the door by which she is sitting.)*

Alf. Yes, my surmise is true, and she wrote both.  
But how they have been sent to me I can  
Not guess. I watched her narrowly, while I  
The last one read, and she has gone because  
She fears she can't prevaricate, and will  
Not let me know she is a poetess.  
Poor thing ! How she has suffered—and I thought  
She was so calm she could not be disturbed.  
It seems I read her well ! If she thus loves  
Her country, and can suffer from despair,  
Dare I try farther to secure her love ?  
But ah ! who is her "dearest one ?" Have I  
A clue to her sweet resignation to  
An early death if, as she says, God should  
Thus favor her ? Is she so deaf to men  
Of earth and their loud vows, because a Voice  
Much louder still reverberates within ?  
Yes ; I am jealous of the dead ! I can

Not bear to have her call a rotten corpse  
Her dearest one. Such woman may be quite  
As much a slave to a sweet memory  
As others to a present fancy. Ah!  
If men's hearts are immortal there must be  
Not one Hell, but some myriads of hells.  
For, even now hot jealousy burns in  
My soul; yet it is not consumed; nor can  
The flames of jealousy lick up  
Her name—the one name that on this black earth  
Doth correspond to that of God in Heaven.  
Is there a Heaven? There surely is if she  
Will live after this life has passed. O God!  
Such woman as she is sprang never from  
The clods. 'Tis likely that her dreams are quite  
As wise as my blind tentacles of sense.

*Scene XXV.*

*Clara (opening her portfolio.)*

Yes; when I was in such haste to go out  
With dear papa, I asked Pauline just to  
Direct the letter, and to mail it; but  
I had forgotten that the poems I  
Had folded to send home were here. But he  
Shall never talk to me of this again.

*(She hastily writes off:)*

I BURY MY HEART, THAT SUFFERED AND DIED  
For the sake of dear Freedom,  
Like Alaric's corpse, far under the tide  
Of this ev'ry-day life, and henceforth none shall  
come

With curious eye to inquire of me  
How I suffered, and fain would have bled to be free.  
And my stern self-control Busentinus will be  
To hide my dead heart from those who forget:  
Of those who remember are few to be met.  
In this pride-guarded sepulchre treasures are piled—  
The joys and sorrows of girlhood too wild  
And the noblest emotions a woman can know—  
True love for her land, but no hate for its foe.  
Ah! Dearest of treasures, in my buried heart  
Is a pang and a pride—oh! it is the thought  
Of the Brother I love, who died to be free:  
But that death has so changed me he would not  
know me.

*(Folding the paper, says :)*

This I shall send to Mr. Clark to let  
Him see the subject he has broached must be  
Forever closed. Strange I should write to him  
In rhyme. Oh, heart, this does a secret tell!

*Scene XXVI.*

*Clara (reading a letter :)*

Miss More, I pray you pardon; for I fear  
I have made myself disagreeable  
To you: I am so in the habit of  
Regarding your clear intellect but as  
A mirror wherein I may look to see  
What in me doth offend you—and therefore  
Me too—in order that I may, as far  
As in me lies, strive to amend, that I  
Conceive of you but as a second self;

And fain would have no more reserve with you  
Than a man with his mirror has. Therefore,  
I oft forget you will not condescend  
To look upon me as a second self  
From whom you naught would hide. When I  
Insisted on reading those poems out,  
It was no vulgar curiosity  
To know if you are poetess, but great  
Desire to ope a new door of your life  
That you kept closed to me. Better I know  
You now, and more revere—not that you can  
Write poetry; but now I know that you  
Can suffer and endure and make no sign.  
I had thought you talked pretty theories  
When you were eloquent about yielding  
The finite will to God's infinite love;  
And when you glowed with praise of martyrs who  
Had harder cross to bear than those who died  
At stake, I little knew that I then sat  
Beside a martyr who concealed with smile  
Of patience serpent coiled about her heart.  
I can't say whether the sweet poem that  
I just received from you gives me more joy  
Or pain; joy first, because you longer will  
Not hide from me that you are poetess;  
I had suspected more than once you are.  
But you remember how you treated me  
With cold and proud reserve when I would try  
To find your secret out. Great thanks that you  
Will talk to me in poetry, while to  
All other men you talk in prose. I feel  
A king who has a poet laureate

Who makes the jewels sparkle in his crown.  
As for the South, I love her and revere  
As does the man who has fought for his wife  
And won her by drops of his blood; and with  
"My body I shall worship her,"\* if she  
Will tell me by your mouth how best  
I her may serve. Alas! your poem made  
The tears start to my eyes—they did not when  
A Southern bullet had to be probed for.  
Oh, my beloved! have you suffered so  
While I rejoiced? though not in boasting and  
Revilng. No! I would not hoist a flag  
When Lee laid down his sword, though had I been  
A Christian I had sung *Te Deum*. But  
Enough about myself, and only this  
To let you see how you have wronged me by  
Refusing sympathy. Your pity now  
I beg. Do not treat this poor letter with  
Disdain when you read what I dare not say  
Because I could not without tears; but I  
Shall write it quickly, for I'm tearing out  
My heart to throw it at your feet, although  
I cannot let you pick it up and heal  
The wound. I love you, worship you, and yet  
I cannot ask you now to be my wife.  
The reason I shall tell if you command;  
But otherwise I might offend. Do you  
Exclaim, How dares he mock me with his vows  
Of love, and fears to marry me? Pity,  
Miss More, was what I begged of you! Now I

---

\* English Marriage-service.

Ask more—I pray for this as earnestly  
As you would ask your God for life if you  
Were shipwrecked and lashed to a plank that was  
At mercy of mad waves. Marry no man!  
If you watch over my one angel, God,  
Close up her heart to vows of love! Miss More,  
I am not mad, but miserable. Love  
And pity me. I dare not ask reply  
To letter wild as this; but don't refuse  
To see me when I come again; and be yourself!

*P. S.* I wrote all the above last night, Miss  
More,  
And did not lay my head on pillow till  
The gray light dawned. I asked God—if He heard  
My groans—to hear my prayer and keep you as  
Love's vestal until time had done with you.  
I prayed—I think I prayed, Miss More, although  
I knew not Him to Whom I spoke, save as  
A blind man half believes because he hopes  
A friend is by, when he feels he is on  
The brink of precipice—I prayed God that  
No man's hot lips should ever press your lips:  
And more I dare not picture, even in  
My frenzy. But all that was in the night;  
Now it is day and I am calm, and fear  
To send this; but perhaps it may be best.  
I could not bear to think the time might come  
When you could me reproach with trifling—oh,  
That is ridiculous! Trifles a man  
Because he jokes while surgeon amputates  
Arm next his heart?



This is the poem that  
I promised you on the great General.

## A DIRGE FOR GENERAL LEE.

Toll the bells mournfully—  
Our chief is laid low.  
Toll all the bells slowly  
For our country's woe!  
"The Lost Cause" was buried  
Five sad years ago:  
Lee's grave is its monument.  
Even the foe  
Is magnanimous now  
And mourns for our chief;  
But on his pale brow  
Is the seal of relief.  
Who knows what he suffered  
Though smiling the while?  
Like martyr at death-stake,  
His halo's a smile.  
Oh! who can imagine  
The great Jackson's bliss  
When he welcomed to that world  
His Hero of this?  
  
And you, *my* dead Hero!  
Whose death made a grave  
For my heart, though I breathe,  
What a welcome you gave!  
You can understand now  
What is dark to us here—  
Why the great cause of Freedom  
Should lie on its bier

In every land known under the sun.

In some the dead body has risen again ;

In some it is putrid.

But glory to men

Who suffered and warred and bled to be free !

Under St. Michael's banner

They may muster again

In invisible cohorts,

Lee a *hero* e'en then !

I beg permission to subscribe myself

Yours only and for ever,

ALFRED CLARK.

Nov. 8th, 1870.

*Scene XXVII.*

*Golora and Mervila meeting in the air.*

*Mervila.*—Golora, why so fleet, and whither?  
Whence ?

*Golora.*—Oh, I rejoice at the good work  
Thy ward has wrought ! I spent last night pouring  
In Alfred's wounded heart—smitten by love  
And fate—the precious oil of faithful words  
That Clara had first said to him. I, as  
God's minister, recalled them to his mind  
Until he, worn out with his agony  
And long hours' pacing up and down, called on  
Her God ; he had no more true faith than had  
The Indian when first he prayed to white  
Man's God to soften white men's hearts ; but well  
Thou knowest earthly mother, when she holds  
Her breast exposed to infant, who in first

Assays to walk has tottered to the verge  
Of precipice, don't criticise his slow  
And doubting turning to the lure;\* and when  
He comes so close that she may stretch out arms  
Of yearning love to clasp him to her breast,  
She don't reproach him that he stumbles o'er  
Her foot. So God my Alfred lured last night.

*M.* Glory to Him that Clara's life has been  
So sweet and pure that the desire for her  
Has made a sinner—very dear to One  
Who died for him—turn from the sloping walk  
Of infidelity ere it had led  
With its insidious descent to black  
And hellish pit.

*G.* Thou seest that he had  
No help—unless he could win God's—to keep  
His Clara from the arms of other men.  
And as a man who says he has no faith  
In a physician, sends for him when he  
Feels he must die without his help, and knows  
He can do him no harm; so Alfred called  
On God to steel the heart—that she had laid  
Upon His altar—to all vows of love  
That other men could make, and open it  
To his.

*M.* God heard his prayer because He "will  
Not quench the smoking flax" although it is  
Too newly cut to give out heat. His "Name is  
Love."

---

\* This idea is beautifully expressed in a little print after Brockdon.

G. And now I go to see how Clara has  
Received, and if she will not answer, crushed  
And tear-stained letter that he wrote to her.

*Scene XXVIII.—Clara's room.*

*(She writes:)*

My friend, I am so glad you wrote to me  
Quite candidly. Now I feel safe with you,  
For long I have intended when papa  
Should be again united to mamma  
By Death, that broke their marriage bonds, I would  
Become a Sister and a teacher of  
Young girls. Thus in intention I my wealth  
Have consecrated to Christ's service; and  
Since I knew you I have feared that if I  
Allowed you to be much with me I might,  
Like Vestal of old days, be yet obliged  
My poor heart to inter alive. Now I  
Accept your friendship, and feel safe with you  
As with my wingèd Guardian, and lay  
Aside disguise. I do not think I love  
You, but shall send you poem that fell from  
My pencil in the night. Perhaps you have  
Mesmeric power o'er my night-thoughts; if so,  
Be careful how you use it; as for all  
Ideas you impress me with you must  
Give an account to God and me. As for  
The feeling which I have for you, I know  
Not what it is. Often I can't decide  
Self-questionings except by looking in  
My Journal and my books of rhymes: but I

Shall let you take a peep, now that I am  
Assured you cannot take advantage of  
The liberty. I'm brave enough to put  
A sword in chain-locked hands of which Fate holds  
The key.

THERE IS LIFE IN GLACIERS HIDDEN  
Says the knowing microscope;  
Who can tell when by love bidden  
But in my heart blooms a hope?

True; the air is very chilly;  
No encouragement gives it;  
It would kill a rose or lily,  
But this one flower seems to fit

In its little icy birth-spot,  
Quite content with freezing blast,  
And dreading only Summers hot:  
If *he* keeps cool my hope may last.

But if he begins to woo me  
As have others, fervently,  
Then a shudder will pass through me  
And the hope will die as gently

As have some others heretofore.  
Ah! my heart is clear and cold,  
For Death hath chilled it to the core,  
And it wilts when men grow bold.

So I wish that he may never  
Whisper of what I ignore;  
Else Hope's fragile stem I'll sever—  
My last flower shall bloom no more.

But I prize the chilly flower  
Hidden in my maiden heart;  
And it can beautify the hour  
Given up to lonely thought.

This is confession first; now I shall make  
Another. I am sometimes tempted to  
Historic infidelity. I do  
Not doubt "God holds me in the hollow of  
His Hand;" but the fate of the South has made  
Me question whether He has given up  
The nations to the power of the Prince of  
The air.\* And long before the war I asked  
The same hard question, reading history.

WHEN THE WICKEDNESS OF MEN  
In life and in history  
Has caused infidelic doubt,  
Birds and beasts, I turn to ye!  
And it seems irrational  
Then to doubt a Maker's Hand;  
In polyp and in monad  
Evident as in the grand  
Shapes of life and activeness  
That I read of or may see,  
Though God's mark is oft erased  
On forms of human infamy.

Traveller the story tells  
How he on an Alpine height

---

\* St. John xiv. 30.

When his dizzy brain reeled fast,  
 Was made firm by simple sight  
 Of the gentian growing near.  
 Thus Thought, dazed by History,  
 For a moment dares to doubt:  
 But Faith comes by what I see.  
 Ev'rywhere is mystery  
 That poetic eye may trace;  
 What it can't interpret now  
 'Twill lay by its faith to brace.

Your friend, because she now can be no more.

*Mervila.*—Poor child! She suffers, but she grows;  
 she is

Like a boy forced to wear unyielding coat.  
 She cannot cast it off, but it she will  
 Out-grow and burst it suddenly, and then will  
 be

Surprised to find angelic robe lies at  
 Her feet. Poor child! She suffers now. I'll  
 make

Her take her pencil and write what I shall  
 Dictate to comfort her. Her minister  
 I am, because she is Salvation's heir.\*  
 Wilt thou wait till I comfort her? For I  
 Wish much to go with thee and see thy ward  
 When he will read what she has written him.

G. Yes; I shall fan her burning brain while  
 thou  
 Layest controlling hand on throbbing heart.

---

\* Heb. i. 7.

*Clara (writes :)*

OH, HEARKEN TO THE ANGELS' EVENING CHIME!

For, at roseate close of a dark day

Loveliest spirits a sweet tune oft play,

Their soft wings beating on the air the time.

And often those we love, who have gone hence,

Mingle their well-known tones with soothing  
power,

Closing a painful day with happy hour,

Bringing down Heaven by their sweet influence.

Kindly they gather up the broken strings

Of the crushed hearts we oped to take them in ;

Tune our life-harps, shattered by pain and sin,

Anew to the fresh rhythm of their wings.

On our brows press they fond kiss after kiss ;

When they have soothed us into calm delight,

Waving with perfumed wings a soft Good-night

They vanish, leaving in our hearts their bliss.

\* \* \* \* \*

WEARY, SINKING, LORD, AM I!

Canst not, wilt not hear my cry!

Peter, grasping Thy strong Hand

Walked the billows as dry land.

Lord, I perish!—yet am Thine;

On my brow the Cross doth shine.

Now vouchsafe me this reply,

Fear not, child, for I am nigh;

Though thy faith should swoon and die,



I will never let thee go  
While thou clingest to Me so.

\* \* \* \* \*

MY GOD, I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THEE:  
No earthly pleasure do I come to ask.  
But for life spent in sweet humility,  
A piety that cannot wear a mask,  
A meekness that as yet I have not known,  
A long (?) life given up to charity;  
Bearing the "Banner of the Cross" alone,  
Loving no praise that might not come from Thee.  
Scorning the virtue, little more than dross,  
That prizeth more its honor than Thy Name,  
To guilty women let me bear Thy Cross,  
Unfearing base malignity or shame;  
Their children, heirs of unwon infamy,  
I wish to place within my mother's arms,  
Till she clothes them in blood-bought purity,  
Robing them in the Infant Jesu's charms;  
Let noble women sponsors stand for them  
And for their mothers, for whom thou hast died.  
That they may weave another diadem  
To cast before Thee, 'Thronèd Crucified!

\* \* \* \* \*

[*Mervila*.—Now I am ready to fly off with thee.  
*Golora*.—Wait till we see what she will write down  
now.]

*Clara (writes:)*

MY FATHER DID NOT CHOOSE TO PROVE  
My love for Him. I am the spouse of Christ.  
Then could I love the man who owns him not  
As God, Eternal King, Emmanuel?

No, Saviour mine! Thy sign is on my brow,  
And in the Name of Him who bids me call  
Him Abba, God, raising the Cross above  
My bleeding heart, I pray that he will lend  
His mighty Arm to bear His fainting child  
To his calm bosom of eternal rest.  
Rest! Rest! I long for rest. Rest in the Christ!  
So weary of my thorny road, panting  
For peace of Heaven, weeping for sympathy  
In all my childish joys and griefs, knowing  
He will not scorn to list to woman's woes.  
Oh! how I long to go to my Lord Christ,  
That I may lie forever at His Feet,  
Head pillowed on His knees, His ear inclined  
To hear the whispered story of my life.  
Could I lie ever thus; I should ask naught—  
If all were mine, what would there be to ask?  
But through the ages of Eternity  
Would He let me forever stay near Him  
Like helpless babe—whom, lost, his mother finds?  
Who sobs because he wept so long for her  
He cannot smile as soon as she sings lullaby;  
Because the memory of what hath passed  
So vivid is, the happiness now known  
Seems but a dream from which he fears to wake.  
Like babe upon His mother's breast would He  
Let me forever lie? Or, would He send  
Me forth to walk the azure fields of bliss?  
To visit sister-worlds? to minister  
To men on other spheres? to gather up  
Fruits that once grew in Paradise? to quaff  
The crystal stream encircling His bright Throne?

To tend the lectures, hearken to the hymns  
Of spirits blest — all that they learned on  
earth

Illuminated by unfailing light,  
Doubling each step as they advance to God,  
Where boundless knowledge dwells? humbly to  
sit

At feet of those who gave up life for truth  
That they might waken in His arms of love?  
Oh! when he bids me go must I leave Him  
To wander forth alone, alone in Heaven?  
Each spirit intimately one with each,  
But I alone, or in a crowd—  
And is not that alone?

Oh, Father, hear my prayer!

Life is so short—I'll travel it alone;  
If such be Thy high Will I say, "Amen!"  
But let me have him for a friend in Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

WORN OUT, DISPIRITED, AND TOSSED,  
From death to death my whole life crossed  
And oft re-crossed by adverse fate,  
I've grown a woman, calm, sedate.  
I and my soul have grown together  
In stormy and in brilliant weather;  
But youthful heart will not be brought  
To learn the lessons we are taught.  
How can I ever get things straight?  
For my young heart I cannot wait;  
So I shall just imprison it:  
It shall not be a theme for wit.

Alfred asked me to write a sermon for Him, and I shall. I'll take my text from Job.\*

ART THOU WEARY, HEART-SORE, TEMPTED?  
From ills of fancy not exempted,  
And, like Job, inclined to murmur  
That life's blessings are not firmer?  
Then hear the Divine monition,  
Which in Job brought forth fruition,  
Look at His works on ev'ry hand;  
Search for the little, scan the grand;  
Listen to choir of morning-stars  
Whose melody no false note mars,  
And hear the Sons of God who shout  
Their love of nature grandly out.  
When sick of some grim fantasy,  
Seek giver of good health—the sea;  
Learn by the bounds God set to it  
What He thinks of thy wilful fit.  
But if thou canst not go so far,  
Sublimer waves the great clouds are.  
Study the snow and hail and rain;  
From each refreshment thou may'st gain.  
Watch the bright sun at early morn;  
On fickle humors he flings scorn;  
He's always cheerful, for his race  
Will cast no rival out of place.  
Whene'er thy soul is dark as night  
Open it to the grand starlight.

---

\* Job xxxviii., xxxix. This Sermon was suggested by p. 388 of "The True and Beautiful," by Mr. Ruskin.

For thriftless ravens Who provides,  
He, Who all beasts to their food guides,  
He, Who gave to the song-birds wings,  
Listens for praise when poet sings.  
The Maker of the goodly horse  
Will soon cure thee of thy remorse,  
If thou wilt but to Him submit,  
As racer fine obeys the bit.  
The eagle on the highest peak,  
Brooding upon her nest, is meek  
As little wren about thy feet:  
Out of the strong comes forth the sweet.\*  
So learn from her that self-restraint  
Is the best curb for worst complaint.

*Scene XXIX.*

*Clara.*—How pale and haggard you do look, to-day!

*Alfred.*—That is not strange; I passed last night in Hell.

Yes! Shut your eyes—whether in pity, or  
Reproof, or prayer. Would it be possible  
For glacier, even if it lay upon  
Vesuvius, e'er to be taught that fire  
Rolls fiercely 'neath its chilly calm?

*C.* I do

Not understand.

*A. (Angrily)* Of course you don't. I did  
Not hope you would. Fate is a niggard; though  
She gives an angel or a Clara to

---

\* Judges xiv. 14.

A clod of earth, she shows her grudge ; for first  
She takes the woman's heart, and bathes it in  
The clouds, baptizes it in worlds he can  
Not enter, and then tears his heart—which is  
A bale of rolling flames—out of his breast and—

*C.* Have you read the morning paper? It—

*A.* You are a quack in medicine: prescribe  
For me homœopathically. Try  
And see if fever can't be cured by warmth.

*C.* By aconite. I'll go and send you some.

*(She rises. He seizes her hands.)*

*A.* Oh, these cool, tranquil hands! If I but dared  
To lay them on this flaming heart!

*C.* I will

Not stand such nonsense.

*A.* Go. Why should  
The Angel, who kept Adam out of his  
Birthright of Paradise, e'er condescend  
To pity whom she scourged? I know it was  
A female angel only who could look  
On Adam's pangs and not descend, at least,  
To weep with him. Oh, Clara, pity me!

*C.* I do, or rather should, if you would not  
So terrify—

*A.* I love and I despair.

*C.* Despair of what?

*A.* Of what? Of what? You can  
Not even comprehend that when a man  
Loves he must long to take the one beloved  
Close to his heart. The years that must divide  
Us are to you as naught. But will you treat  
Me as you begged that I should treat your God?

You cannot love. Don't look so wounded, Sweet!  
If I am mad enough to lie at feet  
Of angel painted by Angelico,  
I shall, at least, have sense enough not to  
Reproach her that she does not spread her wings  
And flutter down to me. Granted (I but  
Repeat your soft persuasion) that you can  
Not love, it is your duty to obey.  
The sacrifice of one who loves you more  
Than life, justly demands obedience.  
Will you obey? To you I sacrifice  
The peace bought by long years of restless strife.  
What if it was a sham? At any rate,  
It was a mask that Fate had not found out.  
I shall know no more happiness until  
I may dare say to you, Now be my wife.  
Then, though you'll say you do not love, will you  
Obey?

*C.* Do you forget I soon shall wear  
A Sister's cap and serge?

*A.* Only till I  
Dare claim you as my wife. You told me long  
Ago that the Church Sisters took no vows,  
And that if you had been a Sister for  
Ten years and then should love that you would  
wed.

*C.* I told you that before I had surmised  
That I should e'er be tried. But I shall not  
Recall—

*A.* Angel! Thank God!

*C.* Sit down. Be calm  
And hear me to the end. What would you think

If I should marry you, e'en while I let  
Another understand that at some day  
Your widow would wed him? I cannot treat  
My God as I should scorn to treat a man.

A. You do not love me then—not even in  
Your cold, tormenting way. Until this hour  
I never felt how impotent is man.

C. Papa is coming in. How glad—

A. Good-bye.

*(Alfred soliloquizing as he walks down  
Champs Elysees.)*

Absinthe? No! No! Not even these waves of  
Despair can start my soul from moorings where  
Her love hath anchored it. Though passions boil  
And threaten wreck, I am secure; for her  
Pure nature is the undertow that flows  
Straight on, and will not let me know shipwreck.

*Scene XXX.—Père la Chaise.*

ALL-SAINTS' DAY, 1871.

Lartan.—Mervila, over whose grave watchest  
thou?

Mervila.—This is the last bed where reposes  
dust

I love, and she whose guardian I was  
Hath sent me here to see if there are flowers  
Upon the stranger's tomb on this sweet day.

L. What day is it in mortals' calendar?

M. All-Saints'; and her devoted lover has  
Quite covered her cold bed—but only with  
The flowers she liked the most. To-morrow, all



The cemetery will be like a plot  
Of garden-flowers ; but Alfred cannot come  
Here then. He dressed this grave before the world  
In which he lives was up. I think no one  
Who knows him well, will ever mention name  
Of Clara where he is ; although his mind  
Is generally seeking her in sweet  
Retreats of Paradise, let other speak  
Her name and he grows whiter than yon cloud ;  
So terribly came death to her.

*L.* How, friend ?

*M.* He had persuaded her to drive with him  
In the Bois du Boulogne ; his horse took fright,  
And both were thrown from buggy overturned.  
Although his leg was broken, then he felt  
No pain ; but reached his arms out to embrace  
His idol ; with her dress he wiped off blood  
From her cold brow, and tried to breathe his  
breath—

That scarcely came—through her white lips. She  
opened

Her eyes and smiled. Ravished with joy, he  
snatched

An eager kiss that stifled her. Again  
He breathed his life into her soul. This time  
She had not power to look at him or smile,  
But whispered in his close-held ear, "Believe."  
"I can't," he uttered with an agonized  
And feeble groan. A heavy pall then seemed  
To fall upon her countenance. He saw  
Her anguish and exclaimed, "All man can do,  
I will." "Obey," she scarcely had the breath

To gasp. "I will," he answered; and a smile  
Of triumph and of bliss ineffable  
O'erspread her features, as God bade me bring  
Her soul to Him.

L. Her I shall seek ere long;  
But tell me more of the forsaken man.

M. As soon as I had done the offices  
That new-born soul requires, I did as she  
Desired; came down to earth to hear of whom  
Her sweet soul loveth. He was stretched on bed  
Of pain, and it was long ere he could walk on  
crutch.

But hardly felt he pain of body, so  
Much more snffered his heart for loss of her,  
And his soul struggling with the Holy Ghost.  
The Holy Spirit conquered, and he, who  
A year ago made promise that he would  
Obey, has learned both to believe and love.  
Now I must fly in search of him; for I  
Go never from the earth without a look  
Of love, or word of sweet remembrance for  
My Clara's waiting heart.

*Scene XXXI.—In Paradise.*

Clara's Spirit.—Mervila, sweet! Oh, quickly tell  
me what  
Hast learned of my beloved.

M. I found him  
Quietly sitting in a grassy vale,  
And on this wise his thoughts—they were of  
thee.

"HER SPIRITUAL PRESENCE WAS THE SUN  
That broke through chaos which enveloped  
heart

And soul. My consciousness of fate was like  
Relentless frost, that breaks up the hard clod ;  
But her terrific death was the ploughshare  
Which crumbled up my soul ; and memories  
Of her, and how she smiled, and what she said,  
Are the soft-falling rains that urge Faith's  
flowers,

Of backward growth, to show themselves.  
True, they have little root, but I, shut in  
Love's hermitage for life, shall nourish them  
With careful and desiring heart. Perhaps,  
The Gardener, Who is my Father, too,  
Will no more scorn the tender plants than  
would

His daughter, whom He sent to lure me from  
The swine and swineherds. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

(*Mervile continues: after short walk on this wise  
ran his thoughts :*)

SHE SLEW THE OLD LIFE,  
And a new man was born.  
No more with my race do I wage hidden strife,  
But I look down in scorn,—  
As I know she would do—  
On my past life with its ignoble load  
Of misanthropy's doom,  
Sprung from what false men sowed.  
Her sweet faith did imbue  
With a gold tint the gloom

That loosed from my heart  
And high over me soared  
When her God I adored.  
Though there still is a cloud ;  
Now, by Love's wistful art,  
It her form doth enshroud.  
Like Fiesole's\* angels on golden background,  
Emotions she hath not, she to me did impart—  
Though my Love brought me death, life in her  
I have found.

*C.* O God, how good Thou art!

*M.* Rememberest

Old song, thou sangest once to Alfred, called  
"The Only Bairn?"

*C.* Yes; for it moved him much.

*M.* I heard him sing these words to that old air.

OH, SWEETLY REST, MY ONLY LOVE!

Hushed is thy former care;  
The woes that rack my bosom now  
'Tis well thou canst not share.

The bird which sings in Southern clime  
To brighter Southern flowers,  
Thinks not of faded Northern rose  
That cheered last Summer's hours.

Thus thou forgettest me  
While I think of thee.

Oh, calmly rest, my only Love!  
Too fondly I love thee  
To call thee back to checkered life  
Even to be with me.

---

\* Fra Angelico da Fiesole.

I should not sigh so loud the sighs  
That rend my aching heart,  
Did I not think that far from me  
Is Hades, where thou art:  
There is peace in my breast  
To know thee at rest.

*C.* Did he say that? Hear what I sing to him,  
And carry my words down, Mervila dear.

I CAN'T FORGET; SO HUSH, MY LOVE,  
Nor longer doubt my faith.  
The angels are God's ministers  
To man, the Scripture saith.  
Can'st thou think hearts in Paradise  
Less true than those of earth;  
That thou shouldst mourn for me while I  
Forget thee in my mirth?  
Thus thou hast doubted me;  
I have trusted thee.

Soon as on death-chilled brow thy lips  
Had pressed the parting-kiss,  
My spirit-lips were on thy cheek,  
Earnest of future bliss.  
Thy woes cannot true Spirit grieve;  
She knows why they must be,  
Nor sighs to see thee bear the Cross  
Of Him who saveth thee.  
Never doubt Christ or me  
When thou canst not see.

*Scene XXXII.**Alfred (writes :)*

ALONE, ON A FEBRUARY NIGHT.

Sick and languid, weary and weak,  
And quite alone !

Winds whistle and my heart-strings creak  
In discords set to their harsh tone.

Dull pain flits o'er my brow ;  
My vaunted books are useless now ;  
They cannot reach the inmost part  
Of my lone heart.

Sad memories enclose  
My thoughts in dull repose ;  
I bid them wake,

Nor longer joy forsake ;  
But they can hear no voice  
That comes not from the Past ;

Slaves of necessity, not choice,

They roam through Fancy's realms so vast  
In search of her whom they have lost.  
Lost ! Lost ! Can she be lost ? Oh, no !

While she submission taught  
So sweetly to my heart,  
Hushing each woe,

Stillling discordant notes, I oft have thought  
That she and I of Heaven's harmony were part,  
Floating, like spirits of the air,  
Faultless and very fair,  
With cherubs of celestial birth ;  
I learning from her lips their melodies to chant.

Ah! Has she left me now alone  
 Weeping to bear the woes of earth,  
 And, almost stifled, pant  
 For her sweet smile? and moan  
 That I no more her gentle tones may hear  
 My fainting heart to cheer?

\* \* \* \* \*

## SPIRIT WITH SPIRIT.

Ah! little think the hearts  
 That prize but earthly things,  
 How indestructibly  
 Spirit to spirit clings!  
 They cannot know that aye  
 Thy tones are in my ears;  
 The airs that spirits sing  
 The spirit only hears.

We are not parted, Sweet,  
 For the soul death can't know  
 Revelling in free space—  
 Our bodies left below.  
 Thy dear form in the tomb,  
 Mine weeping over thine—  
 Our souls together, Love,  
 Joined by a bond Divine.

\* \* \* \* \*

GONE AWAY! GONE AWAY!

Like far-distant music  
 That is dying in play  
 While my heart's beat is quick  
 In its great agony  
 To go hence after thee.

Oh, thrice blessed mission !  
As master-musician  
Tuneth his instrument,  
Dear, thou tunest my heart ;  
Ah ! the sadness death lent—  
Else 'tis just as thou art.  
Night-winds of memory  
Wailing over its keys  
Are still faithful to thee—  
They play not as I please.  
I call for a gay air—  
They grow only sadder ;  
And no more will I bear  
Their unceasing murmur.  
But if my heart will ache—  
Ah, poor thing ! let it break.

*Scene XXXIII.*

*Alfred (alone :)*

However beautiful and lively were  
My passions once, now may their débris o'er  
My dead Past fast accumulate, and may  
My new affections upward tend, and send  
Forth blossoms still more beautiful ! For, if  
The Past is dead, the Present lives, and now  
My softened heart draws nourishment, not from  
Its briny depths, but from the element  
In which Love rears a monument lasting  
As coral-reef, that neither time nor storm  
Of life can wash away.



*Alfred (sings:)*

MY EVER-LIVING BIRD.

Thou art mine! Thou art mine  
 In the beautiful sky!  
 In the dark thy wings shine  
 As thou hurriest by.

Now canst not thou tarry,  
 Ever-living dear Bird?  
 Songs thou hast sung to me  
 I have scarcely yet heard.

Like flowers on swift waters  
 They straight onwards will flow:  
 Wait! While thy friend falters  
 The soft music doth go.

I think that I see thee  
 Borne away on the breeze.  
 Alone thou dost leave me  
 Like a tree without leaves.

For all that I have had  
 I have flung after thee.  
 Wilt thou not make me glad  
 When Spring visits the tree?

\* \* \* \*

*Alfred (holding the Divine Comedy).*

I come to you, Italian king, who o'er  
 All lands still reign magnificent in light  
 Reflected from your Beatrice pure:  
 No poet I; yet sit I on your throne

Worthy of this preëminence, because I too am  
Capable of love like yours.

There is somewhat of likeness in our fates.

You walked with her, but talked not of the flame  
That burned your life, smouldering 'neath a smile :

Honor was your restraint, O poet proud !

Restraint my honor was. When laws of Death  
From husband set her free, descended she  
From Paradise that you might visit Heaven.

And after Reason had conducted you  
To Purgatory's verge, she came in guise  
Of Faith, or Faith came in love's vestments,  
which,

It matters not ; for Love and Faith are one.

My Beatrice now has gone from me ;

Her arguments read in light of her life

Drove me to Hell ; Remorse has scourged me  
through

Its red-hot paths ; but to me Reason was  
Less kind than Virgil was to you, so Christ,  
Besieged by Clara's prayers, from Heaven leaned  
down

And held to me His Cross. I grasped it, and  
The gates of Hell behind me slammed, and  
fiends

Cursed Love. In Purgatory wander I,  
Waiting till Christ will send me Faith to guide  
Me nearer to His Throne ; Reason I have  
Outstripped, having received a hint that Faith  
Might bring me to the God Whose name is Love.  
As a pearl introduced into the eye  
That mote offends, will bring it out, thus she

Softly but faithfully has introduced  
Into my heart the priceless pearl that swine  
Can't recognize ; and it has brought thence mote  
Of a despair that blinded me to love  
Of God.

---

## THE WIDOWER'S VISION.

THINKING of a late-buried wife,  
How bitter was his widowed life,  
Till sleep a soothing dream did bring  
To banish lonely suffering.

Hovering o'er the bed,  
Whence comfort far had fled—  
A Spirit-wife he saw,  
Glimmering like a star  
Upon the life that Fate  
Had made so desolate.  
Then on the bed she sate  
And soothed his fevered brow  
As only one knew how ;  
And with familiar tones  
Silenced his dreary moans.  
She kissed away the tears,  
Promised ere many years  
Her way to God to wing,  
And ask His leave to bring  
Her husband to her rest,  
Where Death can't more molest.  
So, when a sudden ray  
Of sunshine glad doth play

About the caged bird,  
He thinks that he hath heard  
The note of his sweet mate  
That wounded was of late.  
He trills his carols gay,  
Doth in the sunbeam play;  
As though captive no more,  
Wild wood-notes forth doth pour.

The widower was like the bird;  
For when his long-lost wife he heard  
Cheering his checkered pilgrimage,  
He thought not of his fleshly cage;  
The desolateness of his lot  
Was gladly, speedily forgot.  
He thought not of the gnawing pain  
That slowly wears the heart in twain.  
Then his joy burst forth in singing,  
For his new-found wife was bringing  
On her fluttering, gentle wings  
Heaven-born radiance that clings  
To forms of bright-eyed phantoms blest  
To allure weeping friends to rest.  
Sunshine of Heaven lights the gloom  
Of the widower's darkened room.

---

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

.The much-flushed child.  
With a strange look,  
Prayerful, yet wild,  
Let fall her book  
(That wooed her to thoughts of the "Better Land,")  
From her trembling hand.

Whose feverishness dried every tear  
That slowly fell from eyes as soft  
As those with which babe-angels oft  
Smile on forms dear,  
When the celestial choir they swell.  
Then sank she on her knees to tell  
A secret of love  
That none must hear  
But her Friend above,  
Who makes children His care.

So she threw up her arm  
To clasp the air  
That she fancied must be her Father's form ;  
She felt she held Him very near.  
And put up her lips where she fancied His ear  
Must catch each word that she would pour .  
From her little heart  
With a new love fraught :  
" I'm so glad Martyn was taken away  
With sweet angels to soar  
In cloudless, blue air  
Ere he had loved a maiden fair.  
Listen, Father ! Pray listen to me !  
For the dear Saviour's sake,  
Send Thy angels to take  
My spirit to Thee,  
To be dear Martyn's little wife  
For a longer time than a mortal's life."

AUGUST, 1855.

NOTE.—The above is strictly true, except the child did not rhyme her prayer.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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FROM THE LATIN.

SIXTH ODE OF HORACE.

*(To Pyrrha, a faithless sweetheart, who deserted him for another.)*

WHAT slender youth, anointed with sweet ointment  
pure,

On couch of roses courts thee, in thy love secure?

Pyrrha, for whom in grotto rare

Combest thou thy golden hair,

Most neat in thy simplicity? Alas for him

When he'll complain the gods have changed and  
faith is dim!

The insolent amazed will be

That false winds have made rough the sea.

He, credulous, now thinketh thou art all pure gold;

Hopes that thy tender heart no other love will hold;

Of thy deceptive moods knows naught.

Oh, the unfortunate, who's caught

By brightness of new things! My votive tablets  
deck

Neptunian temple-walls, telling of my shipwreck;  
And there I hang my garments moist,  
Which I as warnings for him hoist.

JANUARY 2, 1868.

NOTE.—It was customary to hang in the Temple of Neptune clothes in which one had been wrecked.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ODE OF HORACE.

OF the great gods a worshipper infrequent  
And niggardly, long time astray I went,  
Wise in the wisdom of insanity:  
Now I retract, finding but vanity,

My old philosophy: forced to retrace  
My course, a life of faith I must embrace.  
Diespiter quite frequently divides  
The clouds from sparkling fires, and then he rides

In flying chariot; his horses run;  
Quite soon it thunders, though bright is the sun.  
And this is to the end that the firm earth,  
The winding streams, and Styx, where lies no  
mirth,

The rough foundation of the hateful cave  
That leads to Hell, and bounds against which rave  
The waves, are shaken like leaves dry and dead:  
Upon the plain trembles the mountain-head;

The highest with the lowest changes place ;  
God brings down pride and the obscure doth grace :  
Rapacious fortune sweeps with rustling wings  
The crown from one she to another brings.

NOTE.—In neither of these poems have I attempted to adhere to the rhythm : I would as soon catch wild birds and put them in cages as to again learn to scan. I have read that Horace was an infidel until startled by thunder on a clear day ; he in this Ode declared his conversion to a belief in a Divine Providence.

---

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE FISHER-GIRL.

(*From Heine's Reisebilder.*)

THOU beautiful Fisher-Girl,  
Now bring thy boat to the land ;  
Come to me ; seat thyself near,  
And let us chat hand in hand.

Lay thy small head on my heart,  
And don't be afraid of me ;  
But in me freely confide  
As e'er thou dost to the sea.

My heart is quite like Ocean,  
Has its storms and ebbs and flow,  
And many beautiful pearls  
In its quiet depths lie low.



*(From Heine's Reisebilder.)*

O'ER MY WHOLE GLOOM-TINTED LIFE  
Once a fair picture rayed forth light ;  
The vision sweet hath vanished now  
And I am wholly wrapped in night.

When children are left in the dark,  
Beginning to feel a strange fear,  
Often gloom they strive to banish  
By all their songs of loudest cheer.

And like a foolish child I sing  
Even now in the thick darkness ;  
If my song to you is not pleasing  
It has, at least, made my grief less.

JAN. 1862.

*(From the Same.)*

THE MOON'S IMAGE TREMBLES  
On wild waves of the sea,  
While her still and safe  
In the heavens we see.

So walkest thou, beloved,  
Safely and quietly.  
But trembles thy image ;  
For my heart is at sea.\*

---

\* Weil mein eigenes Herz erschüttert.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

*(From Les Chants du Crepuscule.—V. HUGO.)*

## X.

## NAPOLEON.

No! the Future belongs to none.  
 God's is the Future, Napoleon!  
 Every time that strikes the hour  
 Bids us adieu each earthly power.  
 Future! The Future! Mystery!  
 Glory and deeds for history.  
 Everything upon the earth—  
 The sparkling crowns of regal worth,  
 Victory, with fiery wings,  
 Ambition which a conquest sings,  
 Upon our path may only light  
 As birds stop on our roofs in flight.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

God keeps duration; but He gives you space.  
 And on the earth you may have any place,  
 As grand as man may be under the sky.  
 Sire, at your pleasure take what you pass by;  
 To Charlemagne Europe, and Asia to Mahomet:  
 But from the Eternal To-Morrow you can't get.

## XIV.

O never insult a woman who falls!  
 Who knows under what load the poor soul  
 crawls?—  
 How many years with hunger she has fought  
 Ere virtue was shaken by what woe taught?  
 Ah! who has not seen these stricken women?  
 Though they cling long with worn-out hands—  
 what then?

As you see at end of a branch gleaming  
A drop of rain on which the sky 's beaming,  
It shakes with the tree till its struggles tire—  
Pearl before falling, after its fall, mire.  
The fault is ours \*—yours, rich man, with your  
gold.  
Yet, has this mud pure water as of old ;  
For, when the drop ascends from the base earth,  
It becomes a pearl splendid as at birth.  
Enough ! Thus one day all \* will reascend,  
When with ray of sun or of love we'll blend.

## XXVII.

The poor flower to the celestial butterfly doth say,  
Do not fly !  
See how different our destinies. Here I must stay :  
You pass by.

However, we love each other ; from men afar  
Pass our hours.  
Yet, we resemble each other ; they say we are  
Both flowers.

Alas ! The air carries you off, and me the earth  
holds tight—  
Fate too hard !  
And I would wish to embalm with my breath your  
flight  
In sweet nard.

---

\* Though neither of these sentiments is strictly true,  
the poem is too good to be passed over.

You fly far among flowers whose fate none knows;  
You are fleet.

And I, I must watch alone while turn the shadows  
Round my feet.

You fly off; then you return, and then go away,  
E'er shining.

You always find me in tears at dawn of each day,  
E'er pining.

O that our love through faithful days may run!  
A boon,

O my king!

I pray thee to take root like me, or else wings  
soon

To me bring.

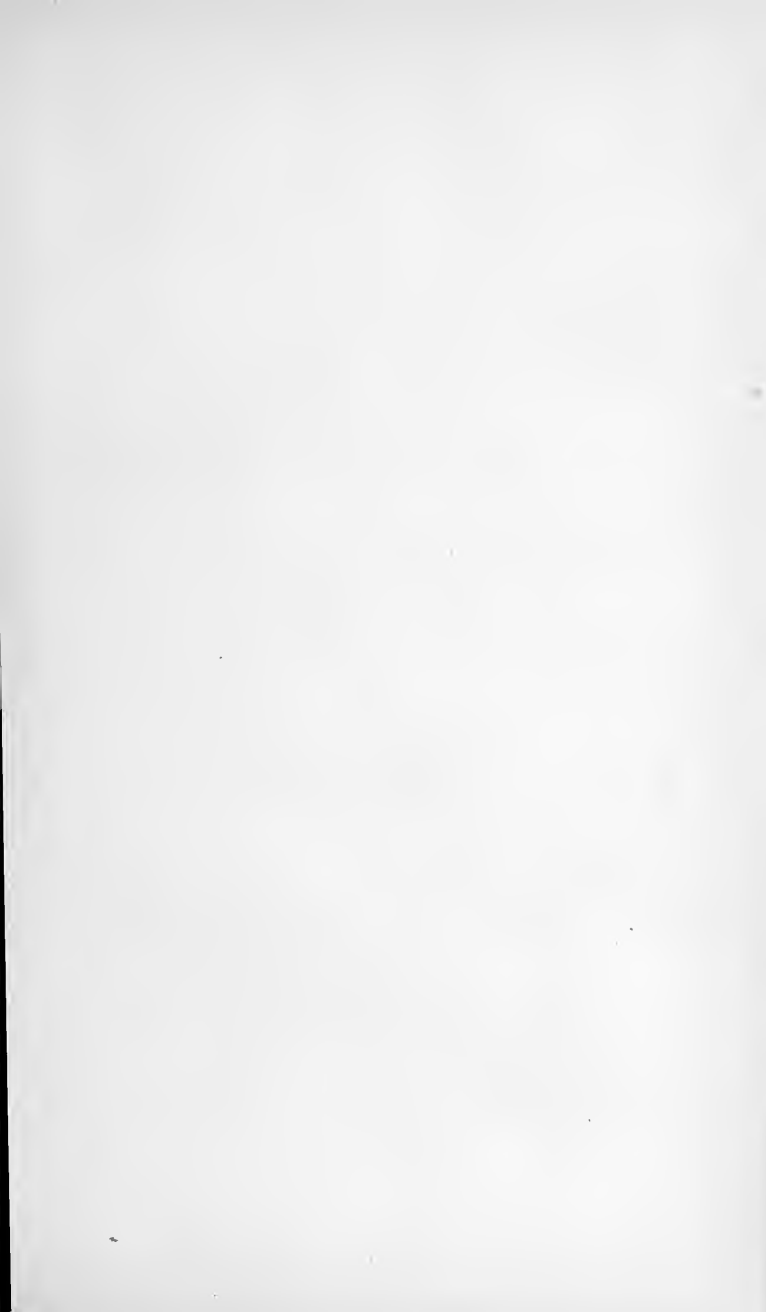
1868.

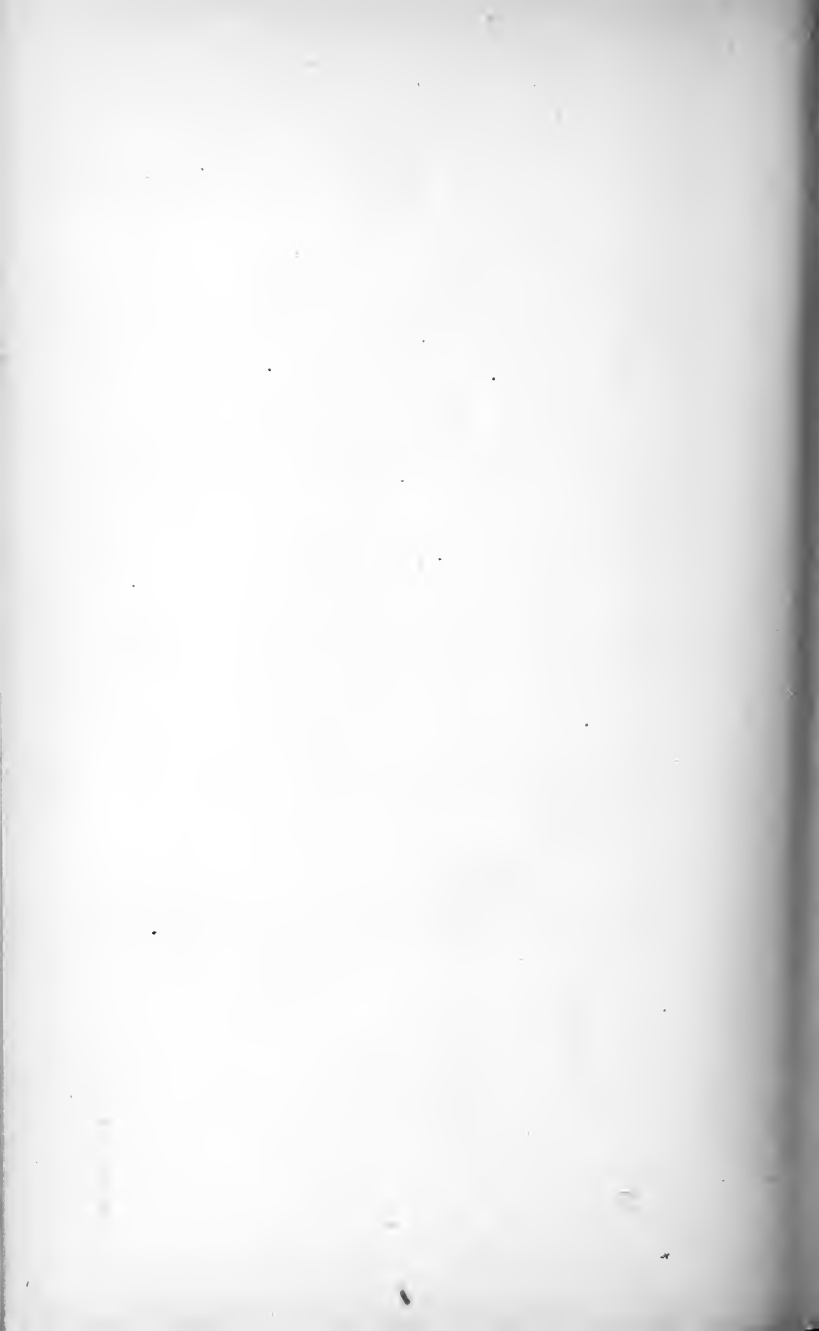
BÉRANGER TO LISETTE.

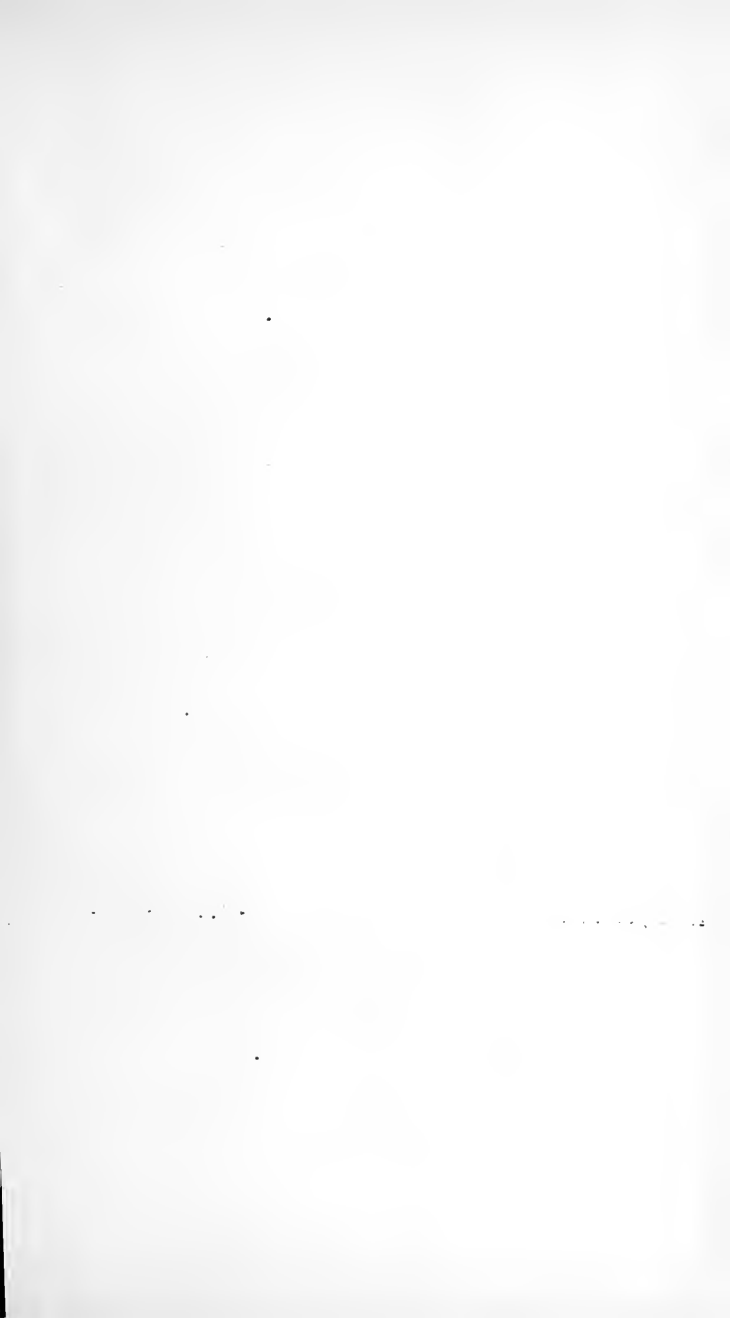
WHEN under wrinkles eyes will seek to find  
Your charming features that inspired my mind,  
Young people, eager for a new love-tale,  
Will say, Who was this friend for whom you wail  
And weep? Then, if it's possible, pray, paint  
The hot intoxication and the faint  
Suspicious even of my love; old friend,  
Seated in quiet corner by your fire,  
Repeat your lover's songs you now admire.

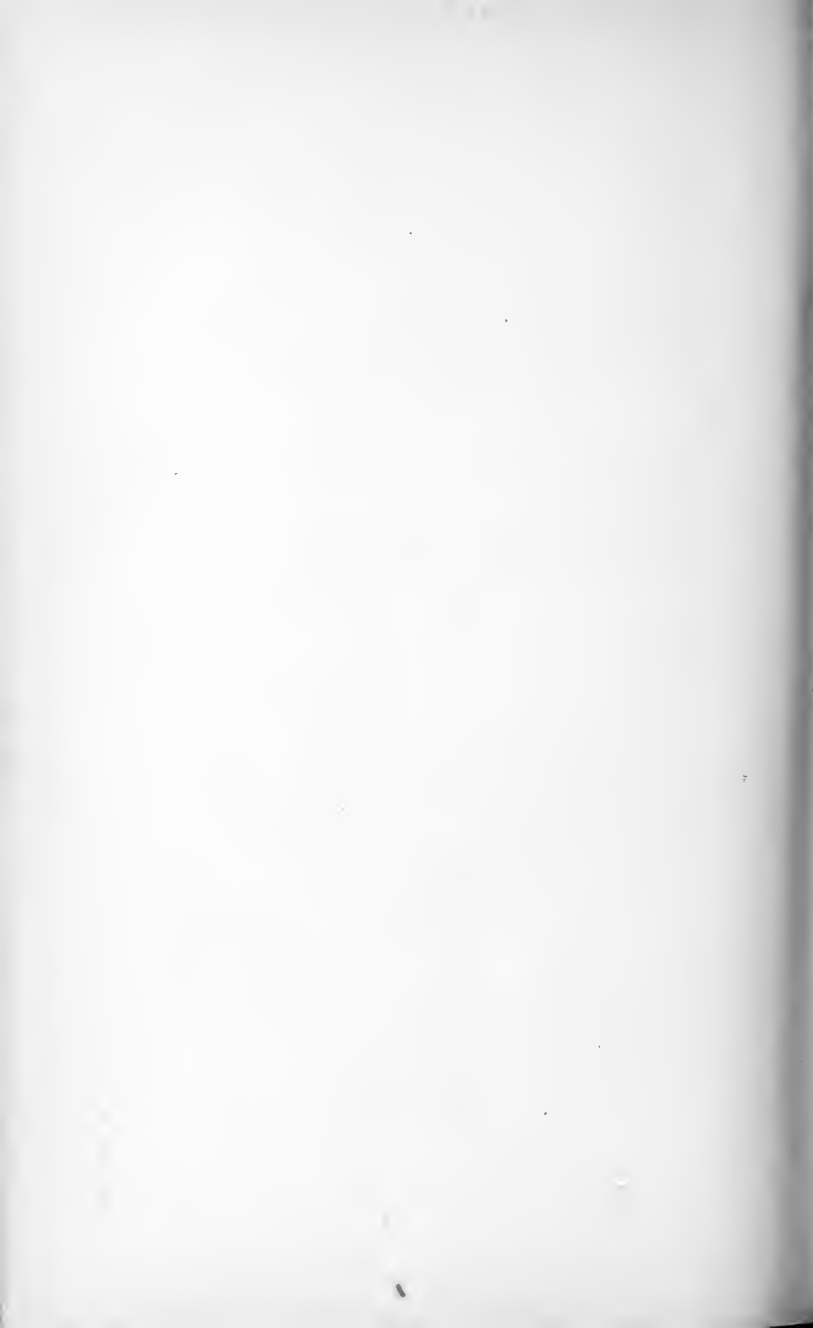
They'll say to you: Amiable, then, he proved?  
And, without blushing, you will say, I loved.  
But capable of naughty deeds was he?  
With pride, you'll say, Never; he could not be.

SEPT., 1869.

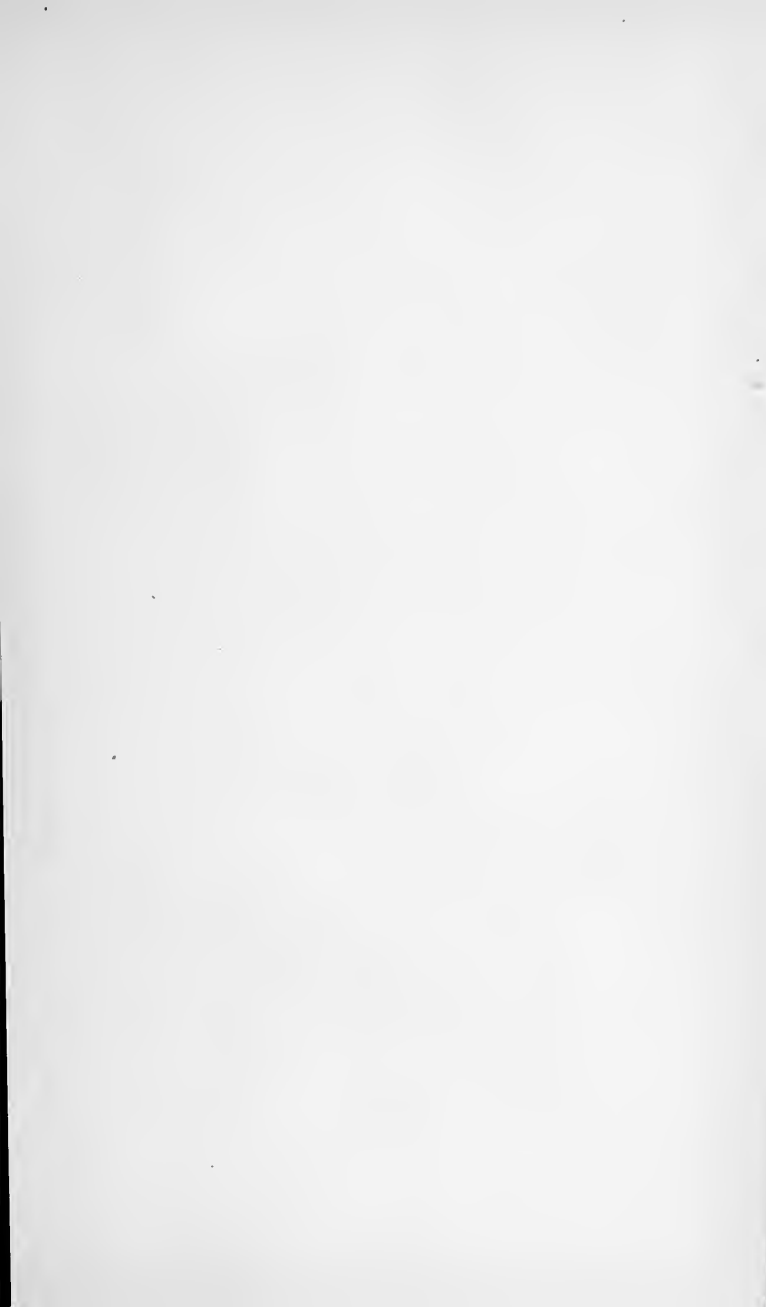


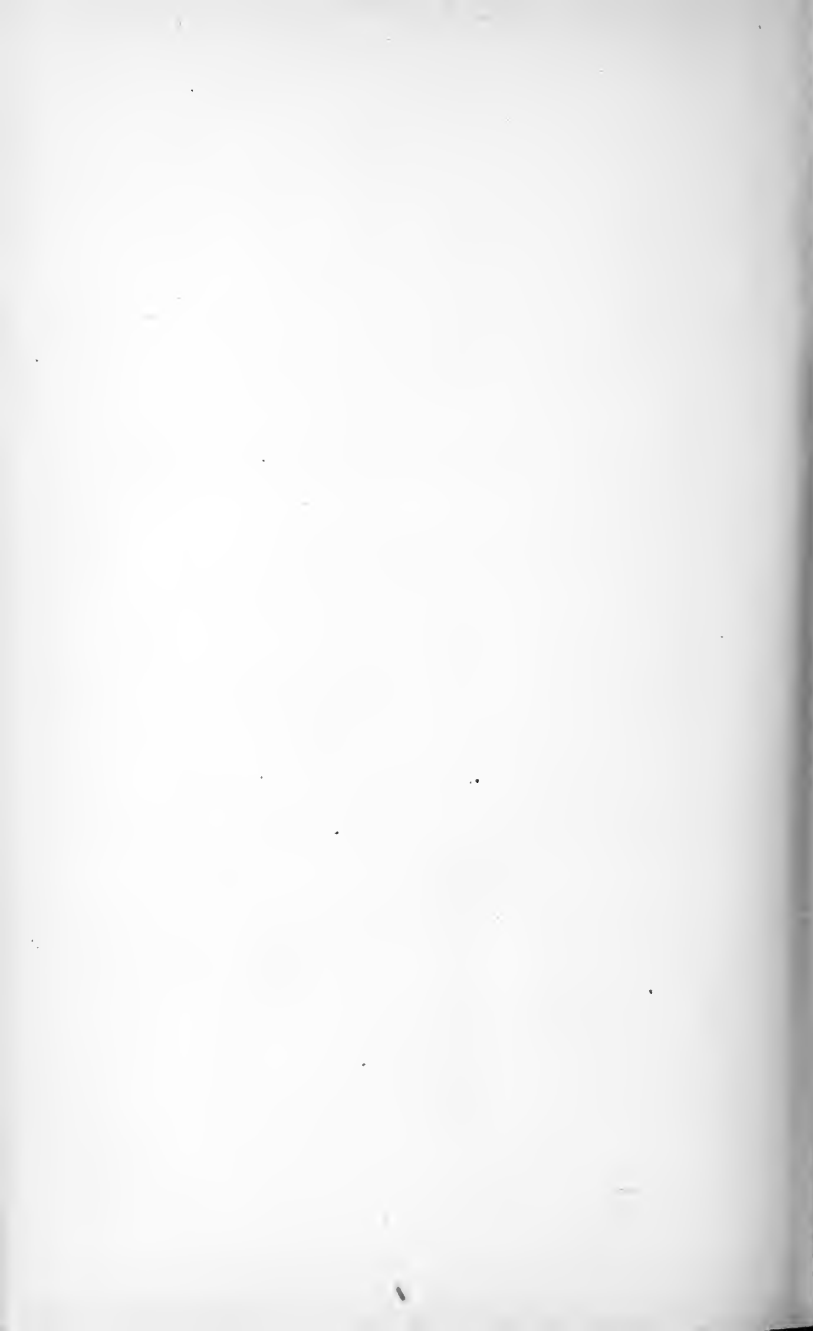


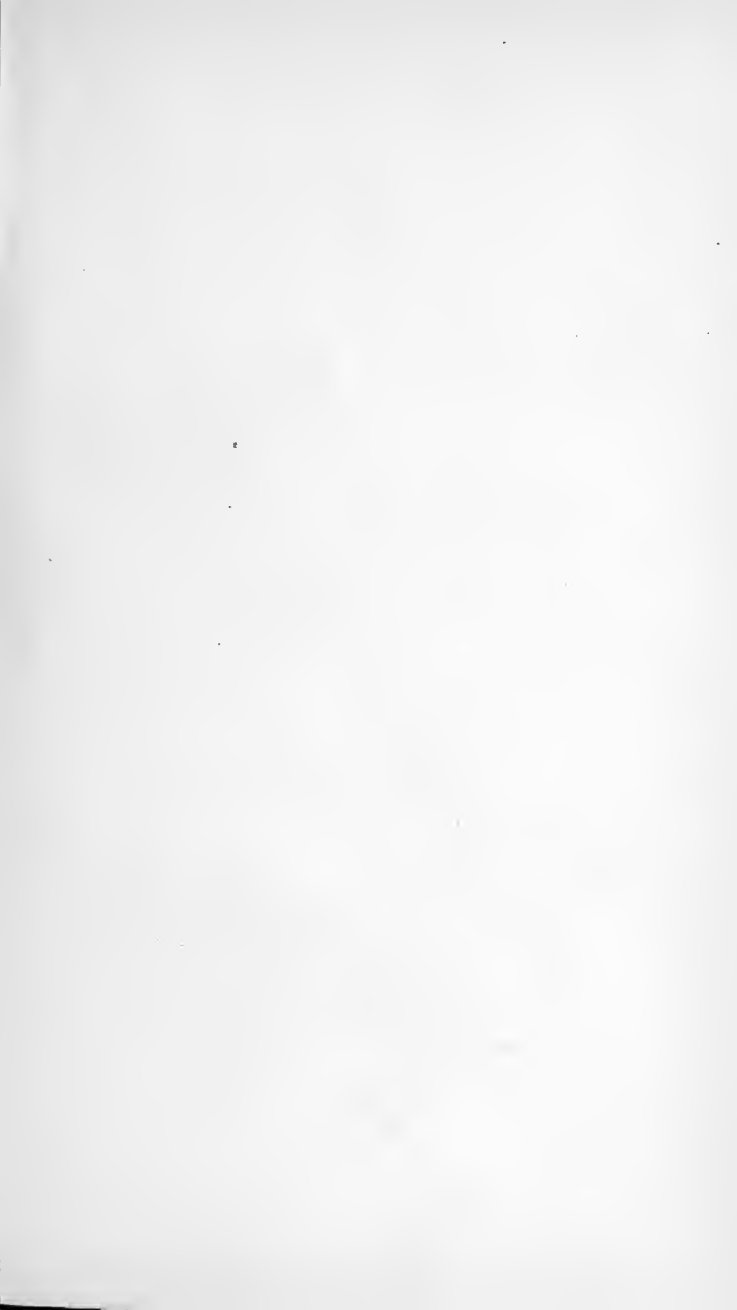


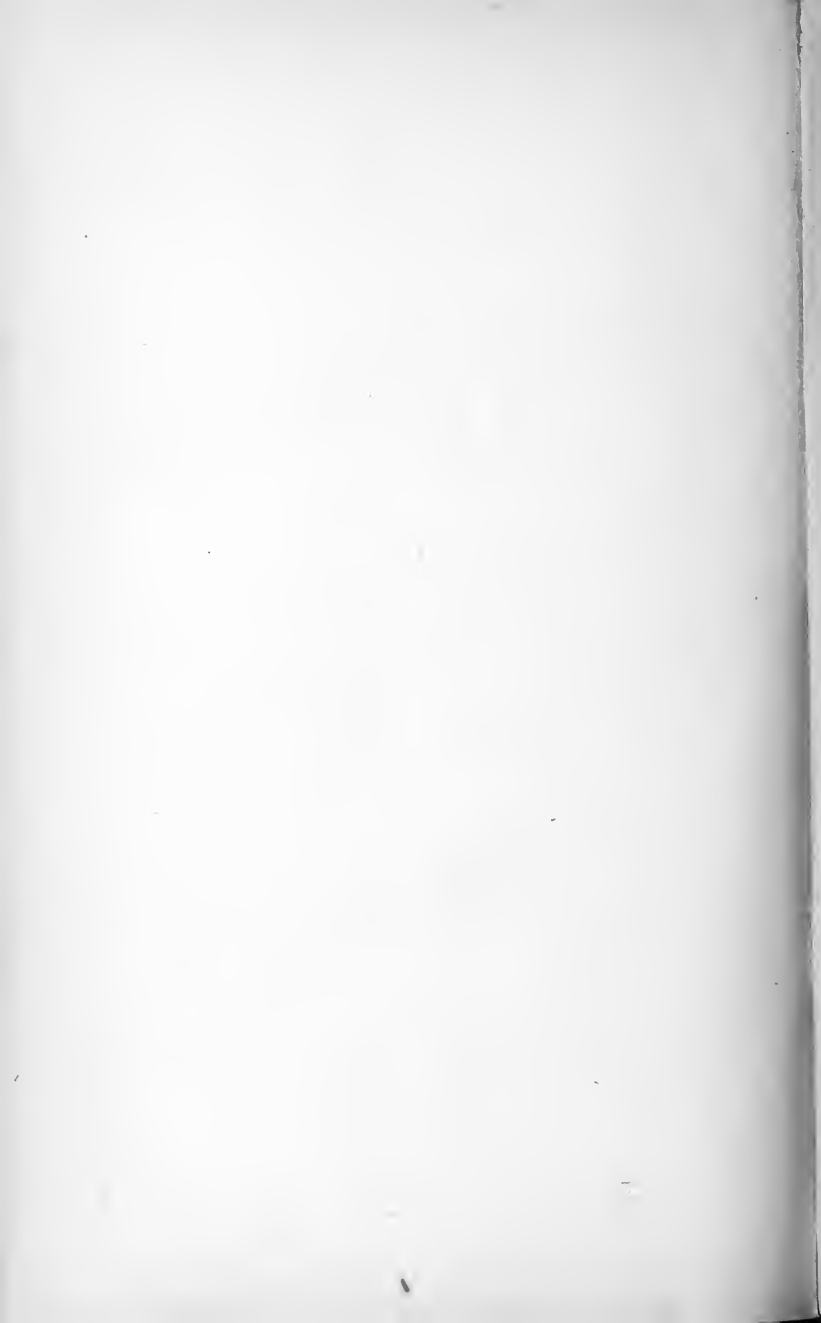




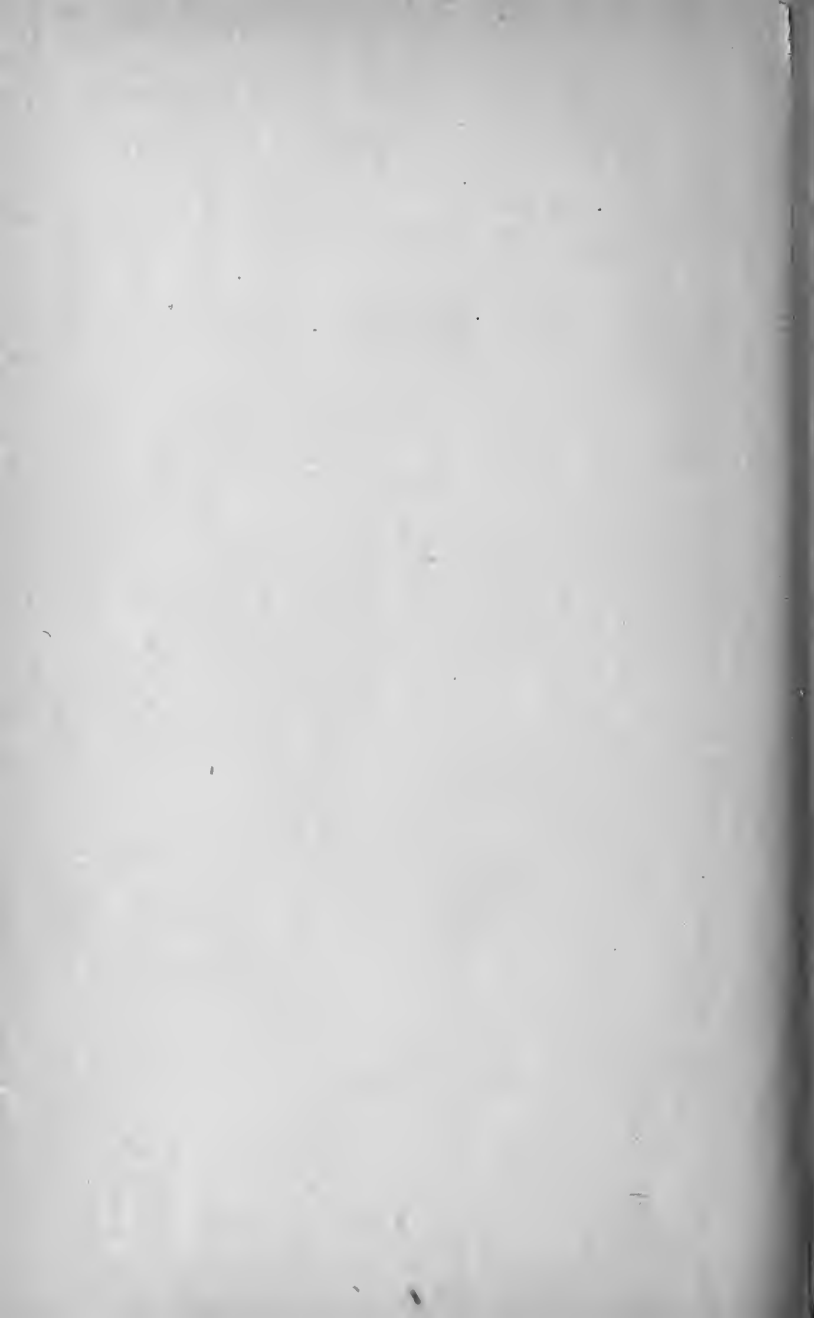


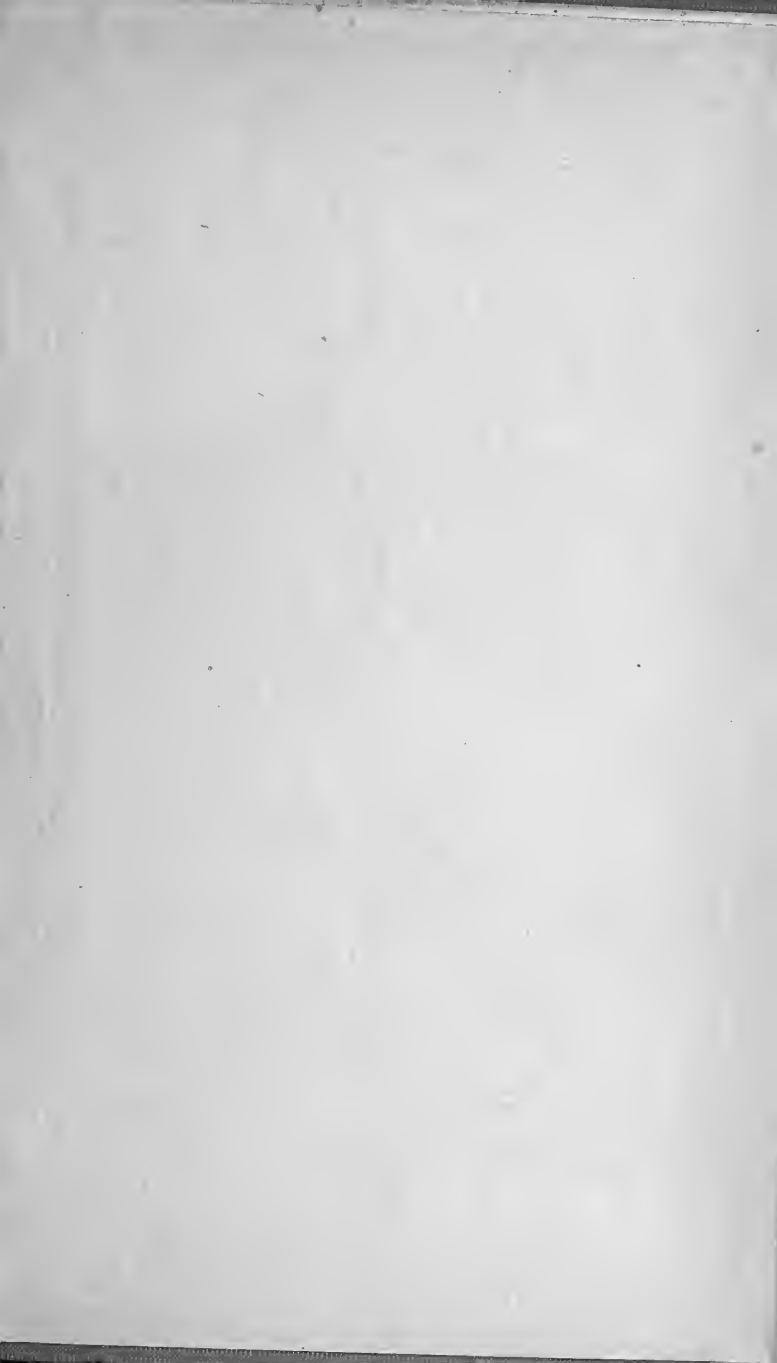












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